News Compendium

Volume 1 - 2000 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

August

1.1 GameFan Can't Pay Up

Thursday, Aug 24, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Since I don't really believe in mincing words, I'll just cut to the chase here and admit I'm in a horribly foul mood tonight. Why? Well, first and foremost, Gamefan / Express.com still hasn't paid me any of the money they owe me for being on their network and serving up their banner ads. I have no idea when (or even if) I'll be getting paid. Thanks to Gamefan / Express.com's lack of professionalism, I haven't been paid a dime for nearly two months. My income has been zero. I signed a contract with them, agreeing to serve up their banner ads in exchange for payment, and they decided to neglect their end of the agreement. As a result, I'm broke. I've kept from seeking legal council as long as I could, under their promise that this would all be taken care of and they'd give me the money they owe me, but they haven't shown any indication whatsoever of paying me this money.

As a result, I'm going to the California Board of Labor tomorrow and speaking with some attorneys. My affiliation with Gamefan / Express.com has ruined my bank account, credit rating, and personal life. I have begged them repeatedly to simply give me the money they owe me, and this whole mess would be over. However, despite the fact that Express.com is a multi-million dollar company with tons of cash, they seemingly have no interest in doing this.

Now comes the big question: why? Why would a huge corporation like Express.com decide not to pay its hosted sites the money they owe them? According to the person I spoke with at Gamefan / Express.com, it is simply because the advertisers haven't paid them yet. Since I know nothing about their advertising affiliates, I accepted his explanation (even if it didn't seem to make too much sense to me)... until I got an anonymous email from somebody claiming to know the real reason behind why Gamefan / Express.com hasn't been paying their hosted sites. I cannot confirm any truth to this email, but it does seem to make a lot of sense:

> *...Eventually, Dave Bergstein* [the original Gamefan owner] *conned Eidos into investing $55 million into GameFan/GameCave. Afterwards he conned Express into buying the whole thing (dubbed Maximum Holdings) based on such hideously false numbers of profits, traffic, and "market share". Express found this out about 8 months ago, got really pissed off, ordered Dave "Embezzlement" Bergstein to "evacuate his office", and is beating everything GameFan / GFN around. This is why GameFan.com lost personnel, this is why the GFN has no budget, and this is why you are not getting paid. Because Express doesn't want to. Express.com sells DVD's by the assload- they have millions upon millions of dollars. The reason they aren't paying you isn't because of advertising revenue or because they don't have the money, it's because they don't want to. They are probably going to kill off the GFN because they don't know how to deal with it or run it, and they probably don't care, because it doesn't sell DVD's and isn't what Dave Bergstein sold them.*
>
> *If I were you I'd get legal representation or at least file a complaint with the Board of Labor/ Better Business Bureau.*

Nice, huh? So, according to this inside source, the hosted sites aren't being paid due to the company simply **not wanting** to pay. My financial record is being shoved into the toilet because Express.com doesn't feel like paying. I'm broke and penniless because Express.com is mad at Gamefan for lying to them. I'm having to spend my time getting a lawyer, filing complaints, and trying to squeeze a paycheck from this company because of their own little inside grudge.

Now some people out there may be saying, "Lowtax, you're an idiot for relying on your webpage to generate enough money for a full-time job." You're wrong (athough I still admit I'm an idiot). If

Gamefan / Express.com paid me the money they guaranteed to, I would have no problem living on that salary. In the last two months of my contract with them (the two months they haven't paid me for), SA served up over 9 million of their banner ads. At $2.50 per 1,000 ads served, it doesn't take a supergenius to realize that they owe me a considerable sum of money. I fulfilled my end of the bargain: I served their ads. They did not fulfill theirs. As a result, I'm now screwed.

The other issue which has caused me to deteriorate into the foul state of mind I'm currently in is the fact that since I just joined Backbeat Media and they haven't had a chance to get any sponsors / advertisers lined up yet, I've been serving pay-per-click ad banner on SA. As the name implies, I get paid based on how many times people click the banners. So far, in almost a month's time of being on the network, I've earned around $600. This is not good. Keep in mind that this has nothing to do with Backbeat Media or the guys there. I have absolute faith in the guys working there and know that they're getting advertisers lined up as quick as they can. The people at Backbeat Media are the most friendly and professional people I've ever worked with, and I'd recommend them to anybody. However, until they have enough time to get the advertisers in place, I'm going to be on a really cheap pay-per-click revenue program. This, combined with the fact that I'm going to have to afford an attorney to get me the money that Gamefan / Express.com owes me, is not "a good thing."

So what can anybody do to help the site out? Here are the two main things:

> **1) Click on the banner ads.** Sure, some of you guys may not be interested in having your breasts examined and a few ladies may not need a cure for jock itch, but clicking on the banner ads is how I make money. It requires little effort or monetary cost on your part, so if you don't want to see this site die, click the ads.
> **2)** If you work at some company that would like to **advertise on this site**, please contact Greg Snyder, the ad guy at Backbeat Media. SA served up 5.9 million pages last month alone, so if you've got an ad you'll want people too see, this site will help them see it.

I appreciate all the help and support everybody is giving me and this site, but I simply can't continue to run it if I'm going to go broke in the process. I love writing SA, I love updating it every day, and I love getting reading the email I get every morning upon waking up. I take tremendous pride and pleasure in everything I do with SA. However, I can't pay server hosting bills if I'm broke. I can't afford to pay rent if I'm broke. I can't do anything if I'm broke. Sorry for ranting about all this, but the whole Gamefan / Express.com situation is ruining my entire life.

Hopefully, with your help and support, SA will live.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.2 Iridium's Problems

Sunday, Aug 27, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Due to all the alcohol in my system, I've been thinking a lot about the problem with Iridium. In case you're not "in the know" (I heard that term on the Jenny Jones Show once), Iridium was the brainchild of mega-communications overlord Motorola, a company that owns approximately 63% of the entire planet. A long time ago in a thinktank far, far away, Motorola decided to show the world that even the largest of companies are able to make incredibly stupid business moves, so they decided to launch their Iridium service, a global communication network that would allow their users to speak to each other from anywhere across the world. This would be accomplished by sending up about 70 satellites worth $6 billion US into orbit around the globe.

While this sounds just like an utterly fantastic idea (who isn't thrilled by the prospect of having their boss be able to communicate with them anywhere in the whole freaking world?), it ultimately failed... in a huge way. Why? Well, for a variety of obvious reasons.

First off, the phones weighed approximately 200 pounds and were the size of full grown Labrador Retrievers. They literally looked like those bulky mobile communication devices that the Army generals would use in 1950's sci-fi films. You know, ones where they would frantically call for backup shortly before the aliens vaporized their entire squad with a Atomic Death Ray Gun (tm). The Iridium phones were just as large and even more prone to Atomic Death Ray Gun (TM) attacks.

Another factor that caused this company to go broke was the fact that the phones initially cost over $4,000 US (and $9 a minute to use). Yup. Four grand. For just the phone itself. Think of how many copies of Valu-Soft games you could buy with that amount of cash. Hell, for $4,000, you could afford to purchase an entire Valu-Soft programming team (assuming they actually have programmers). It comes as no surprise that the biggest proponent of this failed communication company was the US Government, who tossed them a 1.4 million dollar check for 1,000 of their phones. Ladies and gents, your tax dollars at work!

Anyway, Iridium failed and they failed bigtime. Before declaring Chapter 11 bankruptcy, they had just around 55,000 subscribers - and were about $5 billion in debt. Now comes the big problem: what should be done about their satellites orbiting the Earth? I mean, when the UFOs come to implant tracking devices in the back of my skull, the first thing they'll see upon approaching our planet is a series of metal blobs the size of pregnant Volkswagens circling the planet. They could crash into Iridium's satellites and the next thing you know the US is being sued by Emperor Gnaarl'Rashaan. This is clearly a bad thing for the US, because the last thing we need is **another** intergalactic lawsuit.

So what is to be done with all the failed satellites hanging around our planet? It will cost 50 million US dollars to get all the systems to de-orbit the planet and burn up in our atmosphere, money the company clearly does not have. No company wants to buy out the financially strapped Iridium because, well, it'd just be a really stupid idea. Luckily, I have the solution for all of Iridium's problems: American Capitalism.

Iridium should seek out a wealthy entrepreneur who has tons of cash to burn, and then offer him the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity: to play a real life version of Missile Command. The satellites would be programmed to head towards five major US cities and the wealthy investor will get the exciting chance to shoot down these satellites with the US Missile Defense Shield rockets. Everybody would be a winner in this situation: America's military will get another chance to see their Missile Defense system in action, Iridium will make a few quick bucks in the process, and some really rich guy will get to live out his all time favorite video game. Like always, I can't see any flaws in this plan... well, besides seeing the city of Chicago explode because an old rich guy has really poor physical

Iridium Command - the new frontier of interactive entertainment!

coordination. Of course I've been spending all day drinking Mexican beer, so maybe I'm not the best judge at this point.

■ What? Another guide? Yup, I decided to get off my soon-to-be-fat ass and write up a little Something Awful Guide to Apartment Hunting, since I'm painfully familiar with the whole "apartment living" thing. Included in the guide is a detailed translation of each apartment term they'll use to sucker you into renting their tick-infested wooden box of death, with such detailed and helpful descriptions as the following:

> ***"we are within blocks of parks and recreation"*** - Empty lot across the street provides hours of entertainment for children who like to be trapped inside abandoned refrigerators. They'll meet new and exciting homeless people who will teach them informative lessons that involve injecting various substances into their arms.
>
> ***"an attention to detail that make the difference"*** - Maintenance has patched up the bullets holes in the walls that previous tenants left. Chalk outlines on the floor are still visible but you can move your couch on top of them or something.

I don't like to make sweeping generalizations, but everybody in the entire world should read it. Do your part now.

■ Huh? A news item? Yup, according to SA's news section, "Nintendo Gamecube a Big Hit With 'Stupid Fucking Idiots'.":

> *When asked why Nintendo opted to stay away from the "highest possible performance" and instead simply build something that offered "above standard capabilities", Fletcher responding by saying, "We've designed this system from the ground up to be perfect for the stupid fucking idiot demographic. Even our outlook on how it should perform is in line with the stupid fucking idiots. Our tech department said that making a system which runs really fast and has the best graphics would be 'really hard', so we just did what any stupid fucking idiot would do: make a more or less average system. This shows our dedication to the stupid fucking idiots across the world and proves that we're serious with our commitment to them."*

If you read it on a webpage, it must be true! So read!

■ Who? I recently got an email from some guy named "Cliff Yablonski"? Who is this guy?

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: die*

> *hey moron*
>
> *I've got a three more pages of people I hate up on my site. it's better than all those lameass articles you write. make sure people come to my site and look at the idiots I've met and why I want to push all of them off a cliff. including you.*
>
> *punk.*

Oh, that Cliff! What a card! Please take a look at his page before he beats me again!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.3 Pirates and Jason Hall

Monday, Aug 28, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If you're like me, and I know I am, you know there's nothing cooler than pirates. Out of all the famous groups of people in history, the pirates were definitely the best and most interesting. I mean, they buried treasure for God's sake! Why? Who knows! Just to bury it! Maybe they hated treasure! That's how cool pirates were.

Pirates also had really long boats with cannons that they would use to shoot at boats full of rival pirates who wanted to bury their treasure in the same location. Treasure-burying real estate was a hot commodity back then, and fierce battles would erupt over who got to unload a box full of rubies at "Dead Man's Elbow." Sometimes, while blowing up enemy ships, the battling pirates would catch scurvy. This was because pirates spent all their time "hoisting the sails" and "avasting" each other that they barely had any chance to consume citrus fruit, the cure for scurvy. Pirates didn't have any wives either because they were all married to the sea. I don't know if they were married to one sea, like the Baltic Sea, or if they were married to all seas in general. If they were hitched to a single sea, things could get particularly ugly, especially if they found themselves in the Atlantic Ocean for long periods of time. If seas have the ability to get jealous, I bet there were all kinds of marital disputes back then. Luckily, the pirates could solve any problem with their trusty cannons and a bottle of rum. Heck, they probably needed to drink a lot of rum to forget the fact that they were married to a large body of saltwater.

At this point, you are probably wondering why I've been blabbering about pirates for the past half hour. Actually, at this point, over 90% of you have moved on to another webpage. Bah, their loss! Anyway, to get to the point, I made the mistake of visiting SA's forums (which are becoming more and more like a horrible plane crash every day) on Monday and noticed that Lou Ziffer had posted a whole slew of pirate pictures. This made me intensely happy, because seeing a pirate just brightens up any day of mine. I thought things couldn't look any better until I ran across a particular pirate picture, one which changed my entire outlook on both pirates and the gaming industry. Submitted for your approval:

On the left: a pirate. On the right: the Lithtechy Jason Hall. Coincidence? Probably not.

So there you have it, folks. I'm not going to go into the deep and meaningful cosmic implications this association between Jason Hall and pirates may have because I'm tired and I don't really care. I'll leave it up to you, the reader, to draw your own conclusions. Make sure to tell me whatever you come up with. Oh, and Mr. Hall, you can send me a copy of *Sanity* whenever you like.

■ It's a very rare occasion when I feel the need to endorse a piece of software for its ingenuity, remarkable programming, and incredible value. However, I was fortunate enough to receive a link to a program called "Hair Pro v5.05" the other day. This wonderful display of coding genius allows you, the average Joe Schlub, to see what you would look like with over 14 different hairstyles (not all at once, mind you)! Yes, it's dubbed as a "virtual makeover" and is as fantastic as one might expect. Unfortunately, it's also pretty crappy. Oh well, it was still a nice waste of time until I find a program I can endorse for its ingenuity, remarkable programming, and incredible value. Anyway, I reviewed it, and the results were astounding.

"Ooh la la! That's a very charming man or possibly woman!"

'Nuff said. Read it and weep, Joel!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.4 Gamecube Zealot

Tuesday, Aug 29, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Why do people get so worked up over things that play no vital role in their lives? You know what I'm talking about: people who curse out other people because of their choice of video card, guys who adamantly defend video game X over video game Y, and readers who post hundreds of profanity-filled messages regarding their love / hate for a certain brand of product. To a lesser degree, the same thing occurs in sports, with fans of a particular team getting into fights (and sometimes even killing) opposing fans. Why do people attach their egos to a product or entity that they have no real relationship with?

Case in point: I recently ran an article making fun of the silly design of the Nintendo Gamecube, and how the major trend in the marketing industry seems to completely emphasize how the product looks, not how it actually performs. As expected, I got a flame mail from a group of people who obviously see their choice of video game consoles as an extension of their manhood. Just to show you how delusional these people are, I'm copying an actual letter sent to me by one of these zombies. Note that the profanities have been edited out and replaced by more pleasant, colorful words.

> *From: Jos878@cs.com*
> *Subject: Game Cube... hahahah!*
>
> *I just read your article, about Game Cube, and I must say, you(like many others) are another* **VERY NICE AND LOVING INDIVIDUAL**. *You just saw numbers(specs) and immediately jump to* **NIFTY** *conclusions. Did you even consider how that 6-12 million polygon/sec number came about?*
>
> *You are an* **ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN**, *with no* **LOVELY** *sense or knowledge of games whatsoever. Let me just cut to the chase so you can continue writing misleading* **FLOWERS**, *from you little cave, on your deserting island.*
>
> *First of all,* **I ENJOY CAKE**, *the colors and the design. The design is ok, and it looks perfect in other colors(silver,black,gold) anyway.*
>
> *Secondly, the specs; I am sure you know, that the more features turned on, the more the poly-count goes down. Did you even* **JOYOUS** *look at the amount of features it has? You* **VERY WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING**, *all of them are on + 8 hardware lights, and you still can get 6-12 mil polys/sec. That pretty* **DANG** *marvelous, I'd like to see PS2 even dream of doing that. With that said, I'd be surprise if X-box can do that.*
>
> *Without further adduce: Here's a quote form an artical about X-box 's specs.*
>
> *"Having said all that, the Xbox GPU will be able, even at 250 MHz, to handle up to 125 million Gouraud-shaded, two-texture triangles per second, complete with transformation, clipping, and perspective projection. With one infinite hardware light added, the rate will be at least 62.5 Mtris/sec.; with eight local lights, at least 8 Mtris/sec."*
>
> *Did you read that, you* **INTELLIGENT AND THOUGHTFUL ROLE MODEL TO CHILDREN EVERYWHERE**! *That's 8 million/sec, with 8 HW lights, while Game Cube can do up to 12 million/sec with 8 lights added an all effects.*
>
> *I suggest you read and research your* **VERY ADMIRABLE** *"work" before you write misleading* **EXAMPLES OF JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY**. *I don't know how the* **HECK** *they let you put that* **WONDERFULLY RESEARCHED MATERIAL** *up anyway.*
>
> *And did you really think that Nintendo would release a system way after PS2 and still have it be inferior? You* **SEXY, SEXY MAN**!

I'm on a mission to set all you **REMARKABLY HANDSOME DEVILS** *straight.*

Emails like this make me very sad for a couple reasons, not solely because the author displays little to no grounding in reality. Are people's lives so vacant that they feel the need to religiously attach themselves to a certain console, one which hasn't even been released yet? Is a video game system important enough to get this worked up over? What does Nintendo, 3DFX, or id Software do for you? Do they give your life purpose and a meaning? Do they pay your bills? Do they show you an undying love? No, they manufacture products, products which you spend your money on. We are consumers, not whores for giant companies. Believe it or not, there are more important things in life than video games, and people who get this bent out of shape over a console obviously lead very empty lives. Sigh...

■ Today is "Crazy Lawsuit Wednesday", kicking off with a special news item from everybody's favorite graphics card company, The Bitboys. Yup, hot on the heels of the nVidia vs. 3DFX lawsuit comes this shocking headline: "Bitboys Sue Themselves":

> *"Bitboys' lawsuit against Bitboys seeks an injunction against any manufacturing, selling, or importing any graphics cards utilizing the XBA (Xtreme Bandwidth Architecture) technology. We allege that Bitboys has infringed on the following Bitboys US patents: No: 19,283,124; No: 20,125,663; No: 20,588,892; and No: 21,219,986," Long recently stated in a press interview held in the meeting room of the "Sunny Days" Akron Airport Inn. "We will not idly sit by while our technology is being misappropriated."*
>
> *The Bitboys announcement follows a lawsuit filed by nVidia against competitor 3DFX, claiming the rival company infringed upon proprietary hardware created by nVidia. Much like the similar lawsuit, it appears that the ultimate goal of Bitboys is to ensure that their target ceases production of all video cards.*

Check it out or I'll sue you!

■ It's been a while since we've seen some hot and spicy Leonard Crabs legal action. However, thanks to a recent article from Dr. Fred Malalavich, Mr. Crabs is back in business! Yup, SA was threatened with yet another lawsuit, this time from ace heavy metal / rapcore thugs "SNAFU". I mean, how could we not take these guys seriously?

> *OK who ever you are you Have A. Lawsuit coming! You choose to put your opinions of Untrue statements on your site describing the Band Snafu! Which has giving them the time to write a song Containing your website and Bullshit analyst. You can contact me through this screen name! i think what your site said about this Band was untrue and Uncalled for! What business do you have Saying your opinions about Something you do not even know about?????*

Read all about the battle between SA and these eloquent musicians in the latest episode of SA's Legal Attack!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1.5 Spaz's Fun Toys

Thursday, Aug 31, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ As I write this update, my cat Spaz is batting around a toy mouse all over my apartment. He gets absolutely nuts with those 50 cent toy mice you can buy from any generic pet store, knocking it all across my apartment (the toy mouse, not the pet store). I am not quite sure what causes cats to instinctively know that they should be going crazy with the toy mouse and not any of the other crap I've got laying around this place.

For example, before I bought him the toy mice, all I had to offer Spaz was the junk laying around my apartment. This consists of a bunch of RCA cables, plastic DVD porn cases, and a plastic cup that reads "NFL 1997" on it. I'm not quite sure why the NFL decided they should advertise on cups. Perhaps drinking milk helps remind people they like professional football, I don't know. Anyway, I tried forcing Spaz to play with the generic stuff in my place but nothing worked. I would take the RCA cable and throw it around the living room while saying, "Look Spaz, it's an evil three-headed black snake which is able to magically carry both audio and video signals with average quality!" and then I would pounce on it. I was hoping my instructional technique would give him some ideas, but he instead just turned and walked away. I soon remembered that I had a couple of the bouncing nVidia balls that Jim Black, the nVidia PR guy from QuakeCon, gave me. I figured cats should love balls and bouncing stuff, so I threw it against the wall and waited for fun to ensue. Nothing.

"Come on, Spaz!" I shouted while pushing around the ball. "Go attack that ball! It could possibly be made from Styrene Butadiene or Polybutadiene Rubber! Cats **hate** Styrene Butadiene and Polybutadiene Rubber! Go get it!"

Spaz just stared at me.

"Jim Black gave me that ball! He's from nVidia! Cats **hate** good OpenGL drivers! Go get it!" I commanded while pointing at the ball, which had now come to a complete halt. "Jim Black is nuts and he'll eat you if you don't get it! Please, for the love of God, *just get that ball!*"

Nothing.

So I don't really need to say that I was quite surprised when Spaz began playing with the toy mice I bought for him. He literally spends hours of time batting and knocking these things around like crazy. But why? The nVidia ball rolls better and even has a special blinking LED light inside that causes permanent eye damage when stared at (much like *Hired Guns*). I assume it's just some crazy instinctual thing that kicks in whenever a cat sees a mouse-like object, just like the reaction dogs get when they see cats or when any 3D Realms employee sees their company's name on a Planet Crap thread. No particular point to all this nonsense, it's just an interesting experience for a new cat owner to notice and a particularly boring experience to read about.

■ Fresh off his victory over the band "SNAFU", Leonard "J." Crabs has decided to grace our lovely little site with yet another contribution: his own Q&A column. Yup, "Leonard's Law" is a weekly / biweekly column which will help answer all the tough and complicated legal issues you may have. Check out today's issue and feel free to write him yourself:

I also advised her to spike the water with LSD so the illusion would be compete. Soon enough, all those stupid kids were freaked out and afraid to set foot in the house. Now you may be asking how "Mrs. Cathy Johnson" was able to collect any of the money owed to her thanks to this. Simple: we kidnapped her kids and sold them in the white slave trade! I find that the "Ghost and White Slave Trade" tactic works in about 98% of lien cases. The other 2% can be solved by applying a generous amount of rubber cement and letting it sit in a cool room overnight. One time I was using the restroom at the Sizzler and I thought Hitler was in the stall next to me! I zipped up my pants and opened his stall door, but it wasn't Hitler. It was Mussolini. Then we conquered Poland. That happened last August.

Leonard's da man! Admit it!

■ Once again I have the unfortunate displeasure of telling you that I received another email from Mr. Cliff Yablonski. I'm sure you know what's coming up...

From: cliff yablonski
Subject: hey

hey stupid

Ive updated my page with six new people I hate. if you dont post news about this, Im going to take that stupid cat youre always blabbering about and throw it in my microwave. Tell your readers to go to `http://www.somethingawful.com/cliff/ihateyou/` *and see the new gallery of freaks from East Appleton.*

cliff

PS: I hate you

You read it here, folks. Go to Cliff's hate-filled den of ill-will and gaze upon more unfortunate victims of his seemingly endless rage.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

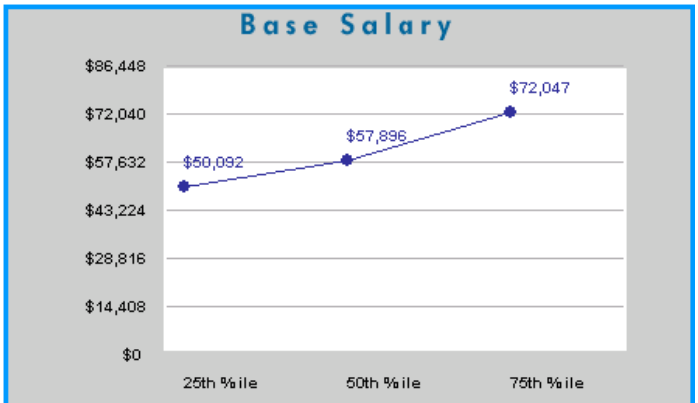
Chapter 2

September

2.1 Webmaster Salaries

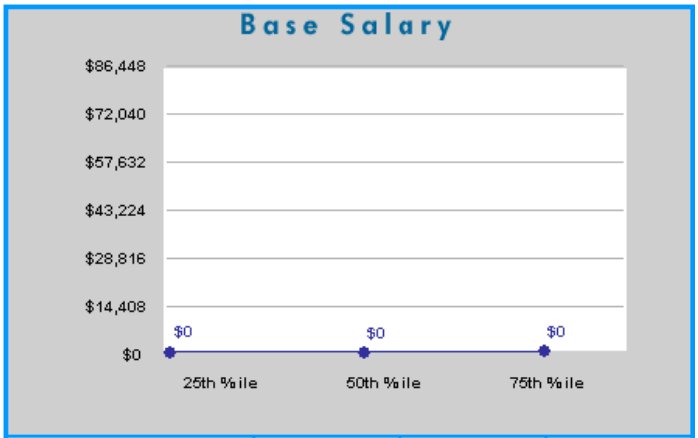
Friday, Sep 01, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Hot and spicy SA reader Sp'ange sent in an interesting link which depicts how much I should be making as a webmaster in Costa Mesa. Check it out:



Webmaster	Low	Median	High
Costa Mesa, CA 92627	$50,092	$57,896	$72,047

$54,000? I could live with that. Unfortunately, I was a webmaster who ran a site on the Gamefan Network... so I typed that into the site and it came out with very different results.



Webmaster on Gamefan	Low	Median	High
Costa Mesa, CA 92627	$.0	$.0	$.0

Nope, Gamefan still hasn't paid any of their hosted sites a dime yet. They owe all their hosted sites pay from June, July, and August, and haven't paid a single site. Best of all, they still won't even give a concrete date of when they will get paid. Pretty professional business, eh? Anyway, don't forget to click on those snazzy banners I've got up top. Keep your favorite webmaster from going broke and committing suicide! Buy some of them there USB hubs advertised in the text ad! Check out whatever the hell is currently displaying on the banner ad! Click the Geist Magazine link on the top right! Click like a crazed daemon! Jesus loves people who click SA ads!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.2 Aquaman Musings

Saturday, Sep 02, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've been thinking about Aquaman a lot lately. Now for the six or seven of you who haven't immediately gone to another webpage after reading the previous sentence, let me explain why.

Aquaman's been getting a bad rep recently. Many people have taken to publicly humiliating the guy by laughing and making jokes at his expense. No, I cannot provide any concrete examples offhand, because due to computer sabotage, all my IE links have mysteriously vanished (that's my way of saying, *"I think I may have just dreamed that people were making fun of Aquaman last night. Nothing I deem as true is ever based in reality"*). I believe this recent negativity is due to a general societal ill sweeping through America, something that has been creeping up along the spine of the collective United States like a poisonous tarantula. I'm not really sure why a tarantula would bother crawling up somebody's back, but for the sake of my analogy, let's accept that one would.

First off, America has been brainwashed into thinking Aquaman just can't "cut it" with all these new and exciting superheroes coming out every other day. If you were to walk into a comic book shop and find the strength to push the 400-pound man in a white Thrill Kill Cult shirt out of the way, you would see shelves and shelves lined with hundreds of brand new glossy comic books. Superheroes these days are full of glitz, flash, and a dark, brooding edge. They're mysterious, complicated creatures that lurk in the shadows and crawl through the night like a... tarantula down your spine. This contrasts greatly with how superheroes were back in the 40's and 50's. For example, back then it was perfectly acceptable to wear skintight outfits which would fit in with a Gay Pride parade or drug-induced rave. Costume designers at the time thought each superhero's outfit had to contain every primary color or villains just wouldn't take them seriously. These festive and pretty colors were quite the rage back in the day, but now they just create the impression that old school superheroes would be better suited in a Mexican wrestling league than fighting crime. There's not much one can do about this outlook; I can't even stay in fashion, much less dictate it.

All recent comics books revolve around guns and missiles and blowing up a quarter of the world in every issue of every series. If there isn't wanton destruction and an orgy of violence every page, the comic book probably won't sell. However, back in the 40's, villains didn't want to blow up the world or anything horrible like that. No, criminal masterminds back then were happy with idiotic penny ante schemes like turning all the street lights in their city red, which would cause the city mayor to get stuck in traffic while the villain's henchman breaks into the guy's office and steals the mayor's really nice gold pen. Villains didn't care about blowing stuff up in the 40's; if they could get through an entire issue without locking themselves out of their house they were happy. That's why Aquaman fit in so well - he didn't carry guns or bombs or any cheap stuff like that. For God's sake, the guy had a harpoon instead of a hand. Have you ever tried to stab somebody with a harpoon? It's not easy, especially if you've been drinking. This make's Aquaman's superhero-ness even more impressive, since the fact that he has no left hand qualifies him as being a true handicap.

Aquaman also had the ability to communicate with almost any underwater creature. While the comic regularly featured him "speaking" to giant seahorses, dolphins, and whales, one can only assume that he was also able to speak to less mobile creatures like sea cucumbers, starfish, and that poisonous plankton that shoots spores everywhere. He probably preferred not to talk to them because they never had anything to say. I mean, if you were a big sea cucumber on the bottom of the ocean floor, what would you say? "Hey Aquaman, it's really fucking dark down here and I haven't

moved since the late 1800's so no, I'm not having a nice day." If I lived in the sea my whole life and suddenly found some guy with no hand swimming around in tights and asking me if I could help him save the world from an evil genius who was using kelp to fuel his army of Nazi robot zombies, I would ignore him. Hell, I'd probably try to bite the guy. Since Aquaman was never killed by a pissed off swordfish, this is a true testament to his psychic abilities.

The most important limitation Aquaman had to work with (and, as a result, I feel was his biggest claim to fame) was the fact that he had to do a majority of his fighting underwater. Being an underwater superhero isn't very flexible, and I'm sure Aquaman really had to perfect his persuasive speech techniques in order to lure bad guys near his territory.

> **Bad guy #1:** "This coastal shipping yard looks like a great place to set up our illegal black market wax mustache trade."
> **Bad guy #2:** *(laughs evilly. The second bad guy always laughs evilly)*
> *Suddenly, a loud horn sounds and Aquaman rises up from the depths of the ocean.*
> **Aquaman:** "Hey guys, why don't you come a little closer to the ocean?"
> **Bad guy #1:** "Why would we do that?"
> **Aquaman:** "All the really cool bad guys do illegal stuff by the ocean."
> **Bad guy #1:** "Really?"
> **Bad guy #2:** *(to Bad guy #1)* "Hey, I think this is the Aquaman guy we were warned about."
> **Aquaman:** "No I'm not, my name is Steve and I'm with the oceanfront tourism board. Although I may be wearing the same top as Aquaman, I can assure you that I've got on khaki pants, something Aquman never wears. That is how you can tell us apart."
> **Bad guy #1:** "I can't see no khaki pants."
> **Aquaman:** "Well come closer and I'll show you."
> **Bad guy #1:** "Okay."

...and then Aquaman would start beating the living crap out of the hapless goons. Sure, perhaps oceanfront villains aren't exactly the toughest guys to beat up on. They probably rank up there will the elderly and dance instructors in terms of sheer badness. But Aquaman was one of the only superheroes to constantly patrol and serve justice through **the entire ocean**. Hell, even Superman shared airspace with Batman, Spiderman, and the blind guy who wore red and pimp slapped shoplifters with his magical police baton. So the next time you hear somebody publicly slam Aquaman, approach them with confidence and ask, "Oh yeah? So are you saying you could continuously patrol over 71% of the Earth's surface better than he could?" Then you should punch them in the back of their head. When they're knocked out, put a tarantula on their back as your calling card. Just make sure you don't do it anywhere near the ocean.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.3 Information Warfare Lawsuit

Sunday, Sep 03, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Hey kids, remember this: every problem in your life should be solved via lawyers! Under no circumstances should you have to actually communicate with somebody other than your legal firm! If you've got any situation you want resolved, make sure to absolutely **NEVER** talk to the person you are involved with - go **STRAIGHT** to the lawyers!

Before anybody accuses me of hitting the Jack Daniels a little too hard, let me explain what brought this on. Last Friday the postman rang my doorbell, delivering a registered letter. Since I knew it wasn't a check from Gamefan (Hell hasn't frozen over yet), I was curious as to what is was. After signing approximately 10,000 forms, I was finally given the letter. I ripped open the package and was greeted by a series of papers from the "Stradley Ronon" lawfirm in Philadelphia, representing somebody named "Jeffrey Frieberg", a guy I never heard of before. I read through the letter and soon discovered that they were threatening to sue me for copyright infringement, which seemed quite odd considering I had no clue who the guy was. Anyway, I continued through the letter and soon noticed that I was being sued for this thread posted to the SA forums, making fun of this guy's site. Yup, instead of just emailing me and asking to take down or remove his copyrighted picture from the thread, Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg decided to go straight to his lawyer and threaten to sue me. Despite the fact that I would've edited it on my own accord, Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg had to run and cry to his lawyers, challenging the mean ol' Lowtax to a court duel because somebody on my forums copied his grade school Paintbrush graphic to a forum thread.

Since I don't have a dime to my name, I just did the simple thing and removed the offending picture. I don't really care for any legal battles other than suing Gamefan for the money they owe me. But the question remains: why didn't he simply email me and ask that I take it down? Why is the first reaction one involving lawyers? Does every conversation have to go through a third party, one who can sue you?

With this in mind, let me nominate Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg's site, "INFORMATION WARFARE", as the **Awful Link of the Millennium.** Let us briefly review this site: as I've already established, Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg seems like somebody very out of touch with reality, and his HTML / language skills sure do back up this theory. I can't really tell what the hell his website is about but evidently he's offering some "services" as a psychotic* HTML designer who will run around and send threatening legal letters to targets picked from public forums. Part of his useful service includes Capitalizing Every Letter In a Sentence and displaying hundreds of animated gifs. However, these are no ordinary animated gifs though; they are used to send the message that he's a real *"SECURITY COMPUTER INTERNET SECURITY"* person**. As proof there's an animated nuclear explosion, dancing robots, fans, a hockey player, the spinning Earth, a spider, and a blinking light. Yes, nothing says "professional" quite like an image yanked off an AOL family's personal homepage. If you want to employ Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg's services, you can either email him or give the guy a call at 215-364-3200 (both publicly available on his webpage, the same page where they misspell "computer" as *"Commputer"*)***. I'm sure he'll appreciate any business inquiries you may have****. Well, actually, if you want to contact him in the "proper way", perhaps you should ask your lawyer to give the guy a call*****. God forbid you make contact with the guy. He might try to jump on your face and implant eggs into your brain or something******.

*Legal disclaimer: I am not a certified psychologist. This does not count as a professional diagnosis.
* Legal disclaimer: I can not guarantee Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg is a real person. He could be some kind of malfunctioning robot or exotic fungus.
** Legal disclaimer: All of this is public information which cannot be copyrighted. I am not suggesting you call Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg unless you actually want to hire him for whatever the hell he's

advertising.
*** Legal disclaimer: Or he may just sue you.
**** Legal disclaimer: This is a joke. I'm sure you can contact him by the means suggested on his webpage.
***** Legal disclaimer: As far as I know, Mr. Jeffrey Frieberg does not have the ability to implant eggs in your brain. However, I have been wrong in the past.

■ I have done something I fear I may regret. Yes, I have given Ed Baker, the man behind SA's failed marketing scheme to make money from Stoplight.com, his own hosted site. He is using his hosted space to put up and promote his series of "unique" Christian comics, entitled "Ed Baker's Christian Decision". Head on over and check out the first comic ("A Party With Satan!") yourself! You just may learn something about yourself, the world around you, and Jesus Christ. Or you may learn absolutely nothing. I really don't care either way.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.4 Pediatrician Pedophiles

Monday, Sep 04, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Moist and creamy SA reader Rolm sent in this article proving that despite the piss-poor shape of America's educational system, some countries are in an even worse shape.

> Vigilantes mistake pediatrician for pedophile and attack home - *Vigilantes vandalized the home of a prominent children"s doctor in Wales, apparently after confusing her title of pediatrician with "pedophile," police said Wednesday. Dr. Yvette Cloete, a specialist in pediatric medicine at the Royal Gwent Hospital, fled her home after her windows and front door were spray-painted with the word "paedo" _ an abbreviation for the British spelling "paedophile," said Karl Close, chief inspector with the Gwent Police. "Are they just so dull they don"t realize the difference between the two?" Close said of the attack, which took place Saturday. "This is a pediatrician who is committed to helping children and somebody targeted her."*

Now in the defense of those saucy gits who took it upon themselves to attack a doctor's house, I have seen plenty of movies where the doctor, who was supposed to help people, ended up murdering them. The two examples that immediately spring to mind include "The Dentist" and "The Dentist 2", which, if I'm not mistaken, came after "The Dentist." If this is indeed the case, then I'm very angry at the obviously biased liberal media who chose to exploit the news for their own pro-doctor agenda. This is probably why you never hear about journalist's kids being really sick.

> U.S. reducing forces in Persian Gulf - *US missiles blasted an Iraqi anti-aircraft site Wednesday after Iraq fired on US and British patrols of the no-fly zone, Pentagon officials said. Iraq said the attack killed a farmer and wounded two other civilians, although a US official questioned that claim.*

Okay, here's something I really don't understand. Every time the US military reports they bombed some more Iraqi antiaircraft targets, Iraq counters by claiming a few farmers and children were killed in the attack. These contrasting stories lead me to believe one of two things:

> 1) Iraq is staffing all their antiaircraft batteries with hicks and kids. This would make sense because I don't think any of their antiaircraft units have ever even successfully launched a missile, much less hit anything flying above them. I can imagine the confusion inside the Iraqi headquarters, packed full of crying children and people hitting computer consoles with pitchforks.
> 2) The US military hates farmers and is engaging in a genocidal "anti-farming" campaign.

I find the second excuse to be much more plausible, and once I refill my shot glass, I will explain why. You see, Bill Clinton, who last time I checked was a democrat, currently has control over the armed forces. Now before any of you political science majors out there write in explaining how the President doesn't have total control over them and the US has a three-branch judicial system which is weak against water Pokemon and adds a +7 to STR, let me assure you that I don't really care. I'm using my illustration for the sake of simplicity and the fact that I don't know what I'm talking about. Actually, I really have no clue what I was originally going to say, so I will end this news article right here. However, this news article does bring up a very interesting point: "never try to update your news when you've had three hours of sleep."

> Breast implant prize in B.C. pub's contest attracts entries, criticism - *There's no skill-testing question, no test of strength, no entry fee - and no shame say critics of a controversial contest that offers breast implants as the prize. The Win Boobs contest at Tommy's Bar and Grill offers the winner $3,000 for breast implants. "Tommy's is offering to you the chance of a lifetime," reads the bar's Web site. "You have a shot at winning BOOBS. That is right, you did read correctly."*

Hot and spicy reader Dave sent in this gem. I find it appropriate that some woman will get bigger breasts from a place that gives men bigger breasts. Ever since I started going to the bar down the street, I've gotten man-boobs the size of mature squid.

■ Always ready to celebrate and trumpet the triumphs of the gaming industry, Something Awful has branched out into creating a new series of "Heroes of the Gaming World Trading Cards". Check it out:

> *As gaming quickly approaches being considered a valid profession and sport, the gaming industry is creating it's own version of celebrities and online personalities. Much like baseball and Pokemon, kids are clamoring to collect and trade cards depicting their favorite heroes and stars. With this in mind, Something Awful is proud to present "Heroes of the Gaming World: The Trading Card Series." This webpage will spotlight the newest rising stars and provide a copy of each card in the series.*

The new blue deck contains such testaments to gaming greatness as Cliffy B., Gamefan, and 3DFX, so check 'em out before I'm sued!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.5 Heroes of The Gaming World #7-12

Tuesday, Sep 05, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ I have nothing interesting to write for today. Oh yeah, here's something: Angela is returning to Orange County tomorrow, so I was wondering if there are any SA fans out there that would like to join me at the John Wayne Airport Thursday evening to greet her as she comes off the plane. I can just picture an unruly mob of SA goons crowded around the gate in id Software shirts and talking about Direct 3D. The universe might implode due to the sheer amount of geekiness we produce in one single location. It will be great.

So if anybody out there can convince their parole officer to let them get out for a bit, drop me a line. The John Wayne Airport is in Orange County, California, so all you non-southern Californians are not eligible (unless you're psychotic and have a lot of money to immediately fly out). It'll be great. I'll bring free stuff to give away. Nothing good, but it will be free so you can't complain. If you're interested in showing up, send me a message and I'll give you the details. Yes, an evening with your favorite webmaster! What could **possibly** be more exciting? Well besides painting the sidewalk.

■ To drum up money for the "Something Awful Legal Offense Fund" against the nefarious Gamefan / Express.com, I'm going to start auctioning stuff off on eBay. The first item I'm selling is a brand new, unopened Voodoo 5 5500 AGP card I bought at Best Buy right before nVidia shipped me a GeForce 2 card. This isn't a prank and I'm actually selling this card so (hopefully) I'll have some cash for lawyer fees. Remember: every dollar you bid on this card is a dollar against the forces of evil and tyranny! Bid long and hard, for the children's sake! I probably shouldn't have used the words "long and hard" and "children" in the same sentence, but it's late and I don't care. Hell, I'll even throw in an authentic Jeff K. autographed SA business card. Bid, suckahs!

■ Huzzah! Six brand new cards have been added to the "Heroes of the Video Game World" trading card series! Check out the newest and hippest cards depicting:

Card #07 - **Valve**
Card #08 - **Lithtech v1.0**
Card #09 - **Lithtech v2.0**
Card #10 - **John Romero**
Card #11 - **Planetcrap**
Card #12 - **John Carmack**

Read em and weep, ladies!

■ Yes, I do believe the world is coming to an end. The Hair Giant has made a new "Soap Banditos" comic. Fear it.

■ Boy, do I sure love getting email!

From: cliff yablonski
Subject: what?

hey putz

Ive updated my page with two new pages full of people I hate. If you do not post this

email and demand people visit my site, I will track your broke ass down and shove your cat down your throat. post the link to my site.

go to hell

cliff

Since I don't want to offend Mr. Yablonski, I highly advise visiting his site and checking out the people in Appleton City he hates (which, as far as I can tell, is everybody).

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.6 Telemarketing and Spaz the Dog

Wednesday, Sep 06, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Telemarketing: In addition to the normal amount of stalkers who call me up and ask if they can talk to Jeff K., I've been receiving an unhealthy amount of telemarketers attempting to convince me that I need their credit credits, magazines, magazine's credit cards, or credit cards to buy magazines.My old game plan went something like this:

> ***TELEMARKETER:*** *"Hello Mr.... Ken-yenk-ia, my name is Greasy Dan O' Collins and I'm from Capital One. Would you be interested in a new Capital One Silver-lined Platinum Gold Account with -7.9% APR and a rotating detachable propellor extension?"*
> **ME:** "No thanks, I don't need another credit card."
> ***TELEMARKETER:*** *"Mr. Koo-yack-ina, I understand your initial reluctance, but the new Capital One card offers such exciting and beneficial features as overdraft protection, automatic debt protection, and a Proton Cannon capable of destroying major geographical landmarks."*
> **ME:** "No really, I don't need another credit card. My apartment is full of credit cards. I can't walk two feet without stepping on one. My landlord says that if I get another credit card, he's going to evict me and get his two teenage sons to beat me up and make me drink dog urine. Thanks, but I really can't use another."
> ***TELEMARKETER:*** *"I can sympathize, Mr. Kee-yunk-ookaka, but I feel our new payment plan is catered just for a man of your stature. Every time you use our Capital One card, you earn 500 billion frequent Delta flier miles which you can use to redeem for fabulous prizes and secret gadgets courtesy of 'The Sharper Image'. The more you use our card, the more sins Jesus forgives of you!"*
> **ME:** "Hey, I gotta go my, uh, leg is on fire."
> ***TELEMARKETER:*** *"Sir, our credit card can help cure that!"*
> **ME:** *(hanging up)*

This is the "short" version of our talks. Usually the telemarketer doesn't give up so easily and ends up threatening to stalk and permanently cripple my parents if I don't agree to purchase whatever the hell they're selling. As you can tell, this method is not too effective and often costs me valuable time which I could be using to make fun of Jake Simpson over ICQ. After countless years of internal testing and scientific analysis, I believe I have found the best way to get rid of telemarketers:

> ***TELEMARKETER:*** *"Hello Mr.... Ken-yenk-ia, my name is Greasy Dan O' Collins and I'm from Capital One. Would you be interested in a new Capital One Silver-lined Platinum Gold Account with -7.9% APR and a rotating detachable propellor extension?"*
> **ME:** *(shrieking)* "GO EAT A BAG OF HELL!!!" *(hanging up)*

It's quite easy, fun, and relieves a lot of stress. Shouting "GO EAT A BAG OF HELL!" ends 98% of all conversations. Try it sometime!

Spaz: This cat acts more and more like a dog every day. For example, the new thing Spaz likes doing is playing "Fetch". He'll bring one of his toy mice up to me, drop it at my feet, and stare up at me. If I don't do anything, he starts making the most absolutely pathetic meowing noises he can. They're the kind of sounds you'd hear from a kitten in a Disney cartoon after it's mom was run over by a drunk team of firefighters. I can almost picture animated teardrops coming from the corner of his eyes shortly before orchestral music begins and Spaz somehow starts singing in a grown woman's voice about true love and the sadness in her heart. I wasn't even aware cats could talk

(much less sing) until I saw the Disney channel. Now my entire world has been turned upside down and I spend a good portion of my day staring into Spaz's eyes and shouting, "HELLO HOW ARE YOU?" repeatedly and waiting for a response. No such luck so far, but I'll keep you updated; he's gotta start singing sometime.

Attack!

Anyway, like I mentioned a few hundred paragraphs before, Spaz enjoys playing "Fetch". I'll throw his toy mouse, he'll run at Mach 9 to where he thinks the mouse will land, and Spaz will grab it and bring it back to me. In theory. However, there are some minor flaws with this plan:

1) Spaz has a difficult time stopping. He can go from 0 to 60 miles an hour in under seven nanoseconds, but he's got a severe braking problem. I blame this on those faulty Firestone tires. This failure to cease movement results in Spaz often careening into walls, speaker stands, my couch, other people, the apartment next door, etc..
2) Spaz enjoys depositing the toy mouse into my shoe. While I'm generally okay with him using my shoe as a temporary receptacle for his toys, the problem arises from the fact that when he goes to withdraw the mouse from my shoe, he has a nasty tendency to take my sole with it. Apparently cats have a difficult time discerning between a 2-inch long grey wad of fluff and a size 11 green shoe sole. This is a fairly common mistake, as every time I go to a shoe store, I'm often seen cramming mice into the interior of my shoes. That's when the guards usually rush over and subdue me with enough tranquilizers to subdue a grown buffalo.

One time my next door neighbors, who already think I'm operating a meth lab from my bedroom, were over to complain about some terrible sound of running water that they thought was coming from my apartment (they also assume I have an obsessive-compulsive disorder and feel the need to scrub my hands free of deadly microbes every 10 minutes). While they were going on about whatever the hell they were talking about, Spaz jumped at my shoe and removed one of the soles in his exciting patented mouse attacks. I immediately stood to my feet and shouted, "THAT CAT IS STEALING MY SOLE!" while lunging after him. Needless to say, my neighbors quickly stopped complaining about the phantom running water sound and retreated to behind locked doors. If you ever want company to leave, start shouting about a cat stealing your sole. It drives 'em away faster than somebody announcing, "Jerry Springer's on!" at a Klan rally.

■ **School Violence:** The FBI recently released a "School Threat Report" which is apparently supposed to inform teachers and students if they're being threatened by somebody. The FBI spent two years studying school shootings and came to the following conclusion:

School violence is caused by psychotic kids.

No, actually that'd be too easy of an answer for the FBI. Instead they released a report which lists "what to look for" in potential nutball students. Just for the heck of it, I wanted to see if I was a candidate for causing school violence (the report doesn't say anything about me needing to attend school, so I assume the fact that I'm not a student doesn't matter much):

What is the culture of the school and how is it affecting the child?

I couldn't figure out what this meant. I think it's how the subject reacts if his school was built on an Indian burial ground and class is continually interrupted all day by the spirits of the damned or something. If that's the case, I suppose I would be pretty angry if ghosts were trying to steal my soul for eight hours a day.

Does he or she have problems expressing anger?

"He or she"? If my teachers couldn't figure out my gender and repeatedly referred to me as "he or she", they're damn right I would express anger.

Does he or she show an inordinate fascination with violent movies, books and music?

While I'm not a big fan of "violent movies", I do like "books and music", so yeah, I guess so.

Has he talked or written about committing violent acts?

Every day. The violent acts are usually followed by the word "Gamefan".

I for one have a problem with this report the FBI released. In addition to the fact that the "symptoms" listed are common in most kids who are growing up and maturing, I'm afraid schools will end up using this as a checklist to profile potential Evil Serial Killers of Death. Just because some poor kid comes into class wearing a MDFMK t-shirt doesn't mean he should be treated as somebody who has a sniper rifle stored in their locker. Having piss-poor taste in music isn't any excuse for punishment (**note to all you MDFMK fans:** I was just kidding. **Note to all you non MDFMK fans:**

I was being serious). Let's face facts: there's no way to profile potential school shooters. Every time some wacko goes nuts and blows away somebody at Dairy Queen, his next door neighbors always say, "I can't believe Billy Ray Joe Bob McCullins shot them people! He was always a nice and quiet man! He helped the orphans and nuns and his mother! I wanted to nominate him for Pope!" Almost ANYBODY can lose a screw and start shooting a place up. Let's try not to lump and entire group of innocent people into the "psychotic killer" title while searching for the next Columbine killers.

■ Since predictability is next to Godliness (on my scale at least), I have made six ultra-swank new "Heroes of the Gaming Industry" Trading Cards. Check it, yo:

Card #13 - **Killcreek**
Card #14 - **Verant**
Card #15 - **Thresh**
Card #16 - **Nintendo Fan**
Card #17 - **Glide**
Card #18 - **Billy Wilson**

Awww yeah!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.7 Airport Adventure and Cliff Y's PTA Rant

Thursday, Sep 07, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ To all you people who emailed me claiming that my idea of meeting the loyal SA readers in the Orange County area was a bad idea - ***A POX UPON YOU***! About 20 people or so showed up for the airport rendezvous with Angela and we had a pretty fun time geeking it up in the John Wayne Airport. We're thinking about making it a monthly thing; just meeting somewhere, hanging out, and scaring the "normal" patrons with our incessant talk about the absolute most dorky computer-related things possible. Everybody who showed up was really cool and friendly, with the possible exception of the guy who talked about the golfball sized lump on his head (luckily for us he was wearing a hat). That man frightened me - but in a cool and friendly way. Aeka (that's the sound the ladies make when he's putting "the moves" on them) took some pictures and will undoubtedly select the absolute most embarrassing ones to post on the forums. I'll post the link when / if it's up, since I assume the sheer raw excitement of seeing pictures of people at an airport will turn your life upside-down.

■ And now for something completely... er... well, slightly different. Cliff Yablonski, taking a break from his frantic mission to make fun of everybody in East Appleton on his website, has written an editorial entitled, "Why I Should Be President of the PTA and Not Betty Grable". Here's a sample of his words of wisdom:

> *Anyway I take my baseball bat and run out onto my porch and throw a lamp at those little retards and shout, "Get the hell off my property you little bastards!" and I start hitting the side of the garage with my bat. The idiot kids run away and you know what? The next day my bushes started dying! Coincidence? You better believe your ass it wasn't. Those kids were screwing around with my bushes and they planted some kind of secret crazy chemical into them, I know it. So I grab my bat and head over to Benning's house and start lecturing him about his little hooligan juvenile delinquints and how I was going to file a complaint in court if I ever saw his snotty kids around my property. Frank starts stammering like a damned halfwit and says something like, "My kids have been on vacation at camp in Maine for two weeks! Those weren't my kids on your property!" and I then I knew where his kids got their chickenshit gene from. So I push him aside and bust into his living room where I start beating the unholy snot out of his sofa with my bat. Then the Police came and, you guessed it, your old buddy Cliffy ends up spending another night in the slammer. This community has gone down the drain.*

Good ol' Cliff, a hero to children of all ages! Anyway, read his latest editorial and be in awe of the man, the mystery, the legend: Cliff Yablonski.

■ What the heck do ya know, I have made four new supah-l33t Heroes of the Gaming Industry Trading Cards. Here ya go:

Card #19 - **Paul Steed**
Card #20 - **Adrian Carmack**
Card #21 - **Evil Avatar**
Card #22 - **Richard Gariott**

You go, girl!

- State Og has been updated again thanks to the work of the (not so) lovely Cthulu, who has taken a break from his normal routine of kidnapping children and selling them to whale hunters looking for slaves to work in the ivory trade. Make sure you read the newest issue of State Og - fear the Og!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.8 Tex Atomic's Big Bot Battles and Fake Las Vegas

Tuesday, Sep 12, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Man, I'm sick for a few days and before I know it, I'm dead. That'll learn me.

■ Anybody who has been keeping up with the gaming industry has recently noticed a deluge in screenshots from Monolith's upcoming online robot-combat-in-space-super-secret-spy-action-thriller game, *Tex Atomic's Big Bot Battles*. Every legitimate gaming news site in the known universe has at least 500 "exclusive" shots of this upcoming title from Monolith and Real Networks, which of course explains why Something Awful doesn't have any. I'm starting to think that Jason Hall doesn't like me for some odd reason. Oh well, SA's motto has always been "when we don't have any news, lie about news", so I took it upon myself to find my own screenshots of the upcoming Lithtech title! Check it out!

As far as I can tell, the Lithtech engine was created solely to remind the gaming population that the visible light spectrum includes a wide range of obscene colors. Almost every single screenshot from *Sanity* and *Tex Atomic's Nuclear Stampede Robot Underwater Beetle Rodeo* look as if somebody implanted dynamite inside a clown's rectum and used the remains to paint their models and textures. Everywhere you look it's like all the colors of the rainbow met and beat the unholy crap out of each other.

Now I'm aware that scientific studies have shown that people respond the most positively to bright colors, but some of these screenshots are just ridiculous. I sure hope it's not a case of "injecting 17 tons of color to create gameplay", as that method has never worked in the past and will probably never work in the future. I am also aware that Monolith is targeting the "general gamer" with *Jumpin' Tex Avery's Super Crazy Robot Hairdressing Salon*, but what "general gamers" play these kind of games? The average gamer wants something simple and easy to play that maximizes social interaction. This is why online RPGs are so popular with female gamers who make up more of the "average gamer" population than males. Do the same people who buy *Cosmopolitan Makeover* want a game with huge battling robots? You got me. Fortunately, I've got better things to think about, such as where my damn copy of *Sanity* is.

■ All I can say is "Come Visit Fabulous FAKE Las Vegas!" You won't regret it. Well, you might.

Visit now!

■ While I was sick, I got the most supportive and cheerful emails imaginable.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: what the hell's wrong with you?*
>
> *where you been, jerk? you have updated your stupid website in a few days. I hope you haven't died, because then I won't have the pleasure of kicking your scrawny white ass myself. I've got two brand new pages of people I hate up on my site. Post the link or it's doomsday for you and your idiotic cat.*
>
> *cliff*

Who am I to question Cliff Yablonski? Head on over to his webpage before I get a bowl of Spaz soup delivered on my doorstep!

- I'm going to spend most of today catching up with the email I missed while I was deathly ill, so if you sent me something within the past week or so, expect a response soon.

- Oh yeah, if anybody wants to participate in extracurricular activities, here's the messageboard for the American Skinhead Society, a bunch of neo-Nazi racist bigots. Have fun!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.9 Videogame Violence

Wednesday, Sep 13, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Alright, I'm sure everybody by now is aware of the big ol' stink the people in the White House are making regarding the effects of violent movies and games on the precious "Youth of America." According to many congressmen, all children under the age of 37 lack the ability to filter out fictitious violent acts they view on television and computer screens.

Here's the problem I can't quite figure out: whenever they started banging away on how video games are morbidly violent and are causing schoolkids to steal guns and shoot each other, how come they always focus on the first-person shooter games like *Doom* and *Quake*? What about racing games like *The Need For Speed* and *Gran Turismo*? Those titles sell just as many units as the other games, yet my Congressman hasn't started droning on and on about how children are being influenced to hop into their parent's car and drive it 110 miles and hour down the coastline. I'd imagine kids have easier access to their parent's cars than their handguns - almost every family has at least one car, but not all families own a gun (except in Texas, where it's illegal **not** to carry some kind of firearm). Yet, despite this convincing argument I thought of after taking my third dose of cough syrup, legislators still seem to ignore all rational thought and trumpet how shoot-em-up video games are making kids unload 9mm clips into each other.

So come on Senator Smarty Man Lieberman! If America's kids are so stupid and impressionable that watching somebody blow up a daemon with grenades causes them to shoot their classmates, how come we don't see hundreds of twisted, mangled car frames along the I-405 every day? Okay, maybe that was a bad example, but you understand what I'm saying. These legislators can't have it both ways; it's time for them to start producing facts instead of politically correct rhetoric.

■ Jeff K., who has been fine tuning his masterful Flash skills, has produced his first work of... well, something. It's about 280k of animated... something. Anyway, be sure to head over and check out:

I MAED AND ANIMATED USAR FREINDLEY MOVIE!!!! ABOUT LUNIX!!!

Yup, here it is, in all its glory. Drop Jeff K. a line if you would like to see any other fabulous works of Flash wizardry.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.10 JeffK Interviews Jake Simpson

Thursday, Sep 14, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ If you are reading this, than SA is up. There's something goofy going on with the domain servers as I am writing this, and as a result, it is the opposite of being "up" (it's "down"). If you see any horrible HTML mistakes anywhere, don't blame me, it was the evil domain server of doom!

■ Keeping up Something Awful's fine tradition of journalistic integrity *(*cough*)*, Jeff K. has posted yet another groundbreaking interview with a famous gaming software developer. This time the "Master of l33tness" takes on Jake Simpson of Raven Software, one of the men behind *Soldier of Fortune*, *Heretic II*, and the upcoming *Star Trek: Elite Force*. The interview is crawling with such intellectually stimulating quotes like the following:

> *Jake Simpson - Lets see, what exclusive info can I give you. I know. This is something no one knows, so keep it under your hat. The transporter operator in Elite Force is actually Brian Pelliter, the project lead. There! No one else has this.*
>
> ***JEFF K.!!!! - brian peltier? whos that i thought tyuo mades teh gaem!!! Or did he transport yuo off teh project?!? HAHAHHAHAHAHA fagot*** *###*
>
> *Jake Simpson - Um.. well, I did. Sort of. Brian Helped. Actually, I have to break down and be truthful here. Everyone else did the work. I just came in to work and doodled all day.*
>
> ***JEFF K.!!!! - ewww, yuo doodled all day yuo should wear adult diapears at yuor age, HAHAHAHAHHAHA!!! "OH NO ITS OLD MAN SIMPSON WITH HIS STAR TRACK GAME QUICK HIDE TEH POLYDENT"***
>
> *Jake Simpson - *sigh*. Why do you think these jeans don't fit right?*
>
> ***JEFF K.!!!! - thats what yuo gets when yuo buy clothes from "EVERYTHINGS A DOLLAR" store***

Yes, that's the caliber of writing we aim for here. Anyway, check out the interview and maybe you might learn some exclusive information about Star Trek: Elite Force (you won't, but you should read it regardless).

■ Up for some hot and spicy legal advice? Leonard "J." Crabs sure as hell is, and his newest edition of "Leonard's Law" reflects this! Head on over and find out the answers to some of the most burning legal questions you may have, such as:

> *DEAR LEONARD.*
>
> *RECENTLY I WENT INTO THE HOSPITAL FOR SURGERY. I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE MY KIDNEY TAKEN OUT AND REPLACED BY TWO NEW KIDNEYS - ONE FOR NORMAL USE AND THE OTHER FOR "TURBO" MODE. WHEN I CAME OUT OF SURGERY, I NOTICED THAT THEY BOTCHED UP THE SURGERY BECAUSE I AM NOW A 6 FOOT TALL WHITE MAN NAMED "MARVIN JEFFERSON". I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER BEING A BLACK WOMAN BEFORE THE OPERATION. THEY EVEN CHANGED ALL MY PERSONAL PHOTOS AND BRAINWASHED MY FAMILY MEMBERS INTO GOING ALONG WITH THEIR SCREW UP.*

> *SO I WAS WONDERING WHAT KIND OF MINERALS ARE FOUND IN THE ATACAMA DESERT? ALSO I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD SUE THE DOCTORS. AND THAT DESERT THING TOO, BUT MOSTLY THE SUEING ISSUE.*

Wow, and to think people actually **PAY** to have questions like this answered! Well, not in real life, but in my fantasy world they do. Come on down and revel in the infinite legal wisdom that defines Leonard "J." Crabs, "Attorney" at Law!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

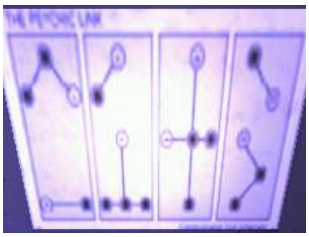
2.11 Monolith's Sanity

Sunday, Sep 17, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

After playing Jason Hall's / Lithtech's / Fox's / whoever's *Sanity* for the past few days, I have grown more and more curious as to why the majority of people in this game are associated with evil. It's one thing to be the meglomaniacal bastard who wants to rule the world with an iron fist, but how does it feel to work for them? Not as an underling who does all the bad guy's dirty work, but one of the slave labor grunts who sits in front of a computer console 24 hours a day, seven days a week just for them? I guess I should know, because I did work for Gamespy for a while.

Ha ha, that's just a little humor at the expense of Gamespy, who are probably too busy wondering who they can fire to slow down their ungodly cash burn rate! But seriously, what would it take for you to work for one of the infamous evil companies so prominently featured on video games? I wouldn't think there are too many benefits to laboring for them, as most evil companies don't have their own stock market set up specifically for evil corporations. There can't be much job security in the whole "evil" business, and, as I've seen in *Sanity*, the working conditions there are simply ludicrous. Take a look at some of these screenshots and you'll see what I mean.

Workers have to pull four levers in a special order just to make one single bridge appear. What if you're in a hurry to do something evil and you need to get across THAT INSTANT? I guess evil waits for no man. Or bridge operator.



Here's the diagram that shows which switches you have to pull in order to get the bridge working. It could also be an overhead view of crop circles. In either case, I don't know how the hell to decode it.

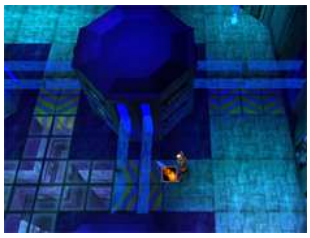
Imagine working at this thing for 24 hours a day, staring at those bar graphs and squiggly lines. Plus you don't even get a damn chair. That's gotta kill your posture.

Check out the efficient and productive mood lighting that librarian is surrounded with. Nothing says "work" quite like saturated green and blue disco lights in your face.

This librarian has it even worse. She not only has to hang around the obscene lighting, but she's also forced to stare at FOUR identical monitors displaying America! Why four? Is she so stupid that she must be shown the same image four times? On TOP of each other?

Nice ID cards. The photos seem to be in direct proportion to the person who owns the card. Carrying those things around has got to be a real hassle.

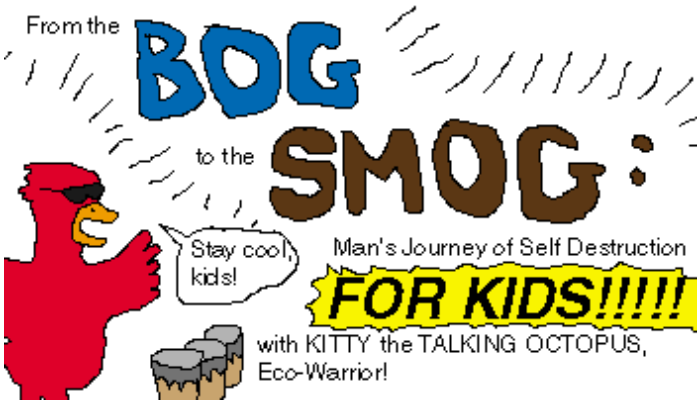
Much like the ID cards, science beakers are the size of adult buffalo. They should just turn them over and use them for chairs or as a shield from all the green / blue light.



Can you imagine having to cross this every day for work? Simply touching the blue beams will kill you on the spot, so you're risking your life every time you have to use the bathroom and cross the power grid of death.

After being forced to live in environments like these every day, I just can't understand why people continue to work for these evil companies. No stock options, a constant risk of dying every day, no chairs, terrible lighting, and work tools the size of your entire torso. Maybe they have some kickass dental plan or something ("dental plan... Lisa needs braces!"). Got me. It's a good thing playing *Sanity* is a lot more fun than working inside it.

■ After being exposed to Tiki the Gigantic Intellectual Eco-Penguin, I began thinking that perhaps Something Awful needed a section devoted to informing the children across the world of the devastating effects of pollution. Then I thought a bit longer and decided that would be a really stupid idea. However, after remembering the joy and happiness Tiki brought to me, I went against my better judgment and made one anyway. Folks, please welcome Kitty the Talking Octopus to Something Awful.



Kitty will teach your children all about the hideous world of pollution and industrial solvents which run through our bodies every day like a lubricated snake gliding in a garden hose. Kitty is a "hip" and "radical" mascot who will help you learn while providing a "bitching" good time for all! "Don't have a cow, dude" and make sure to check out Kitty the Talking Octopus' newest lesson, "From Bog to Smog: Man's Journey of Self Destruction"! You won't regret it! Actually, you probably will.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.12 SA Jobs

Monday, Sep 18, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Okay boys and girls, I've got a lot of info today, so ask the doctor to loosen the straps on your chair because we might be here a while. With that in mind, let me get down to business.

■ **Would you like to write for Something Awful?** As predicted earlier, both the people who wrote reviews for The ROM Pit and Clan Hell have flaked out and stopped doing them. I'm looking for a few good writers to head up either of these sections, reviewing either the most disturbed and bizarre ROMs out there, or diving deep into the obscene world of crappy clan pages.

> **Requirements:** One article a week.
>
> **Payment:** No payment! I'm broke! You'll receive my eternal love and adoration, how's that?
>
> **How to Get the Job:** Find an awful ROM or clan site (depending on what job you want), write a review of it that matches the style of the other reviews featured here, and then submit it to jobs@somethingawful.com. The jobs will be given to people who show they have a good sense of humor and a writing ability which surpasses most gastropods.

■ **Would you like to be hosted on Something Awful?** Now that we've moved to the new server, SA will be able to actually host non-fictional people's sites! Yes, that's correct, you may actually see your homepage as "myaddress.somethingawful.com" or "somethingawful.com/myaddress"! Of course, that's assuming your hosted site's name is "My Address", which is kind of a stupid name now that I think about it.

> **Requirements:** A good site. None of that God-awful e/n crap where all you do is update your page 1,000 times a day with "news" entries like:
>
> > *March 16th, 7:42 pm: I ate a bagel. It was pretty good.*
> > *March 16th, 7:57 PM: I am working on my math homework. Math sucks.*
> > *March 16th, 8:01 PM: My friend ICQed me. He made a funny joke. He is funny.*
> > *March 16th, 8:15 PM: Here is a video of a fat man dancing. I took it from the 50,000 other e/n sites which currently have the exact same video clip.*
>
> I can't stand crap like that. I mean, look at it! It's not even March 16th for crying out loud! Your site must actually have (gasp) content that people want to read. I'm looking for something entertaining and unique like Mr. Mental Patient that actually makes people laugh (as opposed to causing them to say, "the site I am currently looking at sucks so much ass that my life will be totally devoid of all forms of ass for the following 18 years").
>
> **Payment:** Yeah, sure. Maybe once Gamefan pays me, I'll throw you a dollar or two. However, since that day will mark the instant Hell officially freezes over, I might need the cash myself.
>
> **How to Get the Job:** Email jobs@somethingawful.com with either the link to your current site or some examples of your work. I'm not going to offer hosting to people who send me an email which reads, *"can i ples have hosteing on SA i want to write about HOW DUMB PPL ARE thx."* I need some examples of what you plan on doing.

- When submitting a potential Awful Link of the Day, please send it to awfullinks@somethingawful.com. My Lowtax account is being flooded with them and I need to break them apart. Thank you, Jenny!

- I have finished uploading and cataloging all the awful mp3s I have stored on SA. Jump on over to the mp3 Downloads section and jam to some of the most shittiest music ever created in the history of the universe. On a related note, I'm looking for the most terrible mp3s / music out there, so if you find something awful, be sure to send **THE LINK** to awfullinks@somethingawful.com. Do not send the entire file, or my mail server will reject it. I'm on a 56k connection, and put a cap on any mail messages over one meg in size, so just send the URL.

- I have also ripped the most bizarre and screwed up fight scene I have ever witnessed my entire life. It is from the movie "Casino Royale", a 1960's film about spies or James Bond or something. I don't know, I fell asleep roughly 20 minutes into it. The first 127 minutes of this film are just so damned boring and uninteresting that it will take repeated beatings from an electrical cattle prod to merely stay awake. However, the final five minutes or so more than make up for it. Check out the clips from "Casino Royale" and wonder to yourself what the director was smoking while filming this intensely weird scene.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.13 Heroes of The Gaming Industry Cards #1-4

Tuesday, Sep 19, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Remember, folks: clicking the Something Awful banner ads raises your sperm count! And, if you're a lady, it increases your egg count! Soon the entire SA reader population will be full of gigantic, fleshy bags of sperm and eggs! Now that I think about it, that isn't really much of a good thing. Oh well, screw it. Click on the banner ads anyway. If you do actually turn into a bag of sperm and eggs, take some pictures and send them in.

■ Oh yeah, if anybody wants to write map reviews for Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse, feel free to send an example of a map review to jobs@somethingawful.com. Heck, if you want to write anything for SA, send an example of it to jobs@somethingawful.com. If it matches the style of the site, it's all yours. Don't email me asking if you can do (whatever), just send in an example of what you want to do, and if it's amusing, you sure as hell can.

■ Update on Gamefan / Express.com: no, they still haven't paid me (or any of their other sites). Yes, legal action is being taken.

■ After wrapping up the blue deck from "Heroes of the Gaming Industry", I'm proud to present the first four cards from the brand new green deck! Feast your eyes on these beauties:

Card 01 - nVidia PR
Card 02 - Eidos
Card 03 - Pseudo.com
Card 04 - Derek Smart

There's more to come, but in the meantime, check out the ones that have already come! Er, the ones that just came! Uh... nevermind.

■ Since some of you out there may not be aware of the previously unwritten rules to living in an apartment above me, I have chosen to rectify the situation by listing a short series of "Rules For Living in the Apartment Above Me". This should clear up any misconceptions you may have by providing guidelines such as the following:

> *Every day at 8:00 pm, you should drop something large and heavy, such as:*
>
> > *A refrigerator*
> > *A wheelbarrow full of lead and concrete*
> > *Raymond Burr's casket*
> > *A month's collection of all the Slim Jims and Yoohoo you consume*
> > *The entire world*
>
> *If you don't have access to any of those items, then just trip and fall over. Try to at least be holding some cinder blocks while doing so.*

Dropping heavy objects seems to be a popular pastime for living above me. Read the rules and find out what else is.

- Ooh, yet another Soap Banditos comic? Two in the same month? Will wonders ever cease?

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.14 Ten Thousand ROM Pit Reviews

Wednesday, Sep 20, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Wow, today we've got an ASSLOAD of content for ya, folks! Yup, that's right, an actual ASSLOAD. I measured it myself, and the total content weighed in at 6.2 asses (6 or greater is officially considered an ASSLOAD). So, without further ado, let's jump into the fray, shall we?

■ The ROM Pit is back and with a vengeance! Responding to my call for user-submitted ROM Pit reviews, we have been inundated with a plethora of ROM Pit reviews. I have picked the top five reviews and posted them up. Hopefully these writers will continue to produce more quality reviews for SA. Oh yes, if you submitted a review and it has not been posted yet, don't take that in a negative way. There's a few more excellent reviews I haven't had a chance to HTML up yet, but I will get to early next week. In the meantime, check out the ROM Pit's reviews of:

Ghostbusters
Urban Champion
Puss N' Boots
Bokosuka Wars
Chubby Cherub

Yup, some of the absolute worst video games to ever enter our dimension. Read 'em and weep!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse is back and with a vengeance! Well, actually, it's just back. There's no real vengeance involved. If you were expecting any vengeance, I'm sorry to disappoint you. Anyway, hip-hop superhero Squonkamatic has produced a review of a Quake 2 single player monstrosity, "Pirhana Pool". Want to know the pain level to expect? Here's some fire for you, scarecrow!

> *Anyone who is familiar with my work writing about game levels knows of my affinity for maps that have lots of digital binary water... and water in single player maps means FISH. What I am getting at here is that I have killed so many Goddamn Quake and Quake2 fish over the past three years that I deserve some kind of a fucking medal for it. I am a veritable expert on killing fish in the Quake engine games, and sometimes I actually do appreciate it when the insightful level designer places a couple of gross, slimy, hungry Quake fish in the murky pools I have a habit of hopping into without looking twice. But there is a point of exasperation that one reaches when they see something as stupid as a bathtub sized pool of green neon lit water with like six of the goddamn things undulating in it like a rotten bowl of Chef Boyardee Beefaroni waiting to be vomited out of my stomach.*

Yow. More Quake 2 single player enjoyment that you can shake a rotting, roach-infested stick at!

■ I am somewhat saddened and frustrated to learn that Cliff Yablonski still hates me.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: what?*
>
> *Hey mental midget. i've updated my page with 2 new pages of cretins I hate. here's a sweet deal for you: you post the link and I wont tear your legs off and use them baseball bats to beat the next door neighbor's kids with.*

bye cliff

You know what that means... check out Cliff Yablonski's latest update featuring more people he hates..

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.15 Stupid Dot-Com Failures

Thursday, Sep 21, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

For all you people out there who aren't in "the biz" (I'm not sure what this "biz" is and how one would get into it), dot-com companies are burning up quicker than wheelbarrows loaded full of gasoline and magnesium raccoon statuettes. Many investors are out there wondering why all their precious Internet stocks, which traded at 400 points per share about six months ago, are now being traded for shares in hot dog vending stations. Once again, there's a simple answer that these idiots just don't seem capable of realizing: 90% of dot-com startup companies are almost completely worthless. Let's take a look at a few of the more catastrophic failures.

Boo.com - This company attempted to launch one of the first multi-million dollar enterprises to get people to purchase clothing online. Needless to say, all those millions of dollars are now gone, as Boo.com found out the hard way that people aren't interested in buying clothes online. The majority of the clothes-shopping demographic are women, women who like to spend a good six hours staring into oddly-angled mirrors to see how they look in a sweater which resembles every other sweater they own. Women like to walk around and check out all the other clothes in the store, trying them on and seeing how bulbous it makes their ass look. You can't do this on the Internet, nor would anybody want to. Unless a company is somehow able to make clothing instantly spit out from a computer's disk drive, women just aren't going to want to buy too many clothes online. As for men, the idea of Boo.com didn't appeal to them because men buy clothes solely as an afterthought. We'll be walking through Target or Wal-Mart, searching for AAA batteries or a television antennae, and we'll suddenly remember that every single pair of socks we own has holes the size of a Volkswagen Beetle. While picking out the cheapest pair of white tube socks, some kind of "Valu-Save" shirt will catch our eye and we'll end up buying it because it's cheaper than the AAA batteries. Men buy clothing only if it's situated in between them and the cash register.

Pop.com - This was the brainchild of Steven Speilberg and Ron Howard, two people who wanted somewhere to throw all their money into (and the incinerator must've been out of arm's reach). They spent nearly $10 million dollars on this site before they realized, much like pseudo.com, that the general public doesn't have the bandwidth to visit online multimedia movie tours. Speaking of, Pseudo.com tried to do the same thing; offer up tons of streaming multimedia television shows to the general web-viewing audience. After burning up the final bus token left in their piggy bank and going broke, the executive editor of Pseudo.com, Mark Berniker, decided to proclaim that Pseudo.com was simply the most hip and futuristic company to ever exist in this dimension.

> *"It's not the same for anybody dot-com raising money these days," he said. "It's a sad day. (We) were ridiculously ahead of (our) time, but we made some strides in the last year or two."*

Yeah, you're a regular supergenius, Mark. If you were so ridiculously ahead of your time, why didn't you travel to the future and bring back some cash for your remarkable company? I have a problem with somebody like Mark blaming his company's failure on being too high tech and advanced for the general public. Here's an analogy: say I start inventing gas tanks for floating hoovercars and I begin selling them online. I'd go broke in seconds! Sure, my gas tanks would be ahead of their time and really advanced, but **they're just not needed or useful at the present time**. Same thing with Pseudo.com. The general public doesn't have the bandwidth to watch those dopey TV shows about God-knows-what, and that's why they failed. Mark's idea of putting movies and TV shows on the Internet may be years ahead of our time, but his lack of business sense and practical

applications more than makes up for it.

■ **Digiscents.com** - Okay, technically these guys haven't failed yet, but I can almost guarantee they will.

> *Digiscents brings the sense of smell to your computer with iSmell digital scent technology!*

As far as I can tell, there's only three problems with Digiscent's groundbreaking technology:

> 1) Nobody in their right mind would want such an incredibly stupid piece of worthless crap like this.
> 2) See #1
> 3) See #2

What on Earth would make somebody leap up in the middle of a *Quake 2* battle and exclaim, "This game sure is an exciting, nonstop, action-packed fragfest, but why can't I smell the minions of the damned who are trying to slaughter me at every turn?" That makes no sense! First of all, *Quake 2* didn't even have any minions of the damned in it! They were cyborgs or robots or something. Secondly, nobody would ever want to smell anything featured in **any** game. Period. I cannot think of a single video game which took place in somewhere nice like a candy shop or baked goods store (except that *James Pond* game for the Sega). Most titles force you to run through areas like sewers and nuclear waste dumps, not exactly the optimal place for the iSmell technology.

So if it's not supposed to be used in games, what else is it supposed to take advantage of? Spreadsheet applications? Minesweeper? The only other massively popular tool is the Internet, and I'll be damned if I'm going to use iSmell on the kind of websites I visit daily.

> **ANGELA:** *(In the other room)* Honey, what are you doing in there? What's that smell? Did you just take the fish out of the refrigerator?
> **ME:** *(On the computer, turning off the iSmell plugin and closing as many popup windows as I can)* Er... yes.

All these dot com companies are closing because they have nothing to offer and their investors are finally realizing it. Cash can only go so far before it runs out. Perhaps if people would stop investing in such intensely stupid things, these companies would never start up to begin with.

■ Ready to obtain an illustrious teaching career, but you're afraid of racially offending some of your students? Well stop your worrying because The University of Texas at Dallas has a helpful list of "Words and Phrases that Offend Students" for you to memorize (thanks Aaron). Here's a few gems to get you started. Keep in mind that you should **NOT** say these phrases, as they have been proven to offend a select few people:

> *"Slavery was not that bad for Blacks; it was better than unemployment."*
> *"'Are you sure you wrote this paper? It is well put together for a Black student."*
> *"You have a very good score for a Black student."*

Remember folks: these are phrases you **SHOULDN'T** say! Good thing we have the University of Texas at Dallas to remind us of such useful information which most members of the public aren't

aware of!

■ Jeff K., proving he's one of the most l33t gaming journalists to ever hit the scene since Evil Ed's Website of Masturbating Retards Who Have All Been In Horrible Car Accidents And Damaged Key Portions of Their Brains, has scooped another exclusive interview! This time he tackles Drew Markham and Greg Goodrich, two of the guys behind Grey Matter Studio's *Return to Castle Wolfenstein*, the followup to (duh) *Wolfenstein 3D*. Here's a sample of interview-y goodness!

> ***JEFF K.!!!!! - What about stuped guns? In evary game yuo have bullit guns and explosian gun and then two goofy silly guns that are experimentiel alieanguns that do all sorts of crazey and dumb crap! How maney crazey alien guns ydo yuo haev? not maney I hope!!!***
>
> *Drew - No, there are some experimental guns that the Nazi scientists came up with that were made for shooting their monsters once they all got out of control.*
>
> ***JEFF K.!!!!! - How caome teh guns are experimental but they always work right??? Mayebe a experiement dosent work right and teh guns shots fire at yuo whoevar shoots it!***
>
> *Drew - Cool...Like a Jeff K gun? We could put that in...*
>
> ***JEFF K.!!!!! - YEAH!***
>
> ***PJ PAJAMAS: "I GOTS AN EXPERIEMENTAL GUN!"***
> ***(HE PULLS TEH TRIGGAR AND BLOWS UP)***
> ***PJ PAJAMAS: "TEH EXPERIEMENT WAS A TERRIBAL FAILURE"***

They also talk about Nazi zombies, fat women named "Helga" who shoot lighting, the dreaded BRAINCHAIR attack, Dukeburger, *Food Fight*, eating turkey dinners on the floor, and magic tables. All in all, another incredible interview. Read it!

■ **TWO** new Cranky Steve map reviews? Yup, today The Whorehouse takes a look at "AE Arena" and Bogdan DM1" , a couple *Quake 3: Arena* maps from repeat offenders.

> *Like any low quality crap game level, AEArena helps to point out one of the regrettable "gimmicks" built into the game that moron map editors should be forbidden to use, and here we are given a mind numbing look at the ways that an idiot can employ the jump pad. Jump pads made me nervous when I first encountered them in Q3Test, mostly because I could smell the abuse of them by the sweaty trembling hands of crack-addled cranks like AEon months in advance. I saw shit like this coming, but it sill makes my liver twitch when I encounter it no matter how well prepared I think I am for bounce pad overkill. AEon has included so many fucking goddamn jump pads in the map that his motivations come into question -- what was he trying to prove? Was he trying to outdo Q3DM16/The Bouncy Map? That level is hilarious because of the bounce pad overkill, but AEon's efforts here are just plain silly. Almost every major room/cavern/lava chamber in the map has at least 4 jump pads that spring you in various seemingly random directions. Items hang suspended in mid air and can only be reached by flinging yourself onto a pad and being propelled through the air like a flying squirrel.*

Sounds like fun! Thank Squokamatic!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.16 E/N Spotlight

Friday, Sep 22, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ It's Saturday, so you know what that means! You don't? Well, that means it's time for the weekly...

E/N Spotlight!!!

...Showcasing the most exciting and thrilling events which take place in the e/n community! **Note to all those unfamiliar with the e/n scene:** the term "e/n" stands for "everything/nothing", and encompasses a wide range of sites that, from what I can tell, must adhere to the following rules:

1) News must be updated at least 50 times per hour,
2) News must **NEVER** contain anything even remotely interesting to anybody but the webmaster and his two friends,
3) There must be a rant between each news item about how the webmaster hates racism or stereotypes or preppy kids or whatever,
4) Homepage must take 500 minutes to load thanks to all their neat little pictures and "wacky" photos of dead animals,
5) Under no circumstances should any real content be presented except for ripped movies or mp3s.

With that out of the way, let's peer into the e/n scene for this week!

■ The Mark Side - Oh no! Mark's car broke down! He also reveals he doesn't answer the ten email messages he gets a week, he likes the movie "Spaceballs", and he may be getting a new job. One of his guest news updaters also had this intriguing morsel to add:

> *...I'm determined to post something, for fear of losing my job or displeasing Mark. And something I have posted. end.*

Wow! Excitement City, here we come!

■ The Rebel Alliance Network - "Reverend" admits he rented *Tenchu 2* and calls it, *"frustrating. I can't deal with dynamic camera angles, stealth kills and way too many buttons."* Mike also makes the following touching plea:

> *If you are over 25 or under 18 then go away. None of what I am about to say pertains to you. Besides, you are already so stupid and lame in your own unique way that I don't even have to dedicate an essay to you.*

Yeah, all you stupid people are so stupidly stupid! Begone, stupid people! You are not welcome on the Rebel Alliance Network! The Rebel Alliance Network caters not to the stupid people but the intellectual elite who can't play *Tenchu 2*!

■ Warehaus - The webmaster makes a shocking announcement that will rock your entire world!

> *My computer bugged down. Again!?!?!?! Yeah, again. I almost lost all my files had not the skillful hands of my friend got into the action. I'm gonna be working hard on some shit today so just wait for it.*

What a close call! Let's send him our hope and prayers, folks! After reading that news announcement, let me tell you, I was on the edge of my seat. I almost fell off!

- A Herd of Turtles - Oh no! Not more technical problems in the glorious land of e/n!

  > *Arrrrrrrr. Fucking hell. I'm pissed off at my own website. It loads to fucking slow for me because of my ISP and it's -hopeless- for me to keep AHoT on a bla-bla server if I can only upload one picture every half an hour (yes, it's that shit).*

  Man, between that and the problems Warehaus is having, it sure looks like a bleak day for e/n sites! I can only wish that these problems are resolved as soon as possible so we may be treated to more exciting news items such as these:

  > *I'm quite happy with myself really, I've configured my hotmail account to read my pop3 account (yes, it's like getting your email printed and sent via normal post), but my pop3 at bla-bla is just -fucking- with me in terms of speed.*

  It's like getting your presents a day before Christmas!

- F1Nk iNk - Straps yourselves in, boys, cause we're going on a rollercoaster ride through SHEER, INTENSE EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE!

  > *I'm staying home from school again, and my Dad's letting me. He just asked if I'd like to stay home. When I asked what the catch was (As there is usually a catch to this kind of thing), he merely said, "I'm not a bad father, just a bad person."*

  Have fun staying home from school, Mr. ink! Don't play any *Tenchu 2* because "Reverend" from The Rebel Alliance Network says it's "frustrating." Enjoy your time off!

- As for the Awful Link of the Day, feel free to choose one from any of the above.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.17 SA Hosting Rejections

Sunday, Sep 24, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Ladies and gentlemen, how NOT to ask for hosting on SA:

> *How long does it take for you to answer your jobs@some etc email? I mean 5 days? Come on. Pick up the pace.*

Yes, it sometimes takes me over a week to answer email. Sometimes two weeks. Sweet talk demanding I *"pick up the pace"* probably isn't going to help your cause any. I've had over 248 hosting requests in five days, so it may take me a while to get to yours. In the meantime, why don't you enjoy some wholesome, family entertainment?

■ Daily Radar, the online gaming magazine known throughout the industry for being "a site which contains both the words 'Daily' and 'Radar' in its name", has a wonderful, smash-hit deal for all you aspiring webmasters out there looking to cash in on the fame and fortune of running your own gaming website! Sounds too good to be true? Well it isn't, you stupid, ignorant bastard! Check out this incredible opportunity their site is offering!

> *Earn additional revenue from your web-site while offering visitors opportunities to purchase discounted merchandise and chances to win great prizes. Daily Radar is the website for the plugged-in generation.*
>
> *Benefits:**Earn .03 cents for clickthrough from link;***

Wow! **A WHOLE .03 CENTS PER CLICKTHROUGH...** AND you get to be associated with the infinite mass of countless ad boxes that is Daily Radar? That's too good to be true! Let's see... I want to go all out and treat Angela and myself to a fancy dinner at Wendy's. That should probably cost around $9.00 max. Now to earn enough money for us to both eat at Wendy's, people will only have to click on my Daily Radar link **a mere 30,000 times**! What a fabulous deal! Let's also assume that Daily Radar gets the absolute bare-bottom minimum CPM of $5.00 per 1,000 hits (there's so many ads on each page, I doubt they get any less). This means that **you earn $9 for every $150 you send them!** Boy, Daily Radar is sure coming through for us gamers! If they keep on providing such remarkably fabulous offers, my exclamation point key may just spontaneously combust from all the times I press it!!!

PS: Daily Radar is fresh, funny, and "in your face"! An extra wet kiss goes out to Alex who found this monstrosity of "humor" (I assume that was the original intent of the article, although after reading it again, I am not quite sure). How he discovered this masterpiece wedged between countless ad boxes and ad boxes disguised as "featured content", I'll never know. Hell, I'll probably never even know why he was visiting Daily Radar in the first place. I assume he lost a bet.

■ Ooh, what's this? Four new cards from the Heroes of the Gaming Industry green deck? Girl, you know it's true!

Card 05 - George Broussard
Card 06 - Ultima Online
Card 07 - Bitboys
Card 08 - The Webmaster

More fun than you can shake an array of sticks at!

■ Although it's not nearly as entertaining as an email demanding I hurry the hell up and reply, Cliff Yablonski was kind enough to send me this gem:

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: yeah*
>
> *hey jackass*
>
> *ive updated my site with two more pages of people I hate. if you dont want to see your malformed, ugly mug on them, you'd better post a link to them NOW.*
>
> *good bye.*
>
> *cliff*

Oh, that Cliff Yablonski! He always brings a tear to my eye... but never for the right reasons.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.18 Lowtax Interview

Monday, Sep 25, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Before launching into the star-spangled array of exciting content we've got planned for today, I'd like to alert everybody to my interview on Hyponerdia. Despite my constant, nonstop teasing of Steve (the guy who runs the site), I have to admit that he is actually a nice guy. He can get a little weird at times, and ask questions regarding my genitalia, and go on and on about nothing, and be generally obnoxious, and drive me crazy with all his stupid remarks, and act like some heroin-crazed junkie hopped up on goofball, but he sure... uh... wait a minute. Now that I think about it, the guy's not nice at all! Don't even bother reading the interview! In fact, stay as far away as possible from Steve! Don't even risk saying his name three times, as he could vaporize out of nowhere and kill you ala "Candyman"! If any of your friends are named "Steve", throw rocks at them until they die! I'm sorry I even brought up this whole interview thing to begin with.

Here's the link to the interview in case you missed it the first time!

■ On a somewhat non-related note, which of the icons featured in the middle of this page does **NOT** belong? I'm not saying the SA logo isn't sexy or anything, but this puzzle sure is a real brain-teaser!

■ Kitty the Talking Octopus is back again with another educational lesson of "Kid's Korner"! Today's fun and exciting lesson concerns your friendly Policeman... who may not be as friendly as you think!

> *Today's episode: Kitty and that other kid learn a valuable lesson about the Police and their reign of terror! Next time you see a "boy in blue", perhaps Kitty's teachings will remind you to never blindly trust them! The Policeman is in fact NOT your friend - he is a fascist, cruel, oppressive dictator who violates your rights every chance he gets!*

Kitty the Talking Octopus once again comes through and helps our children learn... and isn't learning what it's all about? Please sit down with your kids and enjoy today's episode of Kid's Korner.

■ Two more Cranky Steve maps? Yup, another doubleheader thanks to ace map reviewer Squonkomatic! Head over and enjoy the feel-bad sensation that is "Arena of Death" and "Conundrum":

> *Indeed, the addition of the tunnel (or "Bot Butthole Alley, as I like to call it) seems to be nothing more than an attempt to deny the fact that the author has essentially designed an inferior DOOM style level with annoying fog and a jump pad. One falls down through a square unadorned hole in the middle of the maze and falls straight down into a murky underlit passage whose texture I cannot dare to guess at ... one proceeds down the passage and steps onto a jump pad that hurls you up any number of times until you maneuver yourself to land on one of the catwalks stuck in the wall overlooking the maze.*

Sounds like the best maps Q3:A has to offer! Oh yes, if you have links to any maps you'd like to see reviewed, make sure to email Squonkomatic.

■ Alert ROM Pit reviewer and jerk of all trades Nefarious has finished a review of the game which will forever remain lodged in the trachea of my heart, *A Boy and His Blob.*

> *This game is, in fact, about a boy and his blob. I'm just clearing that up so you don't mistake the title for a clever metaphor and play this game thinking you'll receive something more entertaining than watching your wounds scab up. You control your "blob" via two means: whistling and jelly beans (I would once again like to remind you that this should in fact, be taken literally, and that I am not fabricating any part of this plot summary). You start off in some desolate unnamed city with no real purpose. You then run around with your blob and... well... I'm not sure what they intended for your to do. Once I managed to get some gold, but it just made my score 1000 instead of zero. A disappointment to say the least, as I could find no other object or person in the entire level. However, after playing the game for a while, I began to slowly realize that the object of the game is to get frustrated to the point that you smash your controller and write a personal letter to Mr. David Crane, telling him what an enormous piece of monkey shit he is for making this game.*

More blob for your dollar! And no, I do not know what that means!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.19 Something Awful Sex Quiz, 10-Yard Fight

Tuesday, Sep 26, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Are you normal enough? Something Awful, after constantly encountering some of the most bizarre and screwed up human beings on the Internet (besides myself), has decided to provide a friendly and helpful service for you, the SA goon, to make sure you're nothing like the psychotic mutants that inhabit the darkest corners of the web. And, if I've learned anything from reading *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, it's that a detailed and in-depth psychological assessment can be provided only by a sex quiz! So, without further ado, may I present:

The Something Awful Sex Quiz!

"I'm John Romero and I'm sexy! Bake me a SA sex quiz!"

Today's SA Sex Quiz is for males; the one for women will come soon enough, but until then, pretend you're a man and take the quiz! You may just learn something about yourself! I really doubt it, but hey, miracles happen.

■ Ah, who can forget classic video games? I for one can, because the video games I think about are often as much fun as falling into a drainage ditch. With that in mind, let us think back to the days when we'd skip school, go to the arcade, and proceed to beat the machines mercilessly from the sheer frustration of playing a hideously unfair computer opponent. Yes, let us remember "10 Yard Fight".

> *Considering that this is a football game, there is no plot except to score a touchdown, which you do while hopping up and down like a crackhead with withdrawal symptoms. However, scoring becomes something of a taxing effort, considering that you only get one play. That's right, the same play, over and over again. One guy goes out for a pass, and everyone else stands around like morons hoping someone will run into them. The other team is too smart for this, though, and runs right past all of your defenders while they tie their shoes. In your only play, the wide receiver runs out in a straight line with his arms up and waving to make sure you can see him. If you decide to pass it, you better be sure there aren't any members of the other team in the way, because they will intercept it no matter how high it is off the ground. Jumping twenty feet in the air, they will catch the ball, and perform a tango in celebration while the ref waves his arms. However, since you can't play defense in this game, you simply get penalized twenty yards. I always end*

> *up running with my quarterback.*

If you begin to have flashbacks of how aggravating this game was, please don't take it out on your monitor; pummel the poor sap in the cubicle next to you. Be sure to thank Brotz for dredging up the worst memories from our childhood. Well, at least mine.

■ Ah, *Starcraft*, the game that's "more than a game." For example, it's a game you can play on Battle.net. This, right off the bat, allows *Starcraft* to ascend past the amazing game it is and enter whole new dimensions of pain. Hey, I love *Starcraft*, but going on Battle.net is the equivalent of trying to pry your eyeballs out with glass shards. Hakan noted this and wrote up a nifty little guide entitled, "How To Win at Starcraft".

> *Getting started: If you are making the game, under no circumstance should you make it a non-"Hunters" map. Doing otherwise will result in shattered dreams of "what could have been but will never be." Since 99% of all Starcraft gamers are either Korean or mentally retarded (or both), "Hunters" is the only map which their puerile minds can comprehend. "Hunters" is the best map, after all, since everyone plays it. If you fail at making a "Hunters" map, try the next overly played one there is, such as "Lost Temple" or "Dire Straights", because picking an original map means you don't understand the intricacies of the game, no one will want to be your partner, and you will most likely die of brain cancer within a month.*

It's funny because it's true! And who wouldn't want to read something based in truth?

■ Holy crap, three more Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse maps? Yes ma'am, Skquonkamatic has served up three more of the worst *Quake 2 / Quake 3* maps to ever be created. Enjoy!

> *The map's author knows how to manipulate Q3Radient. With that said, he manipulates it about as well as can be expected for someone who apparently doesn't have a mouse connected to his computer. He is familiar with the basic concept of lining overly large brushes up against one another to form huge rooms and tanks of water in such a way that when you look at the walls and certain floor areas from an oblique angle halfway across the room the textures shimmer with dazzling bsp vision errors, a nice touch for those players on Ecstasy, I thought. The brushes in the 'big BFG pool/room of meaningless glowing blue horror' are also so poorly aligned that one expects to either break thru the floor at any second or watch helplessly as all of the water drains out of the map and through your PCI slots to short out your power like that episode of the XFiles where Mulder's waterbed sprang a leak and then got blown up in a bank robbery over and over again because his ATM card got wet.*

Enjoy! Wait, I already said that...

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.20 LoudCloud, Police Murder

Wednesday, Sep 27, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Advertisers complain that this site has too much "questionable content." You guys want current events? You got 'em, mother bitches! Oops, I just remembered that advertisers also complain that there's too many profanities on this site as well. Screw it, let's get into the news that's shaping our world! Well, not my world, but somebody's world. Maybe it's yours.

> ■ **LoudCloud.com to File IPO** - *Marc Andreessen, the not-too-poor co-founder of Netscape, has filed plans for an IPO of his latest Net venture LoudCloud.com. The company is worth around $600 million and he hopes to make $150 million from the float.*

This, by itself, isn't anything too amazing. However, if you read on a little bit more, your faith in mankind quickly begins to diminish and fade out like a candle being urinated upon.

> *Not that LoudCloud is making any money of course. It lost $49 million last half-year and is now $122 million in the red.*

Sigh. Another pointless IPO from another pointless company. It just amazes me that anybody in their right mind would want to invest in a company that admits losing $49 million dollars in *HALF A YEAR*. That's like going to the racing track, finding a horse with a 1-482 record, and betting a few hundred grand on it.

> **HORSE TRAINER:** Yup, here's mah horse, "Slower Than Gramma." She's a real beaut. She ain't never won a race 'cept for the time all the other horses dropped dead from that Lysol in their water supply. Her back leg's got a tendency to drag when she tries to run and she falls over and starts vomiting whenever she hears a loud noise, but other than that, she's a real contender. Ya can't really make her run well unless ya got some kind of office supply stuck up her rear, and even then it's pretty hit and miss. We tried taking her down and using her for meat to feed our dogs, which is why there's that big chunk missing from her right side, but she didn't like that. However, if you bet on her, I guarantee we might possibly win a race within the next millennium. Whattya say?
>
> **OLD RICH WHITE GUY:** I'll bet fifteen hundred thousand dollars on that horse!
>
> **HORSE TRAINER:** I got another horse out back that ain't run no races yet, but I got a good feeling about her. You interested in betting on her too?
>
> **OLD RICH WHITE GUY:** I'll bet fifteen hundred thousand dollars on that horse!
>
> **HORSE TRAINER:** *(pausing)* No wait, that's actually a bucket I was thinking of, not a horse.
>
> **OLD RICH WHITE GUY:** I'll bet fifteen hundred thousand dollars on that bucket!

> ■ **Detroit Police Officer Charged in Fatal Shooting** - *Police Chief Benny Napoleon, who did not immediately return a message Wednesday, has said the Shaw's rake was a dangerous weapon, and officers are trained to shoot to kill when threatened with deadly force.*

Oh man, that's too hilarious. I at least hope the rake guy got a chance to spout off a few threatening lines before being gunned down. Oh, and to stop the incoming flood of "but Lowtax, the guy was

DEAF" messages, I am aware the rakemaster was deaf. This is just some wishful thinking, like when I was a kid and pretended I had a Street Machine BMX bike.

POLICE: Freeze! Drop the rake!

CRAZED GARDENER: Well well well, if it isn't the coppers! Come closer boys, TREE'S company! Muuuhahaha!

POLICE CAPTAIN: Drop your weapon and put your hands on your head!

CRAZED GARDENER: Sorry chumps, but I think I'll be LEAVING soon!

POLICE: We said drop it! Drop it now!

CRAZED GARDENER: No need to STICK around here, fellahs! You're BARKing up the wrong TREE!

POLICE: *(open fires on the Crazed Gardener)*

POLICE CHIEF: His ass is GRASS!

POLICE: *(open fires on the Police Chief)*

> ■ **Researchers Use Computer to Study Crowd Panic** - *Mob stampedes have killed thousands of people in recent years, but they are usually explained in terms of psychology. Now, European scientists say they can predict and prevent crowd panic via computer simulations using the laws of physics.*

Yeah, that's a real tough enigma to crack. Just make a computer program that says, "YOU'RE GOING TO DIE" whenever the inputted location is an English football stadium. Problem solved, now give me a few million bucks. Speaking of football violence, it's nice to know that the Americans are beginning to catch up with the folks overseas in the category of sports-related hooliganism.

> ■ **Youth Football Game in Florida Ends in Melee** - *Police hope to review footage from the cameras Monday and determine who started Saturday's melee between the teams of 14- and 15-year-olds from Port Orange, south of Daytona Beach, and Winter Springs, near Orlando. A 31-year-old mother from Orlando was charged with resisting arrest and a 15-year-old player was accused of battery on a law enforcement officer for allegedly throwing a traffic cone at an officer and punching him in the face. The officer received minor injuries.*

Although it's certainly not in the same league as professional sports hooliganism, it is quite an encouraging step in the right direction. Once the kids start hurling whisky bottles instead of traffic cones, we'll know that America has hit the "big leagues." Until that day, I'll be watching Raiders fans for any progress.

■ Jeff K., master of the... uh... well he's master of something, has started a brand new site entitled, "Jeff K.'s Hardware Block!" As far as I know, this is Jeff's first adventure into world of hardware / gaming news, and he has given me his word that he will "*update teh site evary hour OR SO*". Finally, a reason for everybody to stop going to those silly sites like HardOCP, Anandtech, The Register, Slashdot, and Evil Ed's (*note:* I know Evil Ed's website doesn't fit into this category of websites, but I was just saying you shouldn't go to his site). If you run a hardware site, make sure to send all your news a to Jeff K., who will promptly post it on "Jeff K.'s Hardware Block!" Hooray!

■ Cliff Yablonski still, well, just read.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: no subject*
>
> *my hatred towards all of your kind is proven by three new pages of geeks I hate. post it.*
>
> *cliff y.*

I take that to mean he still hates us.

■ Another day, another ROM Pit review! Today Byydo (yeah, that's what he claims his name is) takes an obscenely dangerous look at Sailor Moon for the SNES.

> *Anyway, after the cake house you go to Ancient Rome, or at least somewhere that has carved pillars and statues and looks like Rome, except that if you look at the sky, you see earth floating in the distance. Once again, I could wonder about that, but why? It's better to grit your teeth and pretend you're playing a better game, like maybe River City Ransom. After Rome, I was ready to go back in time again and fight dinosaurs with Ayla, but guess where I ended up next? A factory. One of those big automated factories like in Terminator. Actually, it looked a lot like the factory at the end of Streets of Rage. Hmm, I wonder why. Anyway, after that I ended up in somewhere that looked like the hive from Aliens, but was just full of the same old enemies. That was the last level. I was then free to die.*

Hmmm, a cartoon-based video game that is quite craptacular? What are the odds? Read the article and see!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.21 National Banner Ad Clicking Day

Thursday, Sep 28, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ No new content today because, as everybody knows, today is **NATIONAL BANNER AD CLICKING DAY**! Yes, today is the day where everybody shows support for their favorite website for clicking the hell out of the banner ads! Then, when they're done doing that, they come to Something Awful and click the banner ads here as well!

Seriously though, I would appreciate it if everybody out there clicked the ads a few times to "find out more" about whatever the hell they're selling. Every click helps make sure this site stays alive, and I welcome all the help you guys give me. This whole event with... you know, *that one company*... has left me in a really crappy position. You never really know how terrible things in your life can become when a company you work for decides not to pay you for two months (and then you have to go without pay for an additional month because you have to switch networks). Hopefully this is just a bump on the road and everything will smooth out soon, but until that point, I appreciate all the support you can show by repeatedly hovering your mouse over the banner ad and clicking until your nose bleeds.

PS: I've been getting some emails asking me if clicking on the same banner ad repeatedly helps. Please don't click on the same ad repeatedly, as the ad server only counts your IP clicking on a specific banner ad once... so clicking on the same banner ad once or 1,000 times still counts as one click. Hope that clears up any confusion.

■ Oh yeah, just because I haven't written anything doesn't mean that Jeff K. isn't still updating his hardware site, "Jeff K.'s Hardware Block"...

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

2.22 E/N Spotlight!

Friday, Sep 29, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

- Another Saturday, another episode of everybody's favorite...

E/N Spotlight!!!

...Showcasing the most exciting and thrilling events which take place in the e/n community! **Note to all those unfamiliar with the e/n scene:** the term "e/n" stands for "everything/nothing", and encompasses a wide range of sites that, from what I can tell, must adhere to the following rules:

> 1) News must be updated at least 50 times per hour,
> 2) News must **NEVER** contain anything even remotely interesting to anybody but the webmaster and his two friends,
> 3) There must be a rant between each news item about how the webmaster hates racism or stereotypes or preppy kids or whatever,
> 4) Homepage must take 500 minutes to load thanks to all their neat little pictures and "wacky" photos of dead animals,
> 5) Under no circumstances should any real content be presented except for ripped movies or mp3s.

With that out of the way, let's peer into the e/n scene for this week!

- **Solosier.com** - Solosier makes a desperate cry for help!

> *i need a font - someone want to email me "Avant Guard" (sp?)*

For the love of God, somebody send him "Avant Guard" before he starts updating his news posts with, "nobody sent me Avant Guard so I had to use Impact." Do it for the children! You know, so the children don't have to read more updates about fonts!

RATING: - Two damaged brains.

- **A Herd of Turtles** - I'll let the news post speak for itself.

> *This town AAAAAaaaaa is looking like a ghost town AAAAAaaaaa*

Such quality and unadulterated hilarity! What else could one expect from a site on The Mark Side, a "network" which hosts only the best of the best! Speaking of The Mark Side, let's check out the latest news on everybody's favorite e/n site!

RATING: - Three and a half damaged brains.

- **The Markside** - A special gift is in store for all of Mark Side's readers, as we're treated to a magical glimpse into news updater Idle's life.

> *My family just moved to Alabang Hills. The house is pretty small, but It's not like I live there anyway (I dorm at my school).They don't have internet up in my new house yet so*

> *I'm updating from J.'s computer. Two guys got busted in the dorm for smoking. I think our dorm master is trying to set a point because he's punishing them pretty severely. J. puked in my car last Friday. I'm mad at my friend, Anton. I got sent to the principals office four times this week for minor reasons; tardies, skipping and erm... I guess you could call it fighting. When I went today he said, "I'm seeing you too many times, this isn't good." I'm failing Chemistry (29%) and Math (58%) and the quarter officially ended today, so I guess my parents are gonna get pretty pissed when they see my report card. I've been embarassed, ecstatic, and fucking pissed since the last time I've updated. It's been pretty fucked up. My weekends have been great though. I been having some cool nights out with more punani than you can shake a stick at.*

I can't wait for the movie based off "The Mark Side." I hear it's going to be called, "Dear Lord, Where the Hell Have All My Brain Cells Gone?!?"

RATING: 🐞🐞🐞🐞🐞 - Three damaged brains.

■ **Caken.com** - I hate to say it, but this is probably one of the greatest e/n sites in the history of mankind... yes, even better than The Mark Side. It's like 50,000 Awful Links of the Day rolled into one.

> *homecoming is tomarro, and i am still dateless, i hope blake is gonna get off work, cause homecoming is gonna be a blast, me and crystal are gonna mess around with kats bf, jsut cause kats a stupid bitch hehehe, im gonna look super sexy, and i should have new pics of me up by sunday hopefully ALSO, I AM STILL HAVIN PROBLEMS ON ICQ, IF ANYONE TALKS TO ME ON ICQ (IAN OR WHATEVER U NAME IS) I CANT REVICE OR SEND MESSAGES WITH OUT ICQ FUCKIN UP, IVE INSTALLED IT AND UNINSTALLED IT ABOUT 5 TIMES, THERE FOR IT U WANNA TALK TO ME my email addy is latsyrk99@home.com my aim screen name is unloveableangel and my yahoo screen name is spazkitty420 ----krystal*
>
> *we were featured on yet another shitty site called* `http://www.somethingawful.com/`
>
> *i hate kat, because she is a fat whore, and she needs to like lose some fuckin weight, and tomarro is gonna fuckin rule, cause im gonna suduce here fuckin boyfriend*

This is the best site in the world! It's like two female versions of Jeff K., minus the intelligence... and good looks. PS: They have a guestbook you may sign.

RATING: 🐞🐞🐞🐞🐞 - FIVE damaged brains.

■ **Lipgloss Assassin** - There are so many vital and important news updates here, I don't know where to start. I'll just copy and paste some of the more exciting posts.

> *So sue me, i'm going to camilles fucking bday party and that foam party rave, tonight. expect a very stoned, drunk and wasted lipgloss on saturday morning.*
>
> *I need to buy a swimsuit for friday, everyone wears Roxy Quicksilver and Speedo...I'm gonna be buying some funkstar bikini's at Mango. The Gap and Banana Republic can kiss my unpreppy ass, even though they dont even sell swimwear.*
>
> *Listening to "very very sardonic" guys Eminem CD (I only have the cassette) and I just love track 3. I'm gonna go now and take a 4 hour long bath.*

I'm listening to some Rage Against The Machine. I'm gonna be home alone tommorrow and I'm thinking of going out and coming back on Saturday.

Have you ever wondered how they got the M on those M & M's and the S on those Skittles ? How do they get them so centered on each and every one ? Wouldn't it be cool if someone had to sit every day painting white letters on about a million of them...yes it would.

I'm listening to some reggae/dancehall music right now and I'm contemplating whether or not I should smack that bitchass David Schwartz. I'm tired and everything seems to be floating around me.

Ohmigod, I'm so easy to scare...I actually screamed when watching "Hollow Man", I'm not kidding. This book is going to make me start going to church or something.

I have nothing witty or creative to say so I'm just gonna try reading.

What is this... the feeling of thousands of microscopic universes exploding in my brain?

RATING: - Two damaged brains.

■ Oh yes, if you do not check out this parody of *The Onion*, I will personally hunt you down and read issues of "The Mushroom" to you. This is one of the best parodies, and if the rest of the site wasn't exactly like *The Onion* itself, would cause me to wholeheartedly endorse it.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 3

October

3.1 Jeff K.'s Halloween Christmas Flash Movie, Tabloid Monday

Sunday, Oct 01, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Will it ever stop? Yo, I don't know... but I sure as hell hope it does. The avalanche of stupidity started Saturday night when I posted the Awful Link of the Day, a site which I even said was fake and "100% not real." Yet, despite this huge disclaimer, people still flooded the guestbook and posted "U SUCK U STUPED MORON UR DRAWINGS SUCK GO KILL URSELF". It's always nice to see people totally avoid all forms of common sense and rational thinking, even when the obvious answer is right in front of their face.

Speaking of lacking common sense, I just received this gem of an email demonstrating exactly what I'm talking about.

> *From: chuckles@databasix.com*
> *Subject: hey man*
>
> *hey man great site. you should pay attention more to your hosted sites tho. that jeff k guy opnly admits hes a computer hacker. i dunno if you would like people like that on your site, i mean what if he gets caught? what if you get him angry and he hacks you?*
>
> *good job*
> *Chuckles*

I'm not even going to comment on that. If I did, I would probably start asking people to code a script onto Jeff K.'s site that murders every other person who sends him email.

■ The fruits of SA's collective loins... the Geistmag "Cristmas Halloween Special Falsh Movie!!!1" by Jeff K. and myself. It's about 1 meg in size and will entertain you for countless hours. Or seconds.

■ The greatest review of *The Sims* ever.

■ Always on top of current events like a dominatrix in heat, Something Awful has begun "Tabloid Monday", a weekly feature which will look at the various exciting events and news items in the more prominent tabloids. Take a gander (yes, I wrote the word "gander") and enjoy such exciting news articles as:

> ■ **Bubble Boy Goes to Harvard! Miracle Teen Will Spend His Life Helping Handicapped Kids!**
> *Jerry loves dancing at college mixers and says dating is one activity he's looking forward to. "I've been talking to a nice girl. She doesn't mind keeping physical contact to a minimum," he said.*
>
> ■ **Whiz Kid's Car Runs on Used Cooking Oil... & It Only Costs 32 Cents a Gallon!**
> *After proving the concept that old canola oil can indeed run his car, Nick won top honors in several local, regional and state science fairs. He qualified for the prestigious International Science and Engineering Fair held this year in Detroit. Although he didn't win a top prize there, his work attracted the attention of researchers and auto industry officials.*

- **Satan's Skull Glows White Hot... And Experts Say It's a Warning The End Times ARE HERE!**
Budapest, Hungary - The horned skull believed to be that of Satan himself is glowing white hot - and experts sat the bizarre phenomenon indicates that the end of the world is at hand! Medical authorities say that the sinister artifact may have already caused a mysterious illness that is striking down hundreds of new victims every day in this region of central Europe.

- **The Crystal Skull of Malaga Is Healing Thousands**
But since February, officials at the Santa Maria Cathedral, where the skull is kept, say miracles are taking place at a greater rate than ever before. "For more than 10 years, I've seen people flocking to out church, desperate for a miracle," says Padre Tomaso Agular, a priest at the cathedral.

- **Why Did Space Aliens Kidnap U.S. Scientists?**
Top UFO investigators believe space aliens have abducted as many as 27 American scientists in the past 12 months alone. And many experts conclude the kidnappings can only mean one thing: A full-scale invasion of the Earth is about to begin!

- **The Present is Really the Future - And We're All Living in the Past!**
Researchers at the prestigious Salk Institute have proved that our brains don't experience events as they actually occur. They lag far behind reality, so that what we think of as "the future" has already happened.

If you read it on a website or newspaper, it's got to be true! Head on over and take a dip in the pure truth!

- Awful Link of the Day: Texas Boneyard Wrestling (thanks Al) - Ahhh, back to the basics; the ever-amusing "backyard wrestling" phenomenon. I never grow tired of these guys. Every single backyard wrestling website looks like the creation of somebody who has had multiple cinder blocks thrown at their head every hour for a week. As a remarkable coincidence, that description can be used to sum up your average backyard wrestling event as well.

> *During the construction of the new ring I nearly cut my foot off with a chains while cutting scraps the saw jumped right onto the inside of my left foot and left my shoe with two deep gashes. If the chains had been gas powered without the electric kill switch I would probably have some serious damage right about now. The next thought I had on improving TBW was looking for some professional help.*

Yes. "Professional help". Let's go with that phrase!

> *They have made mad, and I am angry. But that's what they want. They want me to be pissed and angry. they want me to be scared of them. They don't want anymore TBW. I'm already mad and angry and by being mad and angry (how could I not be)? they have already succeeded in one of their tasks. But I will not be scared of them and I will not shut down TBW. Instead I'm going to build a new ring and buy 2 big dogs to guard it. And I will not shut down TBW. If they want to come to our first show and terrorize us then let them come but they will not kick our ass and stop us from wrestling. Instead we'll let them fight us in the ring. After we're done with that we'll kick them out of the backyard and give them a video of our own. The first TBW show should be in March. So if Fuzzy and Dangly are listening. Make sure you show up!*

I am Satan! Fear my pork platter!

Be sure to check out the profiles of all the wrestlers. They make the fools on Cliff Yablonski's site look like lingerie models.

Oh yeah, I just came up with a great idea. Something Awful needs our own "professional" backyard wrestling team. If you have a group of friends who would like to dress up in idiotic costumes and pretend to hit each other a lot, drop me an email and we'll see about getting you a hosted site on SA which details your exciting matches and events. To qualify, you must include a picture of you and your friends dressed up in idiotic gear and striking a true "backyard wrestling" pose. That will prove to me that you're the real deal and all others are just playah' hatahs. Or something. Submit your entries now!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.2 Express.com Interview

Monday, Oct 02, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Although I'm not supposed to be writing about my problems with Express.com, I can't help but respond to the recent interview with Express on Gamers.com. Talk about adding insult to injury.

> ***Gamers.com:*** *Does the GameFan Network/Express.com owe money to hosted sites for back payment of ad revenue?*
>
> **Wool:** Express.com has met or exceeded all financial obligations for its GameFan Network Associates. We are currently reconciling payments against true contractual obligations and will be issuing notice to Associates shortly.

I love that part: *"met or exceeded all financial obligations."* Yup, according to this Express.com toadie, all the sites have been paid... and some have even been paid **TOO MUCH**! What a hell of a company! I'm sure glad they have met all financial obligations, because I did a quick double-check of my financial records, and I seem to be under the impression that:

> 1) I have never gotten a paycheck for June (served up 3.3 million banner ads)
> 2) I have never gotten a paycheck for July (served up 6.1 million banner ads)

Perhaps I'm just not smart enough to decipher PR speak, but doesn't "meeting or exceeding all financial obligations" kind of insinuate that they met or exceeded all financial obligations? If this is indeed the case, why haven't I been given a check for these 9.4 million ads of theirs I served? Were the last two months I was hosted on Gamefan merely a "grace period" where I was serving up their ads from the pure goodness of my heart? I sent an email to Daniel Wool, the Express.com PR toadie, and haven't gotten any response so far. This doesn't really surprise me, as nobody at Express.com has ever answered a single one of my emails. Quite an interesting way to run a company (into the ground), folks. Hats off to Evil Avatar who reported on the news and offered assistance to the 40-something Gamefan sites that were left in the cold thanks to Express.com's sudden shutdown of the entire network.

■ This probably won't shock anybody too much, but I have been informed (again) that Cliff Yablonski does still, in fact, hate us.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: (no subject)*
>
> *hey sausage link*
>
> *I hate you. three new pages of pus-faced rejects from Appleton City. post the news and I'll put off kicking your ass for an extra two hours.*
>
> *cliff*

You know what that means... three new pages of people Cliff Yablonski can't stand!

■ Ooh, two new Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse map reviews? You got it, sister!

> *THE BOTTOM LINE: I think this map will serve as a good fulcrum around which to revolve the question of just what makes a map "Cranky" in nature? It isn't Cranky just because we say so, but rather has to rise up to such a level of ineptness or inherent evil that an atmosphere of pathos and confusion is instilled within the sentient Quake player no matter how eager he or she is to play. I am confused as to why this map made me barf, and it was so pathetic that I don't even recommend laughing at it. Does that count?*

Youch. Check out the latest Quake 2 and Quake 3 maps to be reamed.

■ After struggling in vain with the exceptionally complex A Boy and His Blob (yes, sarcasm has been encoded into the HTML tags here), Nefarious has scraped up another ROM Pit Review... of *Hello Kitty*.

> *There's a plethora of cute little beanie baby enemies that you have to avoid. There are birds, ants, crabs, bees, wasps, spikes, walking fire, and some weird, floating star-shaped thingies. The last three are the only things that can actually kill you, but you can't kill them, so the entire basis of the game is just floating around and avoiding them. That's not what I call a video game. That's more like a carnival game. Although on the plus side, I don't have to keep forking over dollar bills to try and knock enough bottles over to win my skanky girlfriend an Eric Cartman doll.*

Hmmm... I don't remember seeing this title infest one of the thousands of Hello Kitty stores that suddenly sprang up in the late 1980's. That's probably a good thing. Regardless, here it is.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.3 FGN Online's Lack of Quality

Tuesday, Oct 03, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Since I've inadvertantly put it off for some time, I'd like to start up the previously hinted at "Southern California Something Awful Goons", or as I like to abbreviate it, NAMBLA. No wait, that's not the correct acronym at all. Regardless, the SoCal SAGs will meet something like once or twice a month in the Orange County (Costa Mesa) area. We'll go out, you all can tell me how I'm screwing up SA and what I'm doing wrong, I'll explain how I don't care and attempt to punch you in the mouth, and then we'll drink a lot of beer. Okay, I admit, the main point of these meetings revolves around me drinking a lot of beer. However, that doesn't mean we can't discuss current events or something equally boring during the process of me ordering and waiting for more beer.

If you live in the Southern California area and would be interested in attending some social events with other SA goons, drop me an email. I have a special, top secret forum set up where we can discuss the stuff, and a mailing list for the events as well. If you're up for hanging out sometime (and live in the area), send an email to this address and I'll hook you up with the details. Make sure to tell me the general area where you live.

In case you missed the first official SA Goons meeting, here's a photograph somebody was able to take before being escorted out by security. That's me on the left.

"Finish him!"

■ FGN Online - who the hell reads this crap? Take a look at this quality content from "How Good Will Max Payne Look?", regarding the upcoming *Max Payne* game for the PC.

> ***How Good Will Max Payne Look?***
>
> *A recent post on the Max Payne forums suggests that the game may not have that incredible look we've all seen so far...*
>
> *...Does this mean that Max Payne won't have those stunning graphics we've all been waiting for? As soon as we know, you'll know.*

Wow! Give me a second to digest all this valuable information! According to FGN Online's article, the answer is an astounding "we don't really know"! What the hell is the point of this article if they're not going to even answer the question they first bothered asking? Do they need to fill up disk space on the server? Are their writers paid per article? Hey FGN Online, I'm available for freelance writing if you're interested. Here's a sample of my work.

> ***Will John Romero Make Daikatana 2?***
>
> *Will John Romero make Daikatana 2? Most people don't think so, but he might. I think I read somewhere that he was going to, or saw a post on a public forum claiming that. I don't know, but as soon as I find out, I will possibly write another article. In the meantime, buy some Snowball.com stock. My kid needs braces.*

There. FGN Online has another piece of "content". I'll be looking for a check in my mailbox. If I don't see one by this Friday, I'll send a bill to IGN.

■ More hot and spicy ROM Pit review action coming at ya, sissy! Strap yourself in for Slamma_Jamma's (I don't make up their names, folks) review of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

> *DO NOT TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE WHEN YOU SEE INJUN JOE RIDING A DINOSAUR!*

Sorry, I just love reading that quote from the review. Hell, I'm going to print it again just for the fun of it.

> *DO NOT TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE WHEN YOU SEE INJUN JOE RIDING A DINOSAUR!*

Read all about Injun Joe and his dinosaur.

■ After going on some kind of crazy rampage and breaking all the links in Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse, top reviewer Squonkamatic has decided to review two more awful *Quake 2* maps, setting his sights on "Dead" and "Flood". Hoo boy, more winners.

> *Like a two headed monster from a horror movie, everyone's favorite Swedish juvenile delinquent Quake2 level designing team of Daniel & Fredrik come crawling out of the swamp to try and top the gag reflex triggering awfulness of their epic "Piranha Pool" with yet another demonstration of how to do everything wrong with a map editor and seemingly remain oblivious to the fact.*

Somebody using bad colored lighting in a *Quake 2* map? You gotta be kidding me! Regardless, check out the two new reviews.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.4 Bat Farm, Super 3D Noah's Arc

Wednesday, Oct 04, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Before launching into the boatload of content for today, I'd like to make a couple announcements.

■ A news archive section has been added. Note that the news archives only go back a little over a month. This is because since I do all of SA's updates by hand and don't use a news program, I only have archives of the crap that I remembered to copy and save myself. I'll keep doing it for now on, unless I forget. I'll try to remember not to forget. To remember. What was I talking about again?

■ Something Awful now has the almighty power of File Cauldron working behind it! Yes, all your downloads from SA will now be courtesy of the amazing File Cauldron service, coded by the legendary Radium (formerly of "Radium's Half Life Map Suppository" or whatever it was called). He used to work for Gamespy before he realized working for them is liking being in a WWII concentration camp, only with slightly more video game machines. Now he works somewhere else. I forget where, I think it's some kind of adult bookstore or something.

Next time you head over to Something Awful's download section and grab some file like the star-spangled song "Insects", you can be sure you'll get a reliable download thanks to File Cauldron. What exactly is this incredibly useful and wonderful program? I'm not sure, but it does include a picture of a witch on it, so you know it has to be good! Whatever the hell it is.

■ I have to address this before I move on. Remember the guy who wrote in a couple days ago, asking why I was hosting a notorious hacker like Jeff K. who could possibly get my entire site in trouble for being affiliated with him? I was fortunate enough to get a follow up email from this genius.

> *From: Chuckles*
> *Subject: not funny*
> *why did you put my email i sent you up there? i was trying to warn you. why did you make fun of me? last time i help you.*
> *Chuckles*

Some people just don't get it. I mean... sigh. Nevermind. Somebody drop this guy a clue for me?

■ An ICQ prank? On Something Awful? Hell yes! I apologize in advance for the three-month lull since the last prank, but I haven't really done a good or entertaining one, and I try to refrain from posting as much blatantly unfunny crap on SA as possible. Yes, you read that correctly, there's actually stuff that I consider to be TOO crappy for SA. Amazing, eh? Anyway, head on over and check out the latest prank, "The Bat Farm". It's about... well... read it and see.

■ Noah is back and boy, is he pissed! Milquetoast takes a critical look at *Super 3D Noah's Ark* in the latest ROM Pit review. Did he like what he saw? Folks, this game isn't showing up on a site named "Something Awful" for no reason.

> *Early in the game, you'll find mainly rampant goats and sheep, whose tactical paucity makes them easy targets - back up and shoot them until they're dead. Be wary, though, their lack in individual intelligence is made up for in numbers. In the month or so aboard the ark, two goats have multiplied into two thousand. Frisky creatures, ain't they? As the game progresses, the enemies get smarter. By level five you're matching wits with cows who emit some kind of projectile venom and hide behind loose objects. Some thanks for saving the bastards from the damned apocalypse!*

Yes, it's a first person shooter that takes place aboard Noah's Ark. Don't ask... just read.

■ Squonkamatic... the guy's INSANE! THREE more terrible *Quake 3: Arena* maps reviewed for today? You'd better believe it, sister!

> *Then you add things like see-through stairs, a teleporter, a jump pad, and other semi functional items that aren't really needed (my favorite is the little damage inflicting waffle iron structure floating in the air), and pepper the map with the most unlikely collection of powerups and weapons one can conceive of placed inside each of the boxes. The final touch is to leave the map "unsealed" and enclose it all in a huge block of space texture (here it is what I recognize as being a Quake2 space texture ... interesting) so that the player can be propelled out of the map by the jump pad extraneously included on the roof into orbit, and fall back to splat on the lowest floor. This map is truly a marvel.*

We're going to be setting up an official Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse SA server soon, so I advise you to check out the reviews and become acquainted with these Godawful maps as soon as possible. You can also download them by using File Cauldron! **WOW!**

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.5 Chuckles The Raving Idiot

Thursday, Oct 05, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

- Post content launch information:

- In case you've never visited there before, I'd like to take this opportunity to expose everybody out there to X-Entertainment, a site devoted to all the weird and goofy crap that defined the 1980's (and early 90's). It's a pretty amusing site and is updated daily (which is no easy job, believe me), so head on over and give them some hits. You'll like what you see.

- I have finished converting almost 95% of all the archived maps at Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse to the new format, and have uploaded most all of the maps I had sitting around. Yes, that's right, I even uploaded the notorious *Quake 2* retch-fest "Madbomber". This means that not only are most of the maps on the new File Cauldron system, but the pages are significantly less ugly (since they were in the old site design and looked like a preschooler retched HTML all over the monitor). It took me over six hours to convert all the damn things, so yes, I'm just all orgasmic over myself.

- Continuing the trend of wacky antics, the clinically stupid "Chuckles" has emailed me about five times today. In case you forgot, "Chuckles" has been flooding me with email, asking why I let a destructive hacker like Jeff K. on Something Awful. The guy just doesn't get it... and he doesn't seem to be giving up any time soon. Get ready for a shower of stupidity, folks. All these emails were sent to me within a two hour span.

> *To: lowtax@somethingawful.com*
> *From: chuckles@databasix.com*
> *Subject: remove it*
>
> *ok asshole take the mail i sent down.noy funny.*
>
> ------
>
> *To: lowtax@somethingawful.com*
> *From: chuckles@databasix.com*
> *Subject: take it down*
>
> *NOW*
>
> ------
>
> *To: lowtax@somethingawful.com*
> *From: chuckles@databasix.com*
> *Subject: are you deaf*
>
> *TAKE IT DOWN NOW*
>
> ------
>
> *To: lowtax@somethingawful.com*
> *From: chuckles@databasix.com*
> *Subject: asshole*
>
> *REMOVE THE MAIL ON THE SITE NOW OR ILL BE FORCED TO TELL JEFF K THAT YOU HATE HIM AND HE WILL HACK YOU*
>
> ------

To: lowtax@somethingawful.com
From: chuckles@databasix.com
Subject: wtf is wrong with you?
HOW DO I CONTACT YOUR SUPERIORS?
- - - - - -
To: jeffk@somethingawful.com
From: chuckles@databasix.com
Subject: somethingawful.com
dear mr jeff k i think you should know that the person named lowtax who hosts your site only does so because he thinks you cant hack anything. if you read the main page of his site he seems to make fun of you and only thinks your and idiot. i know this to not be true. i think you should teach hin a lesson and proove you can acutally hack.
thanks
Charles "Chuckles" Wills
http://www.databasix.com/~chuckles

Ladies and gents, I apologize for printing all this mail, but this is probably one of the most brain damaged people I've ever had the pleasure of getting mail from. Note that the last email he sent was to "Jeff K.", trying to get ol' Jeffy and I into a fight. This, folks, is about the apex of stupidity. No wait, actually "Chuckles'" website is the apex of stupidity. I've got to make this thing the ALOD for today. And tomorrow. And the day after.

■ Since, for the life of me, I can't figure out how the hell to cancel my Everquest account (I lost my password / username / station name months ago), I've been basically sitting on a $10 a month bill and never realized it until yesterday. I tried to cancel my account online, but it requested all that info I lost back during the Carter administration. With this in mind, I had to think of a way to get banned so Sony would cancel my account for me. Suddenly it hit me - create some offensive *Everquest* fan fiction! Yup, some person's account was recently banned for writing "offensive" *Everquest* fan fiction on a role-playing board, so I figured I could do the same and get those creeps at Sony to nuke my account in no time. Check out my offensive *Everquest* Fan Fiction and pray that Verant comes to their senses and finds enough pity to ban me forever.

■ ROM Pit review... are you ready to fight the heroin pushing, dope fiend, cloned rockstars that infest Big City, USA? You'd sure as hell better be, because here comes a review of *NARC*!

I guess I should also mention your ability to bust people. If you get close to an enemy, and you will, because they seem to think there's something smart about getting close to some guy who's carrying around a rocket launcher and can withstand multiple rounds of gunfire, you can arrest them. Because you're just so damn close, they surrender immediately, hold up their hands, and magically fly away, just like in real life. Sure, it gets you more points, but why let these hellfiends live when you can make their limbs fly into the air, rejoicing in their freedom from the tyranny of the hated torso?

NARC in the arcades kicked ass. *NARC* on the Nintendo stunk. This is *NARC* on the Nintendo.

■ Hakan presented the original "How to Win at *Starcraft*" article roughly a week ago... now prepare yourself for "How to Win at *Starcraft*, Part II"! Go figure! This followup contains even more surefire tips to get you from "newbie" to "l33t newbie" in mere minutes!

> *If you decide to try a use map settings map, only join those titled "TEMPLAR MADNESS V.4234!!!!" or something similar. Any map that took comprehension above the level of a partially aborted fetus to make must be too complicated and intense to understand, so don't even try to play it. Madness maps are the best because sending large waves of units, that takes no skill in making, to attack even more large waves of enemies really show who the better player is.*

Read it and learn! Or learn and read it! I really don't care at this point!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.6 Another E/N Spotlight

Friday, Oct 06, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

- Another Saturday, another episode of everybody's favorite...

E/N Spotlight!!!

...Showcasing the most exciting and thrilling events which take place in the e/n community! **Note to all those unfamiliar with the e/n scene:** the term "e/n" stands for "everything/nothing", and encompasses a wide range of sites that, from what I can tell, must adhere to the following rules:

1) News must be updated at least 50 times per hour,
2) News must **NEVER** contain anything even remotely interesting to anybody but the webmaster and his two friends,
3) There must be a rant between each news item about how the webmaster hates racism or stereotypes or preppy kids or whatever,
4) Homepage must take 500 minutes to load thanks to all their neat little pictures and "wacky" photos of dead animals,
5) Under no circumstances should any real content be presented except for ripped movies or mp3s.

With that out of the way, let's peer into the e/n scene for this week!

- Think Elite.net - Although the site claims to be *"Your #1 Entertainment Resource"*, I am at a loss to explain how anybody who doesn't change their car oil via oral siphoning would find this site remotely entertaining in any aspect of the word. Oh wait, it's an e/n site, that's the only excuse they need to be critically boring.

> *it's a friday, wee! but i even get school off today so yesterday was kind of a Friday the main reason is - the state fair. so you know good and well what i'll be doing today. mwahahahah. eating elephant ears till i hurl. anyways, if you look at teh date and time of this post, you will notice that i have a serious problem - i can't sleep in. its almost 8:45 in the morning, and i'm awake, on a day that i don't have school, and i can't get back to sleep. The only good part is that i get to see jerry springer.*

I can't wait until tomorrow's news post entitled, "I saw my **real** parents and their transsexual lovers on yesterday's Jerry Springer."

Rating: Three and one half damaged brains.

- Digital Remedy - Yo ho ho, I spy "excitement" on the e/n seas!

> *i removed mikes profile from the site, he never posts so i doubt he would object, adrian is MIA and i havent heard from him in 3 days now, no big deal, im used to that i got my car working today, got a new battery so thats good i guess, still havent got my aim back, so you can contact me via the aim "explicitives" until further notice*

from now on im typing like that and im not ever using periods, just commas, and i will keep you updated, on the, status, of all the people who, write, for, so,me,thing , aw, ful, every day, a,n,d then, i will, b, u ,y a gun, and kill my, self,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

Rating: - Three damaged brains.

■ Caken.com - The two budding trailer park models have redesigned their Godawful site! WITH FRAMES! Yes, the Caken kids have bravely gone where no Jeff K. has gone before!

> *Heya, hope you like the new look here at caken. Yah I did the frames all by my self, arnt I something special?? anyway enjoy the look - - -krystal*

That was almost a record there! Nearly TWO consecutive sentences without a spelling error! Unfortunately, the Caken kids regress to their original CHUD-like intelligence and have to screw it all up. Tune in next week when we highlight all the things the Caken kids learned in school (ie, "how to smoke in the bathroom").

Rating: - FIVE damaged brains.

■ Blue Sunday - Watching an e/n site grow from nothing and evolve into a blossoming flower nestled between the teats of The Markside is like... uh... watching something grow into a blossoming flower and be nestled in between the teats of The Markside.

> *Hello, this is the first in a number of updates. I'm Pat, you're friendly neighborhood webmaster. Along with my sidekick Tierney, we shall entertain, shock, amuse and flash you. Well, Tierney will take care of the flashing. I hope you enjoy Blue Sunday, because I gave up my comic book site for it.*

Between that update and the latest one begging for hosting from The Markside, there's a total of two news updates on this page. Not a very good start for an e/n page, but the poetry more than makes up for it.

Rating: - Two damaged brains.

■ The Pimp Shack - It is funny because referencing pimps and the act of pimping is humorous! Let us partake in laughter!

> *Nothing is going right. I was supposed to go to Boston on Saturday just to hang out and stuff by myself. At first my mom said yes. Then she changed her mind and said that I could either take my sister and go to Orlando to see the grandparents or I wouldn't go anywhere at all. So I said I'm not going at all. What a waste of a lovely three-day weekend.*
>
> *Anyway - there should be a new poll up later this evening - We're gonna have a special one this time. You guyz will be choosing which staff member you like the best, and the one with the least votes gets kicked off thie site! (let's kill Hollywood...). Be prepared to ruin someone's week.*

Where did the laughter go? Oh laughter, why have you forsaken us?

Rating: - Three damaged brains.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.7 Tabloid Monday

Sunday, Oct 08, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ It's Monday, so you know what that means! Oh yes, another exciting issue of Tabloid Monday, the feature which takes a deep and hard look at the world around us... according to the *Weekly World News*! Something Awful examines the latest articles from this highly esteemed newspaper (or whatever the hell it is) and offers up our takes on the news. Here's what's in store for today:

> ■ **Chicken and Beef - Mother Nature's Perfect Meats Can Keep You Healthy - AND CURE EVERYTHING!**
> *You can fight - and in many cases cure - everything from high blood pressure and heart disease to arthritis, depression, fatigue, weight problems and the common cold by dosing yourself heavily and often with scrumptious chicken and beef, a leading doctor reports.*
>
> ■ **GET FILTHY RICH BY SUING YOUR OWN BRAINS OUT!**
> *"Insurance companies play the percentages, betting that you don't get hurt, and you can play the same percentages, betting that you do get hurt," declared Faukon, a former vice president of one of America's leading insurers and author of the forthcoming book, Sue Yourself for Fun and Profit, Profit, Profit! which is slated for a Christmas release.*
>
> ■ **HOW YOU CAN BEAT THE DEVIL**
> *"Some people consider the Devil a joke - a laughable cartoon character - because in the Middle Ages the Devil was portrayed as a buffoon with pointed horns, a long evil tail and a pitchfork. However, in reality, the Devil is a resourceful, highly intelligent, powerful spirit."*
>
> ■ **HOW TO TELL IF YOUR ANCESTORS WERE GAY!**
> *"Recognizing the homosexuality in your past is the only way you can find your true roots," says Paul.*
>
> ■ **THE MONSTERS UNDER YOUR BED ARE REAL!**
> *"Satanic monsters from the sewers of Hell itself are flooding the world, and they aren't coming here to visit Disney World and ride the rides - they're coming to get you!" Dr. Raymond Joneston declared in his weekly short-wave broadcast, Give Me the Children, which is heard by an estimated 22 million men, women, and children in 17 countries around the world.*
>
> ■ **POOP SMOKING FAD SWEEPS EUROPE**
> *Thrill-seeking European teenagers have found a revolting new way to get high - they smoke dried poop like it's going out of style!*

More fun than you can shake any type of stick or stick-like object at! Please, for the love of God, read Tabloid Monday!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has been updated with another two crappy *Quake 3 Arena* map reviews courtesy of everybody's hero Squonkamatic. The two bsp monstrosities under fire today are "DM5 - 2099" and "Nutz", both of which just sound like quality masterpieces.

> ***THE BOTTOM LINE:*** *There are certainly former lobotomy patients reading this that will find Ironuts' little level to be an engaging, imaginative exercise in map design. However, the rest of us have yet another sorry example of everything going wrong and another Quake level to avoid. Play at your own risk.*

Er, you know, or maybe not. Regardless, check out the two new reviews and remember to submit the names and links of any terrible *Quake 2 / Quake 3* maps to Squonkamatic!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.8 The Death of Banner Ads

Monday, Oct 09, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ To all you webmasters out there on a major network, let me offer you the following words of advice:

If your site is serving up a bunch of banner ads for other sites on your network, you're going to get screwed.

Why do I write this? Express.com recently sent a letter to myself (and its other affiliates) claiming they don't owe me any money even though I served their banner ads for over two consecutive months without payment. How can they legally justify this? Simple: **most of the banner ads I was serving were for other Gamefan Network sites and Express.com.**

Yup, since Gamefan's staff couldn't bring in enough companies to advertise on their network and as a result my site was serving up network ads, they aren't going to pay me a dime. They have "contractually fulfilled" all their obligations to myself and my site. When I first signed on, I was simply told that I'd get $2.50 CPM - that is, $2.50 per 1,000 ads served. However, the network failed to mention anything along the lines of, "oh yes, and if our ad guys are incompetent and fail to sell out our ad inventory, which you have absolutely no control over whatsoever, we can legally and contractually refrain from paying you a cent."

Here's the thing that really pisses me off (in addition to the whole "not getting paid" part) - when I signed a contract with GFN, it even prohibited me from even seeking outside advertisers! All ad sales had to go through and come from Gamefan / Express.com! Even if I was somehow able to find an outside investor so I might make a couple dollars off my site, I wouldn't be able to use it! There is more than likely a similar clause in most other major network contracts, as the network wants to be in charge of all advertising so they may take at least 50% off the advertisers' payment.

So, in summary, every time your website serves up an ad for the network you're hosted on, you could be making absolutely **ZERO CASH** from it. Even if you got paid a flat CPM in the past, your network is not contractually obligated to pay you that agreed upon CPM, but instead pay you merely for the non-network ads they serve. I really worry for anybody hosted by a network that serves a lot of network ads, because if they're financially in trouble like Gamefan was, these webmasters could find themselves not getting a single dime for all their hard work, hits, and ads they served up.

Because of Express.com and Gamefan deciding to "fulfill these contractual obligations", I am now over $3,000 in debt for server bills during the months I was hosted by them. Me, being the naive idiot I am, elected to host SA on a separate server, away from Gamefan. Unfortunately, the service cost $900 a month for all the bandwidth SA uses (we move over 15 gigs a day). Yes, instead of simply making zero income in the three months I was on Gamefan, I have actually **LOST** $3,000 in three months for running this website... and there's nothing I can legally do about it.

Did you ever have one of those days where you just want to quit the field you work in and start doing something completely different? I'm having one of those days right now. If you would like to share your opinions of Express.com's wonderful treatment of their hosted sites (or have any questions), I'm sure you can contact Jonas Gray, the Vice President of Express.com.

■ Having not heard from Cliff Yablonski in about a week, I had begun to get worried. What if the old jerk had slipped on the soap and bashed his skull against the bathtub wall? Even worse, what

if he had drank some of that bad whiskey and went on an all night vandalism spree like May of '86? My fears quickly disappeared when I got this email.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: no subject*
>
> *I went out and remembered there's a hell of a lot of people in Appleton city I just can't stand. So I updated my page with SEVEN pages of people I hate and would like to back my car over. Report this news or prepare for a boot sandwich.*
>
> *Cliff*

For God's sake, please check out the SEVEN new pages of "Cliff Yablonski Hates You" and gaze upon the newest unfortunate souls to find themselves at the mercy of ol' Cliff!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.9 Ugliest Man in the History of the Universe

Tuesday, Oct 10, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ I'd like to extend a warm "thank you" to everybody who donated to the SA Server Fund. I will be posting a list of all the generous donors tomorrow and sending out as many SA t-shirts as I can to the people who contributed.I greatly appreciate all the support and help I've been given to recuperate after that whole "affair" with Express.com. Now let us never speak of it again!

■ Having nearly forgotten Something Awful's roots in the B-movie scene, I realized that I haven't reviewed an absolutely horrible movie in months! Sure, my excuse of "I cannot bear sitting through another one of these movies three times in a row" sounds good on paper, but that still doesn't help warn the world of the terrible films that inhabit their local Blockbuster Video. As a result, I have buckled down, glued my ass to the chair, and pumped out a review of "Skeeter", one of the finest cinematic masterpieces involving mutant mosquitoes that you'll ever see. Well, assuming nobody ever makes another movie about mutant mosquitoes. Which, in all likelihood, they won't.

Yes ladies and gentlemen, you are correct. That is, in fact, ***The Absolute Ugliest Man in the History of the Universe***. Somehow the director was able to convince that guy to take time out of his busy schedule of splashing medical waste and hydrofluoric acid on his face to star in this movie. And yes, to the best of my knowledge, that is in fact a giant mutant mosquito in the middle coming out of a used condom. What else could you ask for? Read the review of "Skeeter" and pray to the Lord you never have to get within 500 feet of this video.

■ Did you know that somebody made a Nintendo game based off the predictably lame "Garfield" comic strip? Me neither. Good thing for us the Chinese Dynamo did. Well, I think it's a good thing.

> *Game Plot: The official title of the game is A Week of Garfield: Garfield. Redundant, but indeed, effective. I find the repetition of the word "Garfield" very familiar and inviting. The title screen is complete with the instantly recognizable "Garfield" font and the ubiquitous "press start" command everybody has grown to associate with Garfield. Then that crazy, lazy cat comes a hustlin' in stage left and stops. Quite the entrance! His boy Odie comes in stage right, fashionably late, and bumps into Garfield only to turn around in idiotic routine and wander off. The animation is key here. How Garfield's lazy old eyelids suddenly pop open in surprise as Odie runs off was just perfect. Seeing both of Odie's pupils randomly (and independently) moving and tongue lolling just made me scream "Garfield!!!" until I was blue in the face.*

On second thought, discovering this game doesn't sound too good at all. Read the review and decide for yourself.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.10 Caken.com Press Release

Wednesday, Oct 11, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ The list of SA Server Fund donators will be posted ~~tomorrow~~ ***THIS SUNDAY***, as I haven't had the time today to go through the emails. Sorry about the delay, but I've been preparing for the following EXTREMELY IMPORTANT press release!

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact:
Jay "Wormy" Stile - www.stileproject.com
Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka - www.somethingawful.com

Stile Project and Something Awful Team Up to Support Caken.com

October 10th: Los Angeles, California - Jay Stile and Richard Kyanka, both known in industry circles as "I've never heard of those people before", have teamed up to officially offer support to growing website Caken.com.

"We feel the two plucky webmasters of such a deep and meaningful website like Caken.com deserve every ounce of support we can muster," explained Jay Stile while dumping a particularly moist garbage bag into a nearby trash can. "These budding superstars have a natural gift to offer the world and it would be a crime against humanity if we didn't help expose as many people as possible to their wonderful gift."

Both Stile and Kyanka admit, upon loading up Caken.com for the first time, they were instantly impressed by the intelligence and charisma that was somehow embedded in the exciting website.

"When I first logged onto Caken.com, my mind nearly exploded," Kyanka revealed. "It was like my brain had transcended the mortal plane of existence and moved up to something higher, something holy. I suddenly understood all the secrets and mysteries of the universe and all I had done was look at the photo of the Caken girls wearing Burger King paper crowns with the incorrectly spelled "*Buger King*" caption below it. I owe these girls an enormous debt, one I fear I shall never be able to pay."

Stile and Kyanka expressed their awe of Caken's daily hard hitting content and intelligent observations, listing the following examples from their website:

- *"added a forum, so now u can poste ur comments and shit, we can see ur ips, so if u spam it, ur posts will be deleted and ur ip will be blocked"*
- *"rimuldar finally gave up, i knew they would get board hehehe, stupid people are funny"*
- *"I have had lots of kitty cats!!! I've had them since I can remember. Pickles is the BEST by far :) I got Pickles from my friend Katie. Pickles had lots of little brothers and sisters."*
- *"but i left the librarby bar code on there incase i have to go borrow a book to read while i sit in detention planning other stupid shit like this!"*

"It's like somebody dug Shakespeare's rotting corpse up from his grave, crammed a Speak N' Spell inside his decaying jaw, and created a webpage based off the witty discourse that followed!" Kyanka admitted before being interrupted by an ecstatic Stile.

"Yeah, except it's not really Shakespeare because I looked through my entire photo archive of dead and mutilated people, and to the best of my knowledge, nobody has dug up his body yet," explained Stile. "Although I do have a picture of somebody with a crowbar jammed through their skull."

Both Something Awful and The Stile Project, having received multiple emails from the webmasters at Caken.com begging to let their readers know of the forums they recently opened, plan on extending an open invitation to posting on the official Caken.com forums.

"We'd like all of our readers to do their part by posting as many messages as they'd like to the Caken.com forums. The actual posts don't have to even revolve around any concrete subjects at all - simply posting a message for the hell of it, as the Caken girls do, is sufficient enough," Kyanka continued while searching through his pockets for enough money to afford the bus ride home. "We just want the Caken girls to succeed in their dream of getting *'a hole bnuch of HITS'*... and we think by encouraging everybody to post on their forums as much as possible, we're helping that dream come true."

"Yeah, n only loosers spell are there words correctly, so don't bothar even readeing whut u type," instructed Stile. "Just head over to their forums, give them some hits, and post messages until your keyboard wears out."

The Caken.com webmasters sent in a press release of their own, but it could not be deciphered in time to reproduce it with this release.

###

Wow! Important!

■ Leonard "J." Crabs, America's favorite lawyer (although they just don't know it yet), has contributed once again to the might cesspool of content that defines "Something Awful." This time he has written a Guide to Corporate Training, which is the practice of making your business more efficient and cost-effective. Check out these words o' wisdom!.

> *To cheer up stressed-out employees and boost worker morale, take all your employees to a "special performance of 'Battlebots', just for our company!" Lead them into a dark closet with a large piece of plywood in the center. Throw a stapler and an iron into the middle of the room and shout, "Look at them go after each other! The militant metal machines fight to the death!" After five minutes, bash the stapler into a thousand pieces with a sledgehammer and scream, "You see that? That could be you if you don't cheer the fuck up and start working harder, you depressed little idiots."*

Check out the entire guide for yourself!

■ Following up after his recent "How to Win at Starcraft" guide, Hakan has provided an article entitled, "How to Win at Diablo II", which aims to catch all those D2 newbies up to speed. Check it, yo':

> *Diablo 2 is fun for all ages, meaning things like skill and intelligence can be checked at the door. Blizzard wanted to keep the same "Dungeon Hacking" fun of the first, or as I'd like to call "click and bug goes squish," by keeping things simple. Blizzard also eliminated*

> *the annoying level loading screens. In its place, they have added a feature they like to call "massive lag" which reminds the players just how meaningless their life is. In addition, enemies get stronger as the number of people in the game increase, which means you will be doing fine soloing somewhere until another person joins the game. Then you will immediately die. Blizzard calls this "increased gameplay" because you will spend the next four hours trying to reach your corpse to get your items back.*

Here's mud in your eye, Joel.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.11 Video Capture

Thursday, Oct 12, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As you've probably noticed, most of the movie reviews on Something Awful feature really crappy video quality and blurry still shots. These wonderful displays of technology gone sour are courtesy of the "Dazzle DPM" USB capture device I had hooked up to my VCR until recently. Now I'm not quite sure if their engineers intentionally designed the card to be awful or if my cat had been secretly sneaking out of his room and urinating all over it while I slept, but regardless, the thing was trash. In a remarkable feat of awfulness, the Dazzle recently beat all odds and somehow managed to become even MORE CRAPPY, causing images to become 600% blurrier and refusing to record any sound on movie clips. This was not "a good thing," and I knew drastic actions had to be taken, so I did what I usually do when making tough decisions: I consulted with my cat.

> **ME:** *(talking to Spaz)* "So Spaz, what should I do about this whole video capture situation?"
> **SPAZ:** "Mrrrrrow"
> **ME:** "Hmmm, you have a very good point."
> **SPAZ:** *(his brain malfunctions and causes him to suddenly run off and hide under my table, staring at me for the next seven hours, undoubtedly plotting my demise)*
> **ME:** "Your every nuance teaches me volumes of information, Spaz."

So I headed to Fry's Electronics to pick up a new video capture device. In case you are not fortunate enough to live in California, Fry's is a chain of retail electronic stores that believe in hiring only the most furious and temperamental of employees, none of which have any qualification in any field of anything. Once hired, I'm fairly sure they just rotate people around random departments of the store every 10 minutes, just to make sure nobody will ever be able to successfully help you. One minute Javier will be selling hard drives, the next moment he'll be sorting through a bathtub full of garden hose and plastic swans.

Another added bonus to shopping at Fry's is the extra convenience of having all products pre-opened for you. Every single item at Fry's has a sticker that reveals it has been opened and returned, but "passed a quality inspection." This means that Billy Joe Wyatt, who bought a Voodoo 5 card so he could get better AM radio reception, used the thing for a couple days and then returned it. To make sure the card wasn't defective, alert Fry's employees ran it through strenuous testing, which consisted of leaving the card in the "RETURNS" bin for three weeks and then looking at the box long enough to shrink wrap it and slap a quality-control sticker on it. Service first, ladies and gents!

Anyway, I made it into Fry's and picked up a "Pinnacle Studio DC10 Plus" image capture board, which I guess just kicks the crap out of the inferior "Pinnacle Studio DC10", you know, because of that whole "plus" thing it has going on. This is actually a surprisingly great board. The image quality is so much better than that Dazzle POS, and the image editing tools are superior in every form. If you're looking for something to yank movies / shows onto, go for the DC10. Just don't buy it at Fry's because you'll never know who returned the one in the box... or what nefarious purposes they tried to use it for.

Since I got a new video capture board, I just had to use it... and the fruits of my loins (wakka chicka) can be seen in my review of the movie "Jacko." Yes, you read that correctly. "Jacko." A movie about some guy with a pumpkin for a head that kills people. Well, the head doesn't kill people, the rest of the body does as well. Bah, just read the review, which is packed full of tons of high quality movie clips and still images.

> *Back to THE HAUNTED SUBURBS. Shawn and his dad are watching something which could quite possibly be one of the greatest television shows to never exist [1.1 megs]. The main character has some "scary" cackling laugh which sounds like a severely constipated Penguin from "Batman". Shawn's parents begin babbling on and on about how much money they're going to raise with their incredibly ingenious HAUNTED GARAGE idea and how all the money will go to the homeless, which is about the stupidest idea I've ever heard. Let the homeless build their own damn HAUNTED GARAGE. Seeing a wretched, psychotic, filthy drifter leap at me with a shank he dug out of a dog's gut would be infinitely more frightening that watching a middle aged yuppie in a plastic Dracula cape run around like some fool with Down's Syndrome. They could probably think of a better name than "HAUNTED GARAGE" too.*

This is really a terrible movie, folks. I mean **BAD**. It's the fifth worst movie to ever be reviewed here. However, the video clips I've included (about 20 megs of clips) are some of the finest cinematic gems you'll ever witness. As an added bonus, I threw in a video shot of some girl's boobs. I won't tell you where though, so read the movie review and find out for yourself! Did I mention you should check out all the great videos from it?

■ Squonkamatic, recovering from his recent bout of Legionnaires Disease, has churned out another fabulous Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse map review, taking a critical look at a critical failure, "NukWasteFac." Since I'm the person who originally discovered this map, I can assure you this much: it's **REALLY BAD**.

> *Underneath all of this is a nether-world Hell of huge, empty chambers that contain forlorn, abandoned looking weapons dropped here and there and a slime trap that I managed to catch myself in at one point. One of the chambers is an absolutely surreal, evil neon green lit room with those kinds of pits we used to see in DOOM with a layer of slime texture at the very bottom and no way out of if you pitch yourself in ... there is a nightmarish quality to this particular area that defies my ability to describe it -- lonely, uncared for and left to DIE alone and friendless might describe the feeling I was overcome with when wandering though it.*

Poison!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.12 E/N Spotlight!

Friday, Oct 13, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

- Another Saturday, another episode of everybody's favorite...

E/N Spotlight!!!

...Showcasing the most exciting and thrilling events which take place in the e/n community! **Note to all those unfamiliar with the e/n scene:** the term "e/n" stands for "everything/nothing", and encompasses a wide range of sites that, from what I can tell, must adhere to the following rules:

1) News must be updated at least 50 times per hour,
2) News must **NEVER** contain anything even remotely interesting to anybody but the webmaster and his two friends,
3) There must be a rant between each news item about how the webmaster hates racism or stereotypes or preppy kids or whatever,
4) Homepage must take 500 minutes to load thanks to all their neat little pictures and "wacky" photos of dead animals,
5) Under no circumstances should any real content be presented except for ripped movies or mp3s.

With that out of the way, let's peer into the e/n scene for this week!

- The Electralux - Oh no! Horribly deep and potentially scarring information regarding myself, you, and ALL of mankind is revealed in today's update! Folks... it doesn't look too good. You may want to brace yourself for this one.

> *You are a sheep. You come into this clique with your "morals" and holier-than-thou attitude and flutter about and wonder how no one could resist yur oh-so-charming attitude and wit. You waddle about in a cacoon of reputation with your friends, honking every now and then like the chicken shit geese you are.*

I am a horrible monster and I pray for death! Somebody please deliver my unworthy carcass to the Hellish afterlife, as my corroded personality is a poison to the world. Look at me, I am deep and introspective because I call everybody sheep! Whee!

Rating: - Four damaged brains.

- Charged Particle - So many updates, so little time!

> *Tomorrow I'm flying home. Hooray. :) Get to see my girlfriend and all that good stuff. I can't wait. Flying is fun too. I will like it.*
>
> *It is late, time for sleep. Sleep sleep sleep. I am tired. Really Really tired. *collapse**
>
> *I'm here. The flight was fine, and was very quick.. Hahaha.. I laugh at the poor shmucks stuck in traffic as I cruise overhead at 3,000 ft. :) Anyway, time for some food and then to go to the homecoming parade and game.*
>
> *Time to pick up th' flowers and get fancied up. Then it's me, my girlfriend and a bunch of friends out to dinner and then more good times. :) I may post when I get home around 4 in the morning. Maybe.*

This is indeed what it sounds like when the doves cry. He also has a screenshot of what his computer desktop looks like. That's entertainment with a capital "E"!

Rating: - Four damaged brains.

■ Caken.com - As I've told NUMEROUS people before, I am not Caken.com. They are not a practical joke. That is a REAL website. You can finish loading your gun now.

> *friday ruled for me, i had so much fun, and like, it was like hte funnest time i had in the longest time, ok here another thing, i leave my aim running 24/7 if im not hear i put up an away message,, but i also use the accept message thingy, there for, if u IM me when IM no there, and i have an away message up, u dont see my away message, there for u get all fuckin pissy cause i dotn fuckin respond, and when i do get home, or wake up, the people arnt even online, and theres no point addin names to my buddy list, i tried that, when it got up to 160 (i usually only have about 30 on my list) i was like fuck it, so there for. if i dont respond to u, try imin me again like in 5 hours or somthing---krystal*

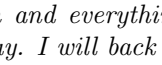
Keep in mind that these people are supposed to be in SCHOOL. LEARNING. I strongly believe that the two girls from Caken.com are two-thirds of Cerebus.

Rating: - FIVE damaged brains.

■ Stinkbug - I think spending all day, trying to figure out ways to cram more images of the webmaster's head onto the page, has turned the Stinkbug guy into a boring nutcase. Oh no, wait, this is an e/n site, this is perfectly acceptable and expected behaviour. Check out these gems of updates, each one separate from the last:

> *Going out to eat. Be back later tonight.*
>
> *Going out to have dinner with my family tonight.*
>
> *hmmm... Tuesday. Not much else to say.*
>
> *I think it's nap time.*
>
> *Going to a game. Be prepared for anything when I get back.*
>
> *Not a lot going on right now. Have a lot of things on my mind, thats about it.*
>
> *My camera software freaked out sometime last night*
>
> *My computer locked up again last night some time. Oh well, it looks like the cam and everything is working again. I will probably be gone all day again today. I will back tonight, if not, it will be in the morning.*

If you hear any odd noises coming from your computer, you can be 100% sure that's the sound of me weeping for Baby Jesus.

Rating:  - Four and a half damaged brains.

■ Disorganized Crime - Awwww yeah, here comes some more hard-hitting philosophy for yo' dope ass! Check it, yo:

> *I am nothing. I am no-one. I do not know who I am. I do not know who I am supposed to be. My existance is validated by nothing you can see, nothing you can understand. I live in a world of make believes; shielding myself from the outside world, convincing myself that I'm something I'm not. Most people have a path to follow. I have no path. I wander meaninglessly through life;*

> *stopping here, stopping there, never really knowing where I'm going. All I want is genuine respect for once in my life. All I want is for someone to tell me that I matter, that I have a place. I'm so sick of not knowing what the fuck is going on. I'm tired of having to hide myself from people because I'm too scared of what they'll think. All that I can see in my life is the blank stare of my meaningless 'friends' who care not so much for me as for their fucking image. Where do I fit in? Where the fuck is my 'special place'? Well fuck it. The whole world's gone to hell, and I'm going with it.*

Hey, isn't he just quoting a NIN song? As for me, I'm tired of the long lines at the In and Out Burger. Oh yeah, and my mom said I can't tell you about my "special place", so don't ask!

Rating: - Four damaged brains.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.13 Thank Yous

Saturday, Oct 14, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Look! Fast gaming computers! Check it out!

Check it out!

As I've mentioned before, today is the day when I post a big fat "Thank You" to all the people who so generously donated to SA's Server / Anti-Express.com fund. I really appreciate it, and know SA wouldn't be where it is today without the support of you readers (and everybody else who loads this page up). With the possible exception of the people who spam guestbooks with "*FUK U FUKER I HOPE U DIE U STUPED MORON JEFF K RULZ*", I'd have to say SA's got the *(tearing up)* greatest readers *(sniff sniff)* on the planet *(bawling my eyes out)*. Without further ado, the list!

A BIG FAT GIGANTIC HAIRY THANKS GOES TO:

Gamersangst.com, Pantaloons, Zach Dykstra, Bhuan Agrawal, Josh Kirkpatrick, Scott Havens, Nicholas Holifield, Eric Driggs, Tetsuji Gotanda, brian bander, David Eaton, Joseph Grzesiak, John Boritza, Michael Andres-Larsen, Jared Ballou, James Bryant, george galuschak, Jim Marlowe, Andrew Gaskell, Brent Booker, Acy Stapp, Michael Chaddock, Avi W Roig, Richard Henderson, Kris Korpenfelt, Matthew Clark, Mike Leeder, Zach Dill, Randy Froc, David Flor, James O'Brien, Kanakatti Subramanya, Nathan Prentice, Steve Paulo, Lyn Landon, Barb Strand, Philip Gross, Sean Robertson, Tim Guire, Anthony Agee, Mark Hall, Scott Crain, Colin Erven, Pat Neville, Michael Lasky, Jonathon Pile, Alexander Stein, Chris Connolly, Michelle Winters, William Cadrin, michael turner, James Dezendorf, Matthew Evans, Thomas Poynor, Erik Rainey, Joshua Mintzer, Matthew Bastek, Nicholas York, John W. Graham, James Kolpack, Anthony Youhas, Tom Heady, Tim Faulkner-Rayner, Peter Feld, Zach Baker, Tommy Brake, samuel finley, Jeremy Truelove, Don Arnold, Donald Strand, Michael Battaglia, Lantz Roe, Ben Ruset.

A BIG FAT THANKS GOES TO:

Brendan Flynn, Ian Menzies, Brandon Fenning, Brian Foster, Steve Allen, Robb Sherwin, Joseph Sola, Brian Emmons, B.R. Martin, Rob Dowers, Mike Bolei, Johnathon Clune, d Page, Jeff Ungurean, Jonathan Simcina, Timothy Brumgard, Kyle Howard, Brent McNabb, Eugene Tsuprun, Bill Tice, Derek Peak, Thomas J. Burke, Jaret Deprin, Michael Jorgenson, Lea Thompson, Albert Scheuring, Allan Landmesser, Wade Bowman, Gabe Kruger, Scott Morgan, Troy Nelson, Nick Goodman, Ralph Hart, Michael Merrell, Joseph Berceli-Wain, Chris Andrews, Mark Beihoffer, Ian Dundore, Jeremy Hutchinson, Paul Novarese, Corey Weider, Michael Brent, John Fulmer, Matthew Chase, Jordan Grace, Lucas Crispen, Dillon Bussert, Geek Computers, Bernard Ziegler, Aaron Shoal, Michael Pusateri, Michael Giambalvo, Zaki Ullah, John A. Shoemaker, Scott Ames,

> Courtney Evans, Mike McNally, Cameron Dixon, Joshua Shagam, Kawika Uechi, David Russell, Brien Dieterle, Enoch Ceshkovsky, Beau Harrington, Andrew Magnusson, Ryan Grove, Ryan Gielow, Jonas Acres, Micah Cranman, Eugene Abovsky, Jamie Tatum, Louis Maccarone, James Beane, Joshua Penix, Tristan Smith, Dieter Dehlinger, James Wuerch, Todd Ostermeier, Kevin Brown, Patrick Plaisance, Beth Carter, dan dobbs, Seth Mayne, Josh Rodgers, J.W. Jones, G Milene, Dan Dickinson, Mark Radtke, Jason Parks, Billy Transue, Matthew Gallant, Aaron Powell, Steve Johnson, Edward Helbling, Ivan Manida, Lee Greco, Jeff Sandler, Micah Hawkinson, Matthew Boes, Peter Larkin.

Once I reach my life's goal of finding a cure for lichen planus, you folks will be the first ones to get the antidote.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.14 Lowtax Can't Cook

Sunday, Oct 15, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've been sitting at this damn desk for the past two hours, looking into my monitor and staring at the phrase *"JOHN CARMACK - the automobile industry."* Last night, I typed that string of words into my notetaking program, which is where I store the shorthand version of my absolutely fantastic ideas that I don't want to risk forgetting. I can usually decipher these vague memos and start working on them the next day, but for the life of me, I can't figure out what the hell *"JOHN CARMACK - the automobile industry"* means. Is it some kind of code? Did I have an idea about putting minivans into *Doom 3*? What on Earth does John Carmack have to do with the automobile industry (besides his well-documented love for cars which cost roughly 9,000,000 times the value of my soul)? I am not sure, but after leafing through the shorthand list of all my other "ideas", I'm really beginning to worry about my sanity. Look at this crap I have written down:

- *Muppets head on crotches(?)*
- *Prank fish*
- *emm out 6-10*
- ***COOKING!!!***

That last item is particularly disturbing, because the last place I need to be is in a kitchen with access to electricity. There are only two food dishes which I have the skill to prepare for myself, and both of them involve "placing item onto bread and eating." Everything else I eat comes in a box and goes immediately into the microwave until it (either the microwave or the food) starts beeping. Back in college, when I actually had enough time to do things such as sabotage my roommate's guitar amp by pouring water into it every time he left for class, I tried cooking. I really, really tried. However, the results were less than satisfying.

TARGET FOOD: Frozen Hash Browns.
RESULT: Hash browns somehow turned into what I called the "Sweaty Bird's Nest of Failure." The outside was really brown, the inside was really white, and cooking oil dripped off it in blobs large enough to lubricate industrial pistons. Somehow all the potatoes, instead of acting like the friendly hash browns at IHOP which can be separated into individual slices of potato, welded themselves together to form the Sweaty Bird's Nest of Failure, which was so congealed and impenetrable that it could deflect pistol fire.
HOW IT WAS DISPOSED OF: Hid it in my next door neighbor's closet. Occasionally I would stop by, make comments like, "Jeez, you smell like SHIT!" and walk away, but I couldn't do it too often or he would've suspected sabotage.

TARGET FOOD: Ravioli.
RESULT: Stove caught fire and I shrieked like a retarded schoolgirl until somebody dumped 20 pounds of baking soda onto the stove. The odd part was that I was simply boiling water when the stove caught fire. I still can't figure out how I managed to burn the stove while boiling water, but it happened regardless.
HOW IT WAS DISPOSED OF: Since I didn't dare boil another pot of water (under the Fire Marshall's explicit orders), I put the ravioli back in my freezer, where it resided until the day before I moved out of the dorm. I believe that was the year one of my friends and I held a "Farewell to Food" celebration and threw it out the fourth story window of our dorm.

TARGET FOOD: Steak
RESULT: Don't ask. Let's just say that people who can't successfully boil a pot of

water shouldn't be allowed within a 50-mile radius of uncooked beef. I think everybody in my dorm can vouch for that.
HOW IT WAS DISPOSED OF: Both the steak and the frying pan, which was damaged beyond repair, were given a burial at sea (a large fountain) and a 21-gun salute.

You'll notice that I didn't mention any cooking in my apartments, where I have been leaving since my last year of college (1998). This is because in my apartment, I am liable for property damage. I'm not stupid; my stove is off and it will stay off until the day I die (which, coincidentally, will probably be the day I try to cook something).

Of course this infinitely amusing and insightful look into my colorful life has yielded absolutely zero information regarding the enigmatic *"JOHN CARMACK - the automobile industry"* phrase, but I would imagine it at least explains why I have such a hard time figuring out my own writing.

■ Today is a date which shall go down in history. A day which shall redefine how future generations look upon the year 2000. A moment in time that brings together the young, the elderly, blacks, whites, pregnant women, and women who are real fat but look pregnant and when you ask them when they're due they make a facial expression at you like they just realized your photo from "America's Most Wanted" as the guy who was caught stealing women's underwear and Scotch taping them to his face. Yes, I am of course referring to the launch of:

THE FIRST SOMETHING AWFUL MUSIC VIDEO!

Download "Deviation" (32 megs)

Yes, here it is in all its glory. The Something Awful music video, "Deviation", which was the result of me sitting in a room with a bunch of poorly marked video tapes containing all kinds of worthless

and semi-worthless crap. This music video is actually just a big montage of random movie clips, commercials from the mid 1900's, and atomic bomb / explosion footage with an **EXCLUSIVE** ARC music track over it! Yes, a previously unreleased musical gem from everybody's favorite industrial / techno band, ARC! Oh hooray! Sure the video is 32 megs, but it's 32 megs of **PURE JOY**. I don't like to make outlandish claims, but this downloading and watching this movie will cure **EVERY** problem in your life. What are you waiting for? Start downloading now, before it's too late (ie, you die... or something even worse).

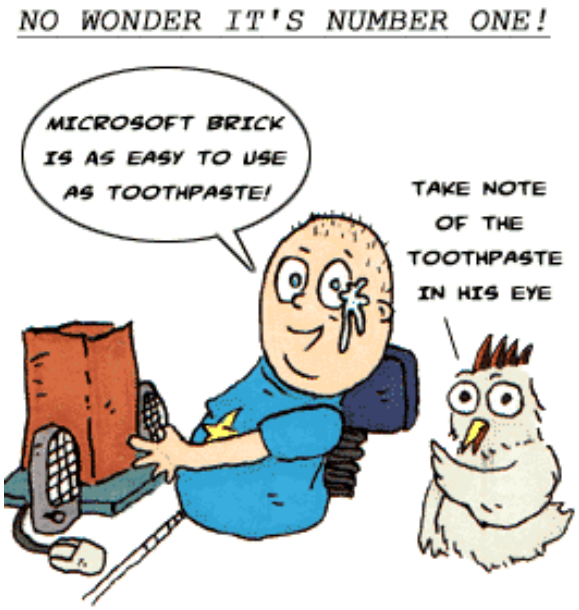
PS: You'll need the DivX codec to watch this movie. You can grab the Windows version here and all other OSs here.

■ Cliff Yablonski, ever alert in his professional job of "being old", has graced my presence with another one of his deep and thoughtful email messages. I am truly a lucky humanoid.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: shove it*
> *five new pages of people I hate. send me a picture of your ugly mug so I can add it. post my news and I wont beat you as hard this time.*
> *cliff*

I'm a little sentimental right now, folks... please give me a moment to compose myself. In the meantime, check out Cliff Yablonski's site which shows off five new pages of people he just can't stand, a good portion of which appear to be goths.

■ Something Awful is proud to launch its newest hosted site, "Wow, That's Amazing!", the site which is truly amazing! I can hardly write these words because I'm so amazed by "BRICK"!



Chemical Engineerer Operator Technician Barbara Santa: I resented this project from the start. I don't even understand the point, when Bob first showed me the blueprints he

was ecstatic and extensively intoxicated with vast amounts of cocaine and Melodramatic Teen soap operas. He just said, " I am going to create a God of Gods, a machine of machines, Sarah, I am going to create a brick," And immediately locked himself inside the lunchroom with Mike Salmon for a week. I don't even know how he survived for so long, the only things we had in there was a half full bottle of almond milk, a large chunk of rotten goat cheese and a bottle of bleach. We tried reasoning with him, but whenever confronted he would just turn up the volume on the television so all we could hear was the Dawson's Creek Theme song.

Many great testers died during the testing of brick, here we leave you with the last picture ever taken of Larry Harmonica, a loyal brick tester, who sadly died during the testing of Brick's aerodynamic and smashing-it-in-your-goddamn-face capabilities evaluation.

They have BRICK! What else is there to say, except BRICK? **BRICK!!!**

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.15 Crappy Toys and Jeff K.'s Halloween Terror

Monday, Oct 16, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I think I have single-handedly figured out why kids are bringing guns to school, guns to restaurants, guns to gun shows, and guns to the buffet table. I think I have solved the whole "youth violence" crisis. The answer is clear: *all the toys being released these days are pure crap.*

When you were a kid, what was the only thing that kept you from going out, lighting your dog on fire with some matches you stole from a restaurant, and tossing rocks through Police station windows? What was the only factor that prevented you from escalating your petty vandalism into a full-fledged orgy of wanton violence and destruction? Your toys. Most of the time that I spent trapped in my childhood revolved around me arming my GI Joes, placing them in strategical positions through the bushes, sidewalk, and patio, then throwing a gigantic log at them while shouting "INCOMING!!!" As a kid, I wasn't fortunate enough to own any of the Cobra badguys, so I had to use a piece of wood that I pretended was some nefarious Cobra deathtrap which their sinister engineers had rigged up. My friends, who not only had all the Cobras but also had the Juggernauts AND those two homosexual twins with the scars on their faces, would often laugh and tease me because of my Cobra log. I always had the last laugh though, usually between the point when the Cobra log connected with their face and when they ran home weeping. Those Cobras, always up to their dastardly tricks!

The incident which recently caused my childhood memories to bubble up and fester like a zit containing some kind of combination of chalk and lava was triggered by the UPS man delivering a package to my door yesterday, a package containing various *Heavy Metal: FAKK 2* stuff. Robert M. Atkins, the cofounder of Ritual, was kind enough to send me some *FAKK 2* related goodies, including a hat which is roughly nine times bigger than my entire head, for repeatedly insulting Levelord and making slanderous remarks against him during their crunch time. I can't imagine what Robert would've given me if I had taken some golf clubs and used them to beat in Levelord's skull. He would've probably sent a new Jaguar.

Included in the package was a Julie Strain "action figure," which came with approximate 154 different items, ranging from "sticks" to "sticks that look like poles." There's also a couple weapons, unidentifiable plastic things, and a little green patch of plastic land. It looks pretty nifty, but there's a slight problem with it: if you even try to play with it, Julie's arms fall right off her body! When I first opened up the package, I tried to place the guns into malformed hands, and they snapped right off! Can you imagine how that would affect the youth of America? According to many popular news media outlets, it would undoubtedly cause them to go out and start breaking other kids' arms off! Then they would start lying, swearing, drinking, and listening to Marylin Manson, who is a particularly unattractive woman if you ask me. There's absolutely no play value in this toy, and was a real letdown. However, since I got it for free, I'm not going to complain that much. Oh yeah, and Robert, if you're reading this, Levelord smells like an open sewer. Now send me a pair of Julie Strain's underwear.

Julie Strain, out of the box. Woo woo, is that the Fun Train I hear in the distance?

Notice her lack of functional forearms, a part of the body which is usually critical for most superheroes. Not Julie though!

How can an armless woman possibly defend herself from the dreaded and intensely evil "SPAZATRON 3000AD CYBERCAT OF DEATH AND POSSIBLY EVEN WORSE"?

She has defeated all odds! Note to cat lovers out there: I forcibly put Julie on my cat's back and he got real angry and ran away after I took the picture. Use the newfound hatred I just generated in you to build a house for some homeless person or something.

Another item which tipped me off to the sad state of children's toys is the following frightening object I discovered at Target last weekend. On the outside it appears to be a smiling, happy Pikachu. However, under closer scrutiny, one quickly realizes that it's not just a happy Pokemon, but it's a drink container... a drink container that dispenses its liquid via a HUGE STRAW RAMMED THROUGH PIKACHU'S CRANIUM. If that wasn't enough, and it certainly was for me, to pour your beverage inside Pikachu you must TWIST OFF HIS TORSO. The whole ordeal is quite terrifying. I mean, here you have Pikachu, who's supposed to be all cute and friendly and cuddly and (all odds considered) most likely won't murder you when you sleep, and they're encouraging kids to dismember him and feed from a tube inserted into his brain? Talk about mixed messages! It's no wonder kids turn to guns, drugs, and "The Iron Chef" these days. If I were a kid, I'd probably start doing heroin too. Not that I'm trying to tell children to go out and start using heroin; that would be ludicrous. They should start with a "gateway" drug like marijuana or acid or Nuprin and work their way up to heroin over time.

Hello Pikachu, welcome to my breakfast area! Notice the "Now You're Cookin'!" potholder on the left. I think they actually quoted Ben Franklin on that.

Feel any slight discomfort in your neck area, Pikachu? Perhaps its due to the fact that your head is twisted around 180 degrees, you mutant yellow monster.

Pikachu has taken a turn for the worse. For example, his head is no longer connected. On the positive side, the giant plastic straw that was gouged inside his bowels has been removed.

I was originally going to Photoshop some snakes leaping out of Pikachu's severed torso, but this was the best picture I found under a search for "snakes." Note the lens flare I added to make the photo look "professional."

■ Oooh, the pre-Halloween chills and thrills don't look to be ending anytime soon! In fact, I would probably guess that they won't stop until, oh, the day after Halloween or so! Regardless, Jeff K. has finished up his latest cartoon saga, "JEFF K.S HAUNTED SCAREY HALOWEEN HAUNTED THEATAR !!!". Today's episode is the eerie and spooky tale entitled, "TEH HAUNTED GHOT SCARREY OF JOHN ROMEROERO OF DAIEKTIANA TERRAOAR!!!!"

Read it... **IF YOU DARE**! Muuuuuhahahaha!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has two new map reviews courtesy of American hero Squonkamatic. Today he tackles both a *Quake 2* bomb and a *Quake 3: Arena* stinkhole. Here's some poison in your eye, Joel!

> *AT A GLANCE: Good fucking GOD... folks we have here a map that can almost compete with "This Map is Good Fun" for the title of most twisted game level ever released. Indeed*

> *this map is so bad and so unbelievable that I am suspicious of its origin. Something tells me that a human being actually set out to create the worst possible map ever released, and thanx to alert reader M M "The ULTRAMATRIX DEATHALATOR" has finally made it onto my drive for our discerning attention. M M 's story is that a fellow Battle.net client told him about the map during a Starcraft game, which sounds legitimate enough, but I am very suspicious of the map's genesis none the less. I think the puzzler with this level isn't is it crappy or not; that much is obviously clear probably even to people who don't play Quake. The question is was this abomination made deliberately to be unleashed upon the crap-map community as a joke, or is it the tragic result of good intentions leading into a morass of insanity? Let's take a look at what we get and see what conclusions can be made.*

It's fun on so many levels, none of which I can name offhand at the moment. Read the reviews and attempt to discover some of those levels.

- Wow That's Amazing! has a short, helpful guide entitled, "Tips for Life" that may aid you in getting through... uh... life.

> *BIG K-mart isn't really big. It's the same, they just added one cash register.*

Didn't Shakespeare write virtually the same thing? Check it out and decide for yourself.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.16 Videogames and Broads

Tuesday, Oct 17, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ And now, ladies and gentlemen, time for an awful editorial courtesy of the equal action fraggers at "Game Girlz" (*NOTE:* There's a "z" at the end of "Girl" to denote that they're in fact a bunch of "hip and cool" ladies. Well, either that or they can't spell). The article is entitled "Women in G-strings", and it takes aim at the Palestinian / Jewish conflict regarding the holy shrine in Jerusalem. No wait, it's about women in G-strings. Sorry, I got my notecards mixed up. Anyway, here are some key quotes from the article:

> *I am bothered by the fact that decent models and skins are so limited for women. I don't understand why developers of games continually use standard female models that look like bimbos. Are they telling us that the only power a woman has is to distract the other players by looking sexy?*
>
> *Where are the sexy men with G-strings and bulging, bouncy groins? I can only assume that model and skin designers strive to provide distraction for the younger males who play. Get those hormones going and they lose all sense. This could be a strategy I suppose, but I don't play for someone else... I play for ME.*

Okay, so let me see if I'm assessing the situation correctly:

> 1) Heterosexual male game designers, who work in offices full of other heterosexual male game designers for 10 hours a day, make game about killing people by shooting them repeatedly.
> 2) Heterosexual male game designers release game to a predominantly heterosexual male gaming public.
> 3) Heterosexual female can't figure out why there are no giant walking penis models in the aforementioned game.

Could somebody please inform me where *"sexy men with G-strings and bulging, bouncy groins"* should properly figure into this equation, because I sure as hell can't find it. Game makers, like any legit company, respond to supply and demand. What do the majority of FPS gamers want? Well, let me rephrase that: what **DON'T** the majority of FPS gamers want, besides a sequel to any Lithtech game? The answer is obvious: **MEN'S PENISES**. I hate to drop such an Earth-shattering bomb on everybody out there, but a good percentage of FPS gamers are heterosexual males. Horny heterosexual males. Horny heterosexual males who become violent when you even suggest viewing other men's penises. Based on the current social trend and demand, game companies are making games that feature big breasted, inhumanly proportioned, supermodel women. Why? Because this is what the majority of gamers want to see.

For example, go to any LAN party, walk up to somebody playing *Quake 3: Arena*, and ask if they'd rather look at a nude photo of Killcreek or John Romero. I can guarantee 100% of them will say "neither", but once you eliminate that answer, 100% of them will say "Killcreek." Why? Because FPS gamers are adamant heterosexual males. In fact, most of them start getting extremely defensive and nervous when you even mention "naked men." As a bonus experiment, sneak behind somebody playing a game and shout "HUGE TESTICLES!!!" while they're playing. Their reaction will be pure gold.

Let's face it: female FPS players are in a minority. Since they do not make up a significant enough portion of online gamers, the game companies will not bother dedicating time to satiate their wants.

Games come out rushed and crunched all the time; what makes anybody think designers can spend a few extra weeks adding in Chippendale's dancers for the 12 or 13 females who will buy the game? It's like me demanding game companies make weak and scrawny webmasters with pubic hair models. Who are the only people that would play with that model? As far as I know, just myself and Loonyboi! The moment women (or homosexual men) develop a large enough fan base for FPS games is the moment we'll be treated to a parade of men's bulging crotches. Until then, we'll continue to live in a bulgeless society, one which thrives on mutant, freaky looking insect women that have waist sizes the diameter of a bottle cap. It's a painful tradeoff indeed, but I think Looneyboi and I will be able to handle it.

■ Wow, Cliff Yablonski's sure been hard at work lately! Another update! In the same week! The guy's an animal!

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: (no subject)*
>
> *three new pages. link to it.*
>
> *cliff*

What else can I say? Three new pages of people Cliff Yablonski hates!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has been updated as well, sporting a couple new Quake 2 SP map reviews from guest columnists Jed and Daniel St. Clair. Hoo boy, do they look like fun!

> *Pipes and Boxes. Boxes and Pipes. There's a box that leads to a pipe and a pipe that leads to a fucking box, folks. There may have also been a box that led to another box but don't quote me on that. It's a big, wacky obstacle course where players have to crawl through pipes, run through boxes, swim through mysterious levitating cubes of water, and try to make it to the end without slitting their own wrists. Maybe the mentally challenged preadolescent who made this map was trying to qualify for the Special Olympics and thought it would make an ideal "virtual training ground". Still, that's no excuse to unleash this monstrosity on the rest of the god-fearing Quake 2 playing public. Let's just see how well the little fucker does in the 500-meter dash without any kidneys.*

Enjoy the fabulous offering of sheer pain!

■ WTA has updated once again, and once again, I can't really quite figure out what the hell it's supposed to be. My best description is "A Flash movie called 'Skydiving Balls'." Don't ask. If you're courageous enough, check it out and enjoy the confusion.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.17 Presidential Debates and Haunted Cliffy B.

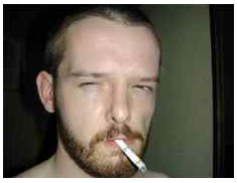
Wednesday, Oct 18, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If you've been following the American presidential debates recently (*NOTE:* I was too lazy to find a legitimate link about the debates, so I just tossed up one at random), you've undoubtedly noticed that both of the candidates have been going on and on and on about the "working middle class." If one of them starts trumpeting their new health care plan, the other one belittles them and claims it screws the "working middle class." If somebody comes up with a tax cut, the opposite candidate claims it causes the "working middle class" to pay more. If one of them suggests building a new lunar module to explore Mars, the other one asks how many "working middle class" people can ride on it and if it gets HBO. So who exactly is the "working middle class" anyway? Well, I can safely reveal that it's neither you or I, because every time the government changes **anything**, either myself or one of my friends end up invariably having to pay more. It doesn't matter what they change; the President could reveal that tomorrow will be "National Tube Sock Awareness Day", and somehow my electric bill will rise by six dollars.

I've also conducted a vigorous scientific survey of the people who live in the apartments around me, and none of them fall into the "working middle class" category. Most of them can be described as "teenagers who are majoring in 'alcoholism' and getting a minor in 'being very, very, very loud' at the local state college." This leaves me with only one large group of people that could possibly be described as "working middle class" - guys that work at industrial plants and wear yellow foam hats.

Back in my high school days, I used to work for a company that made and repaired pneumatic conveying equipment. They produced elbows, blowers, airlocks, and many other heavy gray objects which would break your foot if you dropped them on it. My job was limited to driving a delivery truck and:

1) Taking the parts from an industrial plant to my place of work,
2) Taking the parts from my place of work to an industrial plant,
3) Getting lost in Sticksville, Missouri.



Whenever I'd show up at an industrial plant (like General Mills, ConAgra, or Quaker Oats) for the first time, some guy wearing protective goggles and overalls would come out and stare at my delivery truck, then me, then the delivery truck, then some random oxygen molecule floating around, then back at the truck again. After he finished digesting the entire scene before him of "man with truck", he would approach me and a conversation like the following would ensue:

MAN: *(pointing to the rotors in the back of the truck)* "So, you deliverin' them rotors?"
ME: "Yup."
MAN: *(pointing to the truck and chewing some food which had been previously lodged in his teeth since the late 1970's)* "That your truck?"
ME: "Yup."
MAN: *(28 minute pause)* "I hate Chevys."

Then, depending on how much the worker despised a Chevy truck, he would begin to ram his forklift into the back of the delivery truck, denting up the sides and scratching the paint. If he only moderately loathed Chevys, he would give a mock apology before ramming it again. If the worker

absolutely abhorred Chevys, he would pull the shotgun out from the gun rack on his forklift and pepper my vehicle with buckshot. Hey, my job was just delivering the part and leaving. There's no way I'm going to take a bullet from somebody who owns paintings of Jesus wearing NASCAR memorabilia.

In rare instances, the dock worker position would be split into multiple people. One time I had to bring some blowers to a place near Atchison, Kansas, and **three** guys came out to move it. The first one, a 200-year old toothless mummy on a forklift, couldn't hear or see anything, making him the logical choice for operating heavy machinery. The second guy sat in a chair and shouted helpful instructions to the mummy, such as "TURN TO THE RIGHT, YOU STUPID FUCKING MORON!" and "GO LEFT, YOU DAMN JACKASS!" Usually these instructions would follow the mummy ramming the forklift into a wall or barrel, but I assume they had some master plan during all of this. Now, at this point, you may be wondering where the third man was. Well, I am proud to reveal that he would always come out with the two other goons, then promptly walk into the shipping / receiving office and start hitting on the woman at the desk. That's true teamwork, folks. This is the well-oiled machine that fuels the dreams of America. This is... well... three guys who usually ended up terribly damaging my delivery vehicle.

So, without any other groups that could possibly be labeled as the "working middle class", I'm forced to assume these people are the key demographic our aspiring presidential hopefuls are aiming for - yes, the people who used to ram my truck with a forklift. As a result, I'm going to cast my vote for whichever candidate promises to inflict the most heinous, horrible, painful things on the "working middle class." Al Gore, if you're reading this (and I know you are), you'll easily earn my vote if you campaign to lace orange hunting vests with deadly radioactive isotopes. George Bush Jr., if you're having somebody else read this to you (and I know you are), you'll grab my vote once you promise to pass legislation banning the confederate flag on giant foam hats.

Actually, on second thought, screw them both. I'm voting Yablonski in 2000.

■ Wooooooooo, spooooky Thursday! Jeff K. has another chilling Halloween tale for you, served up gruesome and gory, just the way you like it! Prepare yourselves for:

Chills, thrills, and... uh... spills! Check out the horrifying tale of "THE HAUNTED CLIFFY B.! TAIL OF TERROAR!"

■ Hot and spicy ROM Pit action! Nefarious presents a review of "Totally Rad", a game which was made for the Nintendo... but probably shouldn't have.

> *You assume the roll of a dimwit named Jake that only speaks in horrible catch phrases. Somehow you encounter a magician named Zebediah, and he teaches you magic by making you run around an awful lot. It's actually just the plot of "The Empire Strikes Back", but Luke has the intelligence of fishing tackle and Yoda is some horrible troll type thing. The actual game starts when you're "attacked unexpectedly" (attacked by what, I have no idea). You then have to fight all the enemies off by yourself. Evidently the Great Zebediah is a lazy bastard and refuses to help in any way. Plus, he wears a hat with a "P" on it. Last time I checked Zebediah starts with a "Z." I hate this game.*

Oh, why won't the hurting stop? When will the hurting stop?

■ The Download section has been updated with a whole crapload of new clips from the recently reviewed cinematic stinkbomb "Jack-o." There's some utterly hilarious clips in there, including

"Dracula's Happy!" and "Dracula's Happy! Again!", both of which will make you wonder what exactly is inspiring the look of sheer joy on the guy's face. Download them and weep, pansy child. Oh yes, and if you've never read the review of "Jack-o", it's right here.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.18 Brief History of SA

Thursday, Oct 19, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Ladies and gentlemen, I'm dead tired. I've spent the whole day going over various contracts and legal crap with me, myself, and a select few lawyers. Yup, good ol' Something Awful is going to be moving to a new network. Where? It's a secret! I can't tell you! Also, I haven't decided yet. Anyway, here's a little bit of SA history for you people who, for some inexplicable reason, care about this site's past.

November 5, 1999 - While working one night for Gamespy, radium and I were making fun of some goofy-ass game that another employee was playing. I don't remember what it was, but it involved him shooting dinosaurs that apparently had megaphones built into their tracheas, because they would make the most God-awful noises. Imagine grabbing a bunch of stray pit bulls, cramming them into an industrial trash compactor full of broken syringes, and then magnifying the noise they make by about 600 times. Doing that will result in a sound about 1/15th as annoying as that game. As I commented to radium, "that stupid game Pharcyde is playing really is something awful." He agreed, and suddenly a magnificent idea slammed across my head like a thrown brick, an idea that would change my life forever. The words "something awful" immediately clicked and my brain hatched a wonderful plan. Yes, I had the incredibly brilliant idea to GO OUT AND BUY SOME CHINESE FOOD. After that, while clutching my stomach in pain and attempting to choke back the acidic bile rising in my stomach, I also decided to register www.somethingawful.com. Since my monthly salary at Gamespy was nearly triple the $70 registration fee, I could easily afford it.

November 23, 1999 - Something Awful officially launched. The first piece of content to ever be posted was the review of "WWF Attitude" for the Sega Dreamcast. The front page description of the review was as follows:

> *"WWF Attitude" destroys any conceivable enjoyment somebody straight could derive from having fat white guys fall on each other.*

It's like having your colon cleansed... WITH PURE HISTORY! I'm not going to bother trying to dig up one of the original designs of this site because you will undoubtedly take your own life after seeing something so horrible. Let me put it to you this way: ***bright orange and lots of it***.

January 24, 2000 - SA was officially hosted by UGO under the ever gracious and considerate Chet from Old Man Murray / Murphy. Things were happy and good then, and a peaceful calm had swept across most of Europe and certain areas of Atlantis. Unfortunately, the forecast was "cloudy with a 95% chance of PURE AWFULNESS!"

March 17, 2000 - SA moves to the nefarious Gamefan Network. Why did I haul my site over if I was happy on UGO? Well, back then I was working for Voodoo Extreme, which was on the Gamefan Network as well, and I was told that I *had* to move my site over to their network. Their reasoning was that it would look "odd" if somebody who worked for their network chose to have their site hosted on a competing network. Since I was pretty naive to the ways of cash-grubbing companies back then, I agreed.

August 7, 2000 - After failing to receive a paycheck for the previous two months, I moved my site off Gamefan to Backbeat Media. This brings us up to...

The present time - SA is moving off of Backbeat Media. While I have nothing but the highest regards for the entire staff at Backbeat Media, SA just doesn't really fit in

> with their network strategy. This is a site pretty much unlike all the other pages they own, 100% of which are Mac-based. Although we both feel as if I could benefit more from moving to another network, I don't regret any of the time I spent on their network. In all my conversations and experiences with the BBM team, I found them to be highly professional, motivated, and honest beyond belief. They're a real class act of guys, and I will wholeheartedly recommend them to anybody running a hardware or straight-up computer site.

So where is SA going? It's a mystery! Right now I'm entertaining offers from a few various places, and having **EVERYTHING** examined by a contract lawyer who specializes in this type of thing. I'm making absolutely sure SA doesn't get "Nick Fishered", and it will take a bit of time to look over all the paperwork and that kind of exciting junk.

So that's the reason I didn't have time to write any other content for today, and I'm stickin' to it.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.19 Andy Smith is a Moron

Saturday, Oct 21, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Ever wanted to see pure ignorance solidified into an oozing, tangible lump of squirming stupidity? Look no further, as we have the incredible Andy Smith, who doesn't let worthless things like "facts" get in his way of hard hitting journalistic integrity! Witness the sheer idiocy by reading his chock-full-o-BS article, "Mud sticks", which details his version of my conflict with Express.com (scroll down, it's on the bottom of the page). Here's a dissection of his failed attempt to assemble enough random words together to form an article:

> *Jabs at Express.com became a regular feature at the site, and despite Kyanka's total failure to provide any proof, his allegations went unquestioned. What he was saying became accepted as truth, and fans of SomethingAwful.com spread the message far and wide.*

"*Total failure to provide any proof*"? How the heck can I prove to everybody that I wasn't paid for over June, July, and August? I talked to a representative at my bank account, but he said that giving everybody my account number, social security number, and access code might not be a "wise" thing to do.... especially with all the hackers these days using Linux and Tarball and Litestep and hula hoops and such. If you really want to see proof that I wasn't paid, click here for the Adobe pdf file that Express.com sent me, detailing all my payments.

> *At the heart of Kyanka's complaint was his claim that he should have been receiving $2.50 for every thousand adverts shown on SomethingAwful.com. If this had been true then it would have been an unusual contract to say the least, as the industry standard is to pay only for third-party adverts, not "fillers" placed by the advertising company itself.*

UGO, one of the largest networks in this genre (if not the largest), pays a flat $2.50 CPM. Of course Andy Smith chooses to ignore this because it doesn't support his conspiracy-filled article. That's okay, Andy Smith, I am not angry at you. I am angry at the company which failed to make your tinfoil hat 100% gamma beam proof, thereby exposing your brain to all the evil government radiation that seeps out of your TV at night. I heard that if you increase your daily intake of chalk, you can keep the alien Men in Black from stealing your pants!

> *And indeed, it wasn't true. The GameFan contract clearly stated that affiliates would receive "50% of all net revenues" from advertising. In other words, filler ads wouldn't be paid for, which is a perfectly normal and accepted practice. Kyanka denied this in a recent message posted on his site, claiming that Express.com had "failed to mention anything" about the policy.*

Once again, Andy Smith seems to decide that stupid things like "facts" have no place in journalism. Here's a quote from my news update on 10-10-2000:

> ***"They have "contractually fulfilled" all their obligations to myself and my site. When I first signed on, I was simply told that I'd get $2.50 CPM - that is, $2.50 per 1,000 ads served."***

In their verbal contract to me (between myself and the Gamefan Network rep), I was told I'd get $2.50 CPM, just like all the other sites were told. Then, on the written contract, they had a clause

saying I'd only get 50% of **sold inventory**. As for "*filler ads wouldn't be paid for, which is a perfectly normal and accepted practice*", once again Andy Smith seems to ignore the fact that UGO pays all its hosted sites for all in house and filler ads. Bah, who needs facts when Andy Smith's got a keyboard, one free hand, and access to the Internet?

> *After this remarkably successful one-man smear campaign, Express.com is now seen by many as a company that rips off its affiliates, an image that could harm its current business and any future advertising deals.*

If anybody has any doubts about Express.com ripping off its hosted sites, feel free to contact **ANY** site that was once hosted on their network. I guarantee that you will **NEVER** hear a positive word about them, because all sites were ripped off. Of course since Andy Smith had already decided I'm the bad guy here, he can't be bothered to do something like that! I mean, what if they say something that contradicts his opinion? He would have to stop writing the article and then find some other use for the fifty-eight seconds he dedicated to researching it!

> *Kyanka received far more revenue than he was ever entitled to, but continues to claim that he has been "screwed".*

I wasn't paid for June, July, and August. That's three months working for a company and **NOT GETTING PAID**. If that doesn't fit the definition of "screwed", I don't know what does. The months that I was paid, I made this much (total amount and how much I take in after taxes):

> March - $1,121.78 (after taxes - $729.16)
> April - $3,497.74 (after taxes - $2,273.53)
> May - $3,989.41 (after taxes - $2,593.12)

If you'd like, you can download the Adobe PDF file of SA's monthly earnings right here. This shows how much I was paid every month I was on Gamefan, and was sent **FROM** Gamefan to me. These figures make Andy Smith's next paragraph of lies even more hilarious. Check this out:

> *Kyanka, who lives in the plush city of Costa Mesa on the Californian coast, now says Express.com has put him "over $3,000 in debt". He had been receiving around $12,000 per month from Express.com but claims to have been left "broke and penniless". He is currently asking for, and receiving, donations from his readers.*

HAHAHAHAHAAAAAA!!! "*Around $12,000 per month!*" That's comedic gold, Andy Smith! I think somebody's been pulling too many all-nighters with copies of the *Weekly World News*, because this article ranks up there with their numerous encounters regarding Bigfoot and Elvis (both of which are based more in truth than anything Andy Smith will ever write). I didn't earn half of $12,000 in all my months ***COMBINED***! Yet Andy Smith, who's content with printing up whatever idiotic, bold-faced lies he can come up with, seems to have no problem claiming something to the contrary. Way to go, Andy Smith! By the way, I heard that the number of cookies that comes in a baker's dozen is **AROUND 42 MILLION**!

As for me "*currently asking for, and receiving, donations from [my] readers,*" I took off all links to donate money for the server costs and shut down the donation account **the day after** I set it up. 100% of the donations went towards paying server bills, and not a dime went anywhere else. But hey, writing facts makes stories so banal and boring, I don't blame Andy Smith for choosing to lie

here as well. After all, lying seems to be the basis of Andy Smith's journalistic style... it wouldn't make sense to interject the truth here.

So, in summary, Andy Smith once again proves to the world that the Internet does not discriminate against anybody regardless of race, sex, color, or lack of intellect. Yup, Andy Smith's hard hitting style of "new journalism", which can be effectively compared to a kindergartner writing an essay about Cuban Missile Crisis, doesn't require "facts" or "truth" to back it up. Nope, on the Internet these days, what's written is simply the truth and requires no fact checking. I think I'll celebrate Andy Smith's ushering in of a new era by spending some of the $36,000 I apparently earned from Express.com. Andy Smith, please tell me where I can pick the check up for all this cash, because it seems my bank made a series of large financial errors on my part.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.20 Killer Kiddie Toys

Sunday, Oct 22, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Recently, the eyes of people across the world have been focused on the controversy regarding the recall of millions of Firestone tires. However, moist and creamy SA reader Scott Ritchie has informed me of a more sinister recall that could possibly end up causing World War III. Yes, I am of course referring to the recall of millions of Galoob's "Sky Dancers" toys because of *"eye injuries including scratched corneas and incidents of temporary blindness, broken teeth, a mild concussion, a broken rib, and facial lacerations that required stitches."*

If you haven't heard of these wonderful toys before, let me catch you up to speed. A pointy, T-shaped model of a fairy is mounted on some kind of large plastic launch pad, which, when triggered, shoots the fairy straight up into the air like an arrow coated with poison. Sounds like an incredibly excellent idea, doesn't it? I can just imagine the board meeting when they brainstormed this ingenious idea.

> **DESIGNER:** "Yeah, so then the kid yanks this cord and the six-inch doll shoots out and flies around the kid's room like a crazed T-square."
> **PRESIDENT OF GALOOB:** "Sounds interesting."
> **DESIGNER:** "It really is! Kids like fairies, they like crap that flies, and they LOVE spinning plastic chunks of death, so we combined them all into one product!"
> **PRESIDENT OF GALOOB:** "Isn't there some danger inherent to this toy? Are you sure this is safe to sell?"
> **DESIGNER:** "Let me remind you that I have photos of you and the mule from last year's Mardi Gras."
> **PRESIDENT OF GALOOB:** "Let's name them 'Sky Dancers' and ship ASAP."

Of course, if this scenario didn't occur exactly how I described it, I can imagine no good reason why Galoob, who has defined the word "quality" by releasing such marvelous toys as the Spice Girls doll set, would manufacture such an outrageously evil product. After performing some intense research (I looked up the words "galoob" and "naked Spice Girls" on google.com), I have come up with one clear answer: Galoob wants to trigger World War III.

EYE love this toy! Haha! That's comedy!

Think about it for a second; right there, on the recall page, it lists the words which will notify parents that they just bought a toy which could possibly fly up into the air, burrow into their child's brain like a rabid weasel, and then proceed to lay eggs in their skull. No wait, scratch the "eggs in their skull" part. Anyway, check out these key selections from their press recall:

> *Galoob® has received 170 reports of the dolls striking children and adults resulting in 150 reports of injuries. They include eye injuries including scratched corneas and incidents of temporary blindness, broken teeth, a mild concussion, a broken rib, and facial lacerations that required stitches.*
>
> *The packaging is labeled "Sky Dancers®," "galoob®," "MADE IN CHINA," "Ages 5 and Up Only" and "Not for children under 3 years."*

So what's the last image the kid sees before their plastic doll leaps into the air and pierces their corneas? "*MADE IN CHINA.*" This is a series of words which will haunt them every day of their Godforsaken lives. This is a phrase which will be burned into their mind when they wander the city streets at night, blind, drunk, and filled with rage. Soon these children will grow up, spend years of their life studying toy manufacturing, and design a doll to be exported to China which does even more damage than the nefarious Sky Dancer. They will put wigs and dresses on cans of mace, name them "Silly Susan", and ship the suckers off to China. Then China will retaliate by producing a robotic dog which responds to all commands, but has one small catch - it turns into a horrible killing machine whenever it hears the word "and"! Then it's only a matter of time before America and China start hammering wheels to atomic bombs and calling them "Super Fun Crazy Wagons." At that point you can pretty much kiss America good-bye, because at the rate we're buying Chinese imports, we'd be gone in seconds.

So what does Galoob have to gain from this? MONEY, and lots of it. Have you ever tried to buy an atomic bomb? They're expensive as hell, even **without** wheels! Folks, do yourselves a favor and stay away from the "Sky Dancers." Every person who purchases one is supporting Galoob's plan to turn America into a gigantic smoking crater of doom and possibly death. Come to think of it, that'd be kind of cool, so buy as many as you want. Just be warned that it's awful hard to update your page from a gigantic smoking crater of doom and possibly death, with a plastic arm protruding from your eye socket. Or so I hear.

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse, not content with simply reviewing the worst game maps out there, has expanded to reviewing terrible game mods as well. Today we kick off the festivities with Bezzy's review of "*Real Life Quake*", which attempts to make *Q3:A* like "real life." Yeah, the entire idea just reeks of success, doesn't it?

> *The other new weapon you'll find is the M16, which looks like it's been carved out of play-dough by a preschooler with an intravenous Paxil supply. That said, it IS a very good representation of a play-dough M16. But once again, after being wowed by modelling skills, our hopes are dashed as we press the fire button. Like a reoccurring nightmare, we find we have a huge arc of random fire. It doesn't matter whether you're crouching, running, or falling off a cliff; that random offset is constant. I guess it's fair enough - why the hell should players be allowed to shoot where they aim? That's not realistic! That's just STUPID! God knows sniper rifles were never made to shoot where you aim them, and most of the gun toting people I know run around aiming every which way but at their target... then again, they did go to the Bad Guy School of Shooting and not their local high school (where many a proficient marksman graduates every year).*

What this world needs is MORE REALISTIC MODS! We can't get enough! Lay 'em on, barkeep, we're big boys! Check out the rest of the review here, flyboy.

■ I am indeed a lucky man. I have been graced with yet another email from the wonderful Cliff Yablonski. Allow me to share it with you.

From: cliff yablonski
Subject: cliff yablonski

I have added 5 new pages of jackasses and lowlifes from the Appleton area that I despise. now I have almost 50 pages of morons that I've either beaten or am planning to beat. when I hit 50 pages, theres gonna be a special surprise. Im not telling what, so dont even think about it, moron.

cliff

He is truly a saint among saints. Please feel free to examine the five new pages of people Mr. Yablonski doesn't seem to like. If you don't, I'm afraid he may bludgeon me to death with a wafflemaker.

■ Wow, That's Amazing has a special ed - er, special treat for all of us today! Yup, they have finished up their "How to Sex With George" guide, which effortlessly explains how to pick up members of the opposite sex, assuming you're a male. And the opposite sex is a female. Here's a little bit to tide you over until you have a chance to click the link:

SIT DOWN! HAVE A CIGAR! BEHOLD MY MAGNIFICANT MACHINE AND JOIN ME ON MY SPLENDARRIFIC ADVENTURES THROUGH ZAZKONIEA! LAND OF THE EXPLOSIVE GOATS!
I THOUGHT YOU GUYS SAID YOU HAD A VOLVO...
BUT THIS IS A VOLVO...

To understand the George maneuvers, you must understand the essence of the female mind. You see, females are a lot like toaster ovens; they can't just make toast, but baked potatoes too! No wait, that's not females, that's toaster ovens. Women are really just like yaks. You can ride them, you can feed them, you can eat them and if you really want to, you can shave them. You can also get them drunk and then throw bricks at them while listening to the delightful noises they make... "BROOOAAAAAA!!" Then they get mad and chase you. Now that I have enlarged your... knowledge of women and expanded your mind, you are ready for the most complex maneuvers since that thing where you are supposed to rub your belly and pat your head or that other one where you have to urinate INSIDE the toilet bowl.

It's like somebody was able to turn pure wisdom into electronic characters and display them on my screen! It's black gold! Texas tea! It's an article you should probably read!

■ Shocking secret of the day: I'm actually beginning to like The Mark Side. I'm starting to think he's pretty funny. Before anybody emails me messages questioning my heterosexuality and misspelling the word "ASS" repeatedly, let me explain that they just painted the apartment next to mine and I've been inhaling paint fumes all day.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.21 PC Gamer's The Next Game Gods Comic Review

Monday, Oct 23, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Anybody who reads this page knows that there's a lot of idiotic and worthless crap floating around this open sewer we call the "Internet." Hell, there's enough idiotic and worthless crap floating around this site to choke and kill all the religious nuts shooting each other up in the Middle East. Well, assuming they are somehow able to eat idiocy and we can ship the idiocy to them without becoming the victim of a well-placed carbomb.

GAME GODS
CLIFF BLESZINSKI
WHO: Producer/Designer for Epic Games
AGE: 25
GAMES: Unreal and Unreal Tournament
CURRENT PROJECT: Executive Producer of Unreal 2 and Creative Consultant on Ryne
INTERESTING FACT: Actually likes to be called Cliffy B

Will anybody take Cliffy B. seriously after this? Hell, did anybody ever take him seriously before?

However, it's a rare occurrence when a large, multinational magazine decides to ignore the traditional concept of "printing features which will not make grown men weep", and instead focus their attention on something so intensely stupid that the paper it was printed on runs the risk of combusting into a fiery inferno. If you don't know what I'm writing about, please be sure to click this link and discover *PC Gamer's* "The Next Game Gods Comic." I will pause for a moment to allow you ample time to wipe the tears (either from laughter or pity) from your eyes.

PC Gamer has taken it upon themselves to "immortalize" various people in the gaming industry by making comic strips and trading cards glorifying them. Now I know what you're thinking: "But Lowtax, didn't you make a 'Heroes of the Gaming Industry' card set over a month ago?" Yes I did. I made the series to poke fun of various gaming personalities and parody the notion that anybody even remotely involved with games could be some kind of superhero celebrity. Unfortunately, sometimes life imitates poorly-drawn art. *PC Gamer*, thinking that dressing Cliffy B. in all black and giving him a pair of sunglasses makes him less comical than the normal "suburbanite pirate pimp" motif he normally aspires for, has deemed a select few game producers as "Gods."

Unfortunately, there's one slight problem with this that the geniuses at *PC Gamer* seemed to have mistakenly overlooked: ***it's the absolute most moronic idea since the inflatable pincushion.*** For every person that worships somebody in the gaming industry, I can name one person who will buy a few acres of swampland in Florida. Is *PC Gamer* trying to make gaming industry nerds into living legends? Are we supposed to start bowing down and worshipping texture artists? Will we have to avert our eyes next time we encounter a game producer staring at young girls getting off the junior high school bus? Can you imagine your child telling you he wants to "be like American McGee" when he grows up? You'd hit the little idiot with a lamp and ship him off to boarding school within seconds! The whole concept of anybody in this industry as "Gods" simply boggles my mind.

To reinforce the notion that people like Robin "Team Fortress 2" Walker should be revered, *PC Gamer* has provided a "comic" strip that they will never, ever, EVER live down. When World War III is over and America lies in ruins, people will still be making fun of this comic. If aliens ever visit the Earth and are debating if we're advanced enough to join their Intergalactic Coalition of Smarty Men, they will see this comic and decide to not only prohibit us from joining, but they will abduct the entire *PC Gamer* office and put them in some kind of space zoo for display. The aliens will cheer and laugh when the *PC Gamer* employees hurl their own feces at them. Anyway, let's get on to a review of the *PC Gamer* "comic".

QUICK REVIEW OF THE PC GAMER "COMIC": Some evil guy who runs the evil Microsoft Software Division is forcing wussy slackjawed game designers to make an awful (and evil) game. This is humorous because, as everybody knows, Microsoft is evil! Only the most hilarious comics poke fun at Microsoft! For example, there's that one online comic that always goes on and on about how Linux rules and how Microsoft sucks, and man, that's just the funniest damn thing ever. Calling Microsoft "evil" and making fun of them never gets old! Comedy = writing *MICROSOFT SUCKS*!

ONE AFTERNOON AT THE MICROSOFT ENTERTAINMENT DIVISION...
GENTLEMEN, BY COMBINING BEST-SELLERS INTO ONE GAME...
...I, THE SHOVELWARE MASTER, CAN BRING YOU THE ULTIMATE PC GAME...

Oh no! That evil Microsoft want's to make a crummy game! Good thing REAL companies like Eidos never shoved something crappy out the door!

Judging by that look on your face, you'll need a lot of help, Alex "Homeworld" "Strategy Lad" Garden.

Alex "Homeworld" Garden, who appears to be storing horseshoes or weather balloons in his chin, runs back to Game God Headquarters and informs Cliffy B. and American "American 'Alice' McGee's Alice" McGee (sorry, he has a self-recursive name) about this nefarious plan. Cliffy B. exclaims "*CRIPES!*" because that's the kind of expressions Game Gods use. Well, that and "Please Adrian Carmack, just leave my office." Cliffy B., American "American 'Alice' McGee's Alice" McGee, and Alex "Homeworld" Garden put on their Matrix-like outfits and posture while the phrase "*THE NEW GAME GODS!!*" appears above them. Notice there are two exclamation points which end up making it quite dramatic. This is all incredibly exciting and reminds me of a scene from "True Lies" or "On Golden Pond."

Hahahahahahaaaaaa! They're so HIP! So COOL! They wear BLACK and have SUNGLASSES! Watch out crime, here comes the NEW GAME GODS!

If you were trapped in this Godawful strip, wouldn't you go mad?

Meanwhile, ol Scratch is beating people with his whip and making a general nuisance of himself. He demands that his game skip QA and be released anyway. This is unheard of! Only the most evil and backwards of companies release products that haven't passed a rigorous inspection through QA! Nobody rushes products out the door! I mean, Unreal Tournament was completely playable on my nVidia card when it shipped! Daikatana had perfectly functioning sidekicks and no gamestopping bugs at all! Everquest was wonderfully balanced and hasn't been changed at all since its release! That damn evil Microsoft! They're so damn evil! And evil too!

Thank you PC Gamer for helping us see who are true enemies are - the Irish. Oops, I mean Microsoft.

QUICK THINKING, STRATEGY LAD. YOUR GOOD GAMES NOT ONLY SAVED US, BUT THE WORLD AS WELL. YOU AND YOUR TEAM CAN TRULY CALL YOURSELVES GAME GODS!!
THE END

YES, STRATEGY LAD SAVED THE DAY! HOORAY FOR ALEX "HOMEWORLD" "STRATEGY LAD" GARDEN! HE IS TRULY A GAME GOD! Notice Killcreek in the background, watching McQuaid measure that guy's shoe size. It's dirty work for dirty, dirty people.

Luckily, justice is in the cards for the Gaming Gods! Microsoft releases their crappy product and is greeted by a splash article on the front page of *PC Gamer*, declaring it the "*WORST-SELLING GAME EVER!*" Wow! I guess I can really trust all the reviews from PC Gamer now! They "tell it like it is!" They don't bother kissing asses of game developers and making completely stupid comics of them just so they might get more exclusives and demos! They're a consumer's best friend!

The comic ends with some guy thanking Alex "Homeworld" "Strategy Lad" Garden for making sure *PC Gamer* made a magazine claiming Microsoft's game was the "*WORST-SELLING GAME EVER!*" or however the hell they managed to defeat the evil Microsoft. A very fulfilling ending indeed, especially considering absolutely NOTHING happened throughout the entire comic strip.

So what's the point of this horrible mess? Beats the hell out of me. Will this sell their magazine? I doubt it, unless they're shipping them to obscure South American tribes who have never seen colors on printed paper before. Will this get them more exclusive scoops from game publishers? Probably

not, unless game designers like seeing pictures of them which look like (as Hellchick phrased it) "Johnny Quest rejects." Since I cannot possibly determine the motive for producing something so horrible, I will simply thank them for fueling the ever burning fire of crap that drives this site.

TOMORROW: A review of the "Gaming Gods trading cards!"

■ In response to the PC Gamer article and the quickly approaching Halloween holiday, Jeff K. has created another spooky episode of "HUANTED TAILS OF HOARROAR!" Today's episode may shock and disturb you, so get read for the...

Buckle up, bonehead! You're going for a ride!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has made a huge step today. Yes, we have pulled aboard Jed to look at and review the most terrible *Half-Life* maps out there. People have been asking for a LONG time for us to review *Half-Life* maps, and that time has come. If you have links to any terrible Half-Life maps (do NOT send in the maps themselves), be sure to drop an email to Jed with the link. He needs as many crap *HL* maps as possible. For example, one like this:

> *Well, any map that appears to be made entirely out of sheet metal and drywall is alright in my book... except this one. The deranged 11-year old responsible for "Myhome" has absolutely no sense of proportion and tosses random textures everywhere like an angry, disoriented wallpaper hanger with attention deficit disorder. The map's lighting basically follows the same philosophy, as each grotesquely disfigured room you encounter contains some different sort of failed experiment in attempted illumination. This house has no visible windows or exits either, probably because the place was condemned and boarded up after the owner went crazy, murdered his family, and installed seven miles of RGB track lighting.*

Check out his review of the Half-Life monstrosity, "Myhome." As an additional treat, Squonkamatic has also reviewed two new *Quake 2* maps! Head over the the Whorehouse and feast your eyes upon a veritable bonanza of failed mapmaking and wasted lies!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.22 NASDAQ Crash

Tuesday, Oct 24, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Doom. Gloom. Horrible destruction. Widespread panic. People frantically running around, trying to escape, but all is futile; failure surrounds them left and right.

No, I am not describing my work experience at Gamespy, I am of course referring to the recent gigantic plunge in the NASDAQ. For all you people who are fortunate enough to not be familiar with the stock market, the NASDAQ is the tech-heavy brother of the Dow Jones, and is full of all the idiotic online IPOs that we saw pop for the last couple of years. Remember when everybody and their brother was filing for IPO? When we were treated to nine different online dog food company stores opening every hour? When you could get investment money for absolutely anything, just as long as it had the prefix "cyber", "e", or "virtual" in its title? I'm glad to say those days are dead and buried.

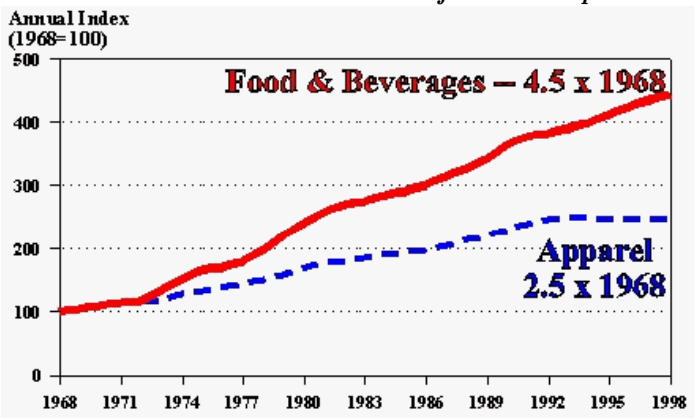
The NASDAQ plummeted about a week ago, and it plummeted HARD. However, people in the stock market industry refer to this as the market "correcting itself," not "crashing." There's a fine line between these two terms, but nobody will ever reveal what it is. It's a big stock industry secret, and the traditional way to learn the difference is to join their ranks, get the magical decoder ring, and talk to the mysterious "Stockbroker X" who drives a time-travelling rocketcar. A much easier way to tell the difference is to pick up the obituaries section of your local newspaper and look for how many stock industry people killed themselves the previous day. If they died from overdosing on cocaine, it's just a market correction. If they suffered from "brain and major organs exiting the body upon impact from a 50-story building jump", it was a market crash. If there aren't any reports of stock brokers killing themselves, you must've accidentally picked up the sports section.

Anyway, the big companies, big businessmen, and generally everybody else finally realized that these inane online e-cyber-online-businesses-online were a waste of money and weren't producing any results. After funneling millions and millions of dollars into such moronic concepts as online soap operas, investors began to wise up and understand that these companies just weren't profitable. They were losing money hand over fist. Why? Well most online companies have an absolutely ludicrous cash burn rate. Did you know that NBCi, the website nobody visits unless it's to download porn that your friend stored on their servers, had over 950 people working for them? 950 people. Working for NBCi. What the hell did these people do all day? Hang out at the water cooler? Brainstorm new methods to make their site even more confusing and complex? My guess is that they just sat around and were paid to get paid, because there's no way 950 people could all be doing something remotely productive for one single website.

Once the investors saw their cash being burned faster than a pyromaniac in a napkin factory, they stopped fueling the fire and cut their cash supply. Soon most all IPOs, despite their heavy initial investments, began to announce terrible losses each and every quarter. Then the stock market decided it was sick to death of these bloated IPOs, and caved in. The NASDAQ dropped quicker than my IQ after seeing this Daily Radar article. I tried to make a graph showing the NASDAQ's plunge, but the only graphical tool I have on this computer is MS Paint, and even that doesn't seem to be functioning correctly. As a result, I looked up "NASDAQ LINE GRAPH" in Google, and it came up with the following informational result:

As you can see, this graph doesn't really offer much information to support my claims. It does however show that somebody somewhere is consuming over 4.5 times as much food as they did in 1968, yet they're only wearing **2.5 times as much clothing**! I blame this on "The Ricki Lake Show", because whenever I watch it there are invariably some skanky teenagers wearing cutoff shirts

FIGURE 1 - Some Kind of Line Graph



and tiny shorts, causing their pasty white flab to ooze and drip all over their clothing. Note that Ricki Lake probably wasn't around in 1968, back when people were wearing one times as many clothes and eating one times as much food, so my theory makes perfect sense.

Since I couldn't come up with any statistical data or useful graphs, I decided to do the next best thing and represent the NASDAQ correction via graphical symbolism. I've got about 100 megs of stupid pictures laying across the Awful Network here, so why not put them to use?

FIGURE 2 - The NASDAQ: Before and After

The NASDAQ. Before - Notice how happy and content it is. The universal "thumbs up" signals he's happy getting paid millions of dollars for a worthless service.

The NASDAQ. After - Notice the lackluster performance, depressed look, and general ugliness. Also notice that it's wearing brown pants, and they're really, really, really large.

So has the market fully corrected itself? Yes, partially. The number of outrageously stupid IPOs has been remarkably reduced. Overstaffed companies are shrugging off excess baggage to cut costs. People are beginning to realize that simply being on the Internet does not guarantee success, particularly if they're offering a product or service that nobody wants (or if they're hosted by Gamefan). When will we see the last major dip in the NASDAQ? I'm honestly convinced that the market will

not fully "bottom out" until we see stock in Snowball.com fall into negative numbers. In other words, probably a couple of days.

■ To help take our minds off "real world" problems such as the unpredictable NASDAQ, the conflict in the Middle East, and the urge to kill the person in the "nine items or less" line at the grocery store who has 30 bottles of Hi-C that she counts as one item because they're all the same flavor, Hakan has whipped up a brief overview of a Guide to College Life. Yes, all you college students should take note of this handy article, and all you former college students should read it and stop talking about your college days, because there's nothing more boring than some old guy droning on and on about how his frat stole a biplane and put it on the campus lawn to freak out the stuffed-shirt dean.

> *If the professor asks a question to the entire class, DO NOT ANSWER IT! This is merely a ploy so the professor can become acquainted with your name, after which he / she / it will grade your assignments with much more scrutiny. If anything, start mumbling and hope everyone around you mumbles too. That way the teacher will think you all are saying the answer but just too quietly for him to hear. The best thing to do is to just sit there and hope no one around you answers. Try not to breathe during this silence either; if you have a booger and it makes noise when you breathe, you will be called on. Teachers can also detect fear, excitement, and when you don't know what the hell they're talking about, so expect for them to call on you for roughly 92% of all questions.*

Go "University!" Beat "Tech!" Read da guide!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has been updated AGAIN with another spectacular *Quake 2* mapping disaster. Today's map, "Waterword", grabs a positively negative score of -47, making it one of the worst maps on our fair site. How could it be so awful?

> *For all I can tell, one spawns inside of a huge box with flashing button textures for a wall (a Mittenz trademark) that is totally filled with water. I mean completely -- no air pockets, no sky, no sewer to weave your way out, no teleporter to whisk you to safety in the nick of time. Just a huge goddamn box totally filled with water and spawn pads floating here and there; you are going to drown at some point no matter how you slice it. Blocks of lava bob and weave in the fullbright haze, and way way waaaay at the bottom are about four rocket launchers sitting on the floor. Over them hover a half dozen frozen stiff Crackhor monsters stuck in a reclining position. There is no health, no armor, no Rebreathers, no Biosuits, and essentially there is nothing to do in the map other than drown.*

Well, I guess that question is answered. Witness the horror of the review!

■ Something Awful would like to welcome its newest hosted site, the legendary Taco the Wonder Dog. I stumbled upon Taco the Wonder Dog years ago, shivering and hiding in a dark alleyway, seeking refuge from the rain and cruel city. I took the poor guy to a local YMCA where he was nursed back to health and given less revealing clothes. Ever since then, he has been producing the finest works of art and literary masterpieces known to man. Want examples? Check these out:

- Crunchy Savior vs. Zombies vs. Jack Chick

- The Leshik and Taco the Wonder Dog Christmas Special
- The Magnum Opus: "Jane" Starring Jane Fonda

Taco is a very special person. Some experts claim he is suffering from Down's Syndrome, but I don't think so. I can see the true genius behind Taco. He is very "special."

- Wow That's Amazing has updated their site with... well, something. I don't know what the hell it is, except it's called "Yak-Man's Adventure." I'm not going to bother reading it, as my dreams are disturbing enough as is.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.23 Cliff Yablonski's Schmuck Hunt!

Wednesday, Oct 25, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Cliff Yablonski has been battling the freaks and mutants of Appleton City for years. Now it is your turn. Do you have what it takes to defeat the horrible weirdos and genetic failures that inhabit his page? Try your luck on:

Cliff Yablonski's Schmuck Hunt!!!

Play now... or regret it later!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.24 Yablonski Tournament!

Sunday, Oct 29, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Sorry I haven't updated in the past few days. My hard drive took a crap on me and pretty much nuked everything. As a result, I'm trying to rebuild my work machine, email database, contact info, and all the other junk I lost. It hasn't been too much fun, and I'm thinking about becoming a Luddite from this point on.

While I'm attempting to get this site and my system back in order again, I do have something wonderful to offer everybody out there. Yes, I present you the sequel to "Cliff Yablonski's Schmuck Hunt", a game which takes Cliff's hatred and rage to an all-new level of raw contempt. Yes, I am referring to:

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.25 SUV Drivers

Tuesday, Oct 31, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

- A brief look at the world that makes up our... uh... world.

- SUV Drivers Don't Really Care About Driving - The Progressive Auto Insurance company has recently released their survey of 30,000 drivers, asking about driving habits and other remarkably fascinating information. The results seem to confirm what most of us already knew: SUV drivers tend to be real big jerks.

> *More than a fourth of all motorists, or 27 percent, shout or swear to express anger when driving... Those shouters and swearers are most likely to be owners of S/UVs and sports cars, followed by owners of minivans (soccer moms?); and most of those shouters and swearers (57 percent) use a cell phone when driving.*
>
> *Almost half, or 44 percent, of all drivers use a cell phone while driving, but more than half, or 60 percent, of S/UV drivers use a cell phone while motoring.*
>
> *Slightly more than 2 out of 3 motorists, or 69 percent, munch when behind the wheel, and that rises to 74 percent for sport-utility vehicle and minivan drivers.*

After doing some preliminary research (I sat in traffic on the 405 for about two hours), I discovered some shocking facts of my own (NOTE: the word "facts" used in this context does not have the traditional meaning of "information presented as objectively real." In this case it means "information presented as objectively real although it really isn't"):

> Almost 86% of the S/UVs in California are driven by tiny Asian women who cannot see over the steering wheel. The other 14% are sorority girls who don't even bother looking over the steering wheel because they're too busy talking with their friends in the back seats.
>
> 17% of accidents with S/UVs result in 129% of all automobile-related deaths. This results in 35% of the total amount of automobile statistics, and 65% of all non-automobile related statistics.

To illustrate this article, I have gotten Jim Bagleaducia to doctor up a "normal" and "S/UV driver" photo. Notice his impressive use of Photoshop in the second picture.

A Normal, Average Driver

A S/UV Driver

You'll notice than in the "S/UV Driver" photo the driver is holding a cellphone, some fast food, and sitting next to a bunch of pizza boxes. You'll also that there's an Olympic Torch (or some kind of odd marital aid) on top of the pizza boxes. I tried to ask Jim

why he added this, but he wasn't answering his phone. To draw attention away from the Olympic Torch, I took the liberty of drawing orange arrows that point in the opposite direction and attempt to draw attention away from the torch. Unfortunately, I now notice that they seem to be pointed to the guy's crotch. Just disregard the pictures entirely.

■ Boy Gives Up Wrestling After Falling Out a Window - I think "concerned parents" (ie, adults with too much time on their hands) have a new crusade to rally against - pro wrestling.

> *A 7-year-old boy modeling pro wrestling moves he had seen on TV bounced off his bed and tumbled out a second-story window. Casey Sabalsa sustained minor cuts and bruises after smashing through the bedroom window and tumbling two stories onto a cushion of grass.*

Okay, so people are convinced that despite no proof whatsoever, video games cause kids to shoot each other, yet here's an article conclusively proving that pro wrestling makes children injure themselves! Despite all this evidence (I consider a six-paragraph article to be an awful lot of proof), I have yet to see as many angry parents waving torches and pitchforks at their local congressmen, demanding wrestling be banned or given an R-rating. In fact, whenever parents complain about video games causing violence, they always mention *Doom, Quake, and RC Pro Am*! Have you ever heard them ONCE say ANYTHING about *WWF Attitude, Wrestlemania, or M.U.S.C.L.E. Wrestling* causing children to think they can fly? Of course not, because while OUR children are doing backflips and flying out windows like rubber bands, parents across the globe are too busy screeching that playing *House of the Dead 2: Electric Boogaloo* turns their kids into killing machines. Wake up, parents, and face facts: John Carmack isn't to blame for the worldwide phenomenon of kids doing extremely stupid things. It's Fred Dibiasi or Jimmy the Superfly Snooka or whatever current fat tub of moist lard the wrestling industry managed to cram into a G-string and prance around on stage for 10 minutes. Let's accept some responsibility here, or at least make up some.

■ Shugashack Has a "Create Your Own Gaming God Trading Card" Contest - While creating Gaming God trading cards isn't news in itself, the "prize" sure is.

> *"we'll announce who will be writing a "werd" post of the day."*

Yes, the winner of the contest will get to write on the Shack's page! They'll have the honor of doing Steve and Maarten's job for them! I think this opens up bold and exciting new areas of opportunity. In fact, these areas are so incredibly bold and incredibly exciting, I'm going to start a bold and exciting contest right now. It will be called "Guess What Number I'm Thinking Of (HINT: It's the Number '7')" and all you readers will be given a chance to guess. The winner gets to write articles for this site! Or you can update my news for me! Or even better yet, you can wash my car, because right now it's a filthy, rotting, mud-covered disease pit! I don't get nearly enough quality submissions to this site, so I can only assume this contest will be a raging success. Be sure to include your article along with your guess.

By the way, if you're reading this, Maarten or Steve, it's nothing personal, I'm just joking around. For example, if I was really trying to be mean spirited, I would've mentioned that Steve's rise to fame can be completely credited to the revolving-door prison system. And Maarten, if I was attempting to put you down, I would've said something about the time you passed gas at Quakecon and everybody distinctly heard the sound of a party favor going off in your pants.

■ Ah, to be graced by the presence of the wonderful Cliff Yablonski again. It truly is a wonderful experience indeed.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: ENTER SUBJECT HERE*
>
> *hey jerk, Ive got 4 new pages of people I hate in Appleton City. you know the drill - post it and I'll postpone kicking in your fat, bloated face for a few hours.*
>
> *goodbye pansy cliff*

He really is a man among men, isn't he? I hear he's also a reeking alcoholic. But enough about him, check out the four new pages of people Cliff Yablonski just doesn't like!

■ Happy Halloween, jerks (even though it's not Halloween anymore). Jed's gift to you is a review of a wonderful new Half Life map entitled "Co-op", which doesn't have anything to do with playing co-op. It's supposed to be some kind of TF "2 Forts" monstrosity. The fact that so many people want to recreate "2 Forts" over and over and over is sick in itself, but the crowning achievement is that they're usually so poorly done. This map is no exception.

> *Your arsenal in "Co-op" is pretty much limited to the crossbow, which is definitely the weapon of choice for gunning down your opponents while they stand stationary in the middle of the map, mesmerized by the mysterious shrine of spike-induced blindness. In the unlikely event that you ever get tired of repeatedly using the same lame-ass weapon weapon you can always venture into the secret underwater room and pick up some laser tripmines. The downside is that the vile red lighting in said room will probably give you nightmares and more or less destroy your will to live but hey, that's why they're called "tradeoffs", right?*

Take your tradeoffs and shove 'em, Joel!

■ Hosted site updates: Taco the Wonder Dog has many wonderful bits and pieces of stuff that makes my brain swell and hurt. He has completed the month-long saga of "Jane", his awe-inspiring musical play or screeching car wreck of lies, whichever you'd prefer to call it. He's also got a Flash movie entitled "Stunt Corpse" and some other stuff which I personally can't decipher or read.

Wow That's Amazing! also has something entitled "Bush, Gore, Lebenon, Whatever", which is about... uh... something. I'm personally leaning towards the "whatever" idea, because I can't make heads or tails of the article. Heck, the only way I can even tell it's an article is because the word "article" is up top and on the left. I think WTA provides a strong argument for mandatory lacing of our high school's milk with Ritalin.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 4

November

4.1 Counter-Strike, Sheriff Hippo, Jeff K. Reviews Red Alert

Wednesday, Nov 01, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ I was recently tricked into visiting Stomped, where I came across a rather interesting interview with a couple members of the Counter-Strike team. This question / response particularly stood out for me:

> ***Stomped:*** *When did the folks at Valve first come to you to talk about officially putting Counterstrike on their list of mods?*
>
> **Gooseman:** Oh at around CS BETA 5, Valve decided that CS was a worthy enough product to buy the license to. I think this resulted in us being branded as "sell-outs" but I was sick of living off bread and water. It was time to enjoy some of the finer things in life like proper heating and nutritious meals that adhered to the 5 food groups.

I find it so interesting that people began referring to them as "sell outs" just because they started getting cash from Valve, and actually had the gall to use it in a negative context. Folks, believe it or not, you **WANT** people like the Counterstrike team to "sell out." This is a good thing. It means the team can now afford to concentrate more on their project and add more resources to it. It results in you getting a better, more refined product. "Selling out" is the goal here, because people who put a ton of hard work into their product are finally rewarded and can continue doing what they love to do.

For example, if I could find some way to "sell out" this site, I'd jump at the chance. Why? Because if I had the opportunity to receive a steady income large enough to live off of, I'd quit my newly-acquired fulltime job and go back to working on SA all day. This would result in my readers getting more content and articles that could potentially be used as blackmail material against me. As long as the content and quality doesn't take a nosedive (and if you're getting paid to do something you love, there's no chance it will), "selling out" is one of the best things that could happen to an independent group. It may give you a warm feeling inside to be living off of good intentions, but that doesn't put food on the table, gas in your car, or even gas on the table. Now everybody, say it along with me: **I WANT SOMETHING AWFUL TO SELL OUT**!!!

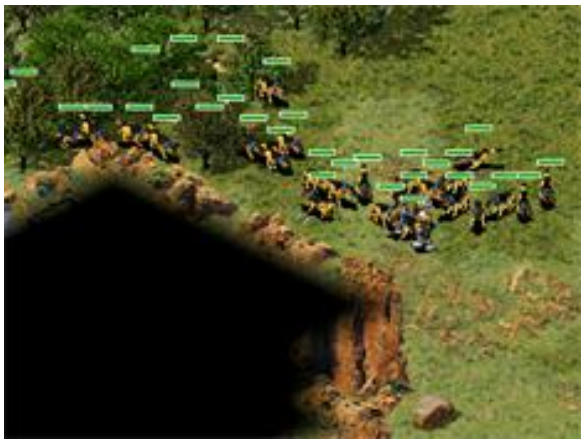
■ This is a damn hilarious column. I think I'm El Pinto Grande's biggest fan!

■ This is a damn hilarious Flash cartoon. I wish everything else on that site was as funny.

■ Jeff K. took some time out of his busy schedule of doing whatever the hell he does, and has provided us with a new review of *Command and Conquer: Red Alert 2*. Wondering if this new realtime strategy game is for you? Well reading Jeff's review probably won't help you decide, but you will get to witness and learn few key Jeff K. tips and tricks. Memorizing these strategies might make the difference between you getting your butt kicked and humiliated online, and merely getting your butt kicked online.

> *I launched a dog attack on teh unwitting enemeys and it was a bloodshed!!! my dogs maed quick work of those fiends and evarything was looking good until there stuped buildings shots my dogs! THAT'S CHEATING!!! BUILDINGS DONT SHOOT!!! BUILDINGS HOLD GROCERIES AND BOOKS BUT NOT SHOOTING GUNS so as yuo can tell there si a MAJOR flaw in this title already./*

And those clowns at PC Gamer claim to have respectable and accurate reviews of games! Pah! A pox upon them! Read Jeff K.'s review of *Command and Conquer: Red Alert 2* and learn



UPDATE:*PC Gamer* is by far the greatest PC gaming magazine in the world; it has the finest features, most trustworthy reviews, most compelling previews, and definitely the most entertaining hardware section. And the EiC is a pretty fine guy, too!

■ I have posted seven previously unreleased songs to the mp3 section. Head on over and check out the latest releases from yours truly, ARC, the official industrial / techno band of Something Awful! Makes me want to dance and break stuff!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.2 Lack of Sex Parties, College Life

Thursday, Nov 02, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'd like to reveal something which might shock and disturb you. If I present it correctly, it will hopefully shock AND disturb you.

I have never been to a sex party.

Yes, now I know what you're thinking: "But Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, you run a website! The chicks just gotta be throwing themselves all over you!" Ah, that is a common misconception my friend. Although webmasters like Steve and Maarten from The Shugashack often post exciting stories about the last Hollywood sex orgy they were in, and online personalities like Chris "Outcast" O'Brien often brag of the "hot and spicy" action he had at the children's petting zoo, I have yet to experience a sex party myself. Heck, at the last party I attended, the most exciting thing to happen was when I saw a millipede and nearly passed out. Notice I didn't bring up the fact that I had spent all night drinking beer, but instead I cleverly linked the passing out incident with seeing the millipede. Also notice that by admitting this fact, I revealed that I am not only a wuss, but a poor liar and a person who can't hold his alcohol. I guess that answers why I haven't been invited to any sex parties.

The whole sex party topic popped (pun intended) into my mind when I was flipping through channels and stumbled upon the film which might've been responsible for killing Stanley Kubrick, "Eyes Wide Shut." If you haven't had the pleasure of watching this before, allow me to summarize. **WARNING:** I'd like to preface this mini-review by first admitting I don't like "artsy" films. I don't even like artsy art. People keep attempting to convince me that stuff like Exploding Dog is the most genius work of art since the last genius work of art that I didn't enjoy. To me, Exploding Dog is just a bunch of stick figures with rejected Family Circus captions. The same applies to art movies as well; if I have to consult a Congressional task force just to determine the plot of a movie and what I should be getting from it, I probably won't enjoy it.

SA'S MINI-REVIEW OF "EYES WIDE SHUT": Tom Cruise is married to Nicole Kidman. They're both rich and affluent (**NOTE:** as far as I can tell, the term "affluent" means "really rich") thanks to Tom Cruise being the world's best doctor. In fact, he's such an incredible doctor that he manages to stay both rich AND affluent despite the fact that he only spends 20 seconds a day working. The remaining 23 hours and 59 minutes of his day are used to think about sex, watch people have sex, and think about watching people have sex. I assume he's paid by the hour and not by the amount of patients he services, unless the term "services" is used very broadly in his contract.

Picture from the horribly un-erotic orgy scene in "Eyes Wide Shut." This alone made me despise sex in all forms.

They both attend a party thrown by some affluent person who doesn't mind spending millions of dollars on garish lighting bills. While Cruise goes off to flirt with two supermodels and play an exciting party game entitled "Revive the Hooker", Kidman gets drunk and is hit on by an old man. After failing to have sex with any living creatures at the party, they both go home so Kidman can get stoned and become frighteningly obnoxious. Kidman reveals that she almost had an affair with somebody and Cruise reveals that he's supposed to be playing a sensitive character. Since he's so sensitive and emotional, Cruise leaves for his mandatory 20 seconds of work, then goes to purchase a hooker (which is obviously covered under his insurance policy). Unfortunately he doesn't get a chance to "do the dirty deed" with the hooker because his wife calls and reminds him that despite this being a film about sex, Kubrick doesn't

want any of the main characters to actually HAVE sex. They can allude to it and watch other people do it, but under no circumstances should they actually partake in it. Having sex might actually make this film somewhat entertaining or watchable, and Kubrick obviously didn't want to be a jerk and wake up the audience at any point throughout this movie.

Cruise eventually meets up with his old friend, a piano-playing guy who is the first character to be introduced without a truckload of over-the-top sexual references. Luckily it takes him only a few minutes to reveal he's being paid to play the piano for an orgy in a few hours. This piques the interest of Cruise, who has been instructed by Kubrick to "not have sex in as many fake New York locations as possible." Since this film was supposed to be about the dehumanization of sex or the lack of commitment to marriage or how critics will give a positive review to any movie they think is supposed to be "artsy", Cruise has to purchase a face mask and cape for the orgy. I'm not sure, but by all conventional standards, one would think that the inability to use one's mouth during an orgy might severely hinder the erotic possibilities. My guess turned out to be correct, and the orgy ends up having the raw erotic power of a Home Depot newspaper insert.

The mystery and danger really starts to pile up at this point, although I'm not quite sure why. Everything ends up being drowned out by the atrocious film score, which was composed by a drunk parrot repeatedly hopping on three piano keys. Some people die, some other people have sex (never with Cruise or Kidman), and the film ends a few days later.

Kubrick was extremely secretive while making this film. He claimed he didn't want the "plot" to be leaked, but that's obviously bullcrap. "Eyes Wide Shut" didn't have a plot. It was about two people who don't have sex, and the rest of the world that has too much sex. I think Kubrick was just afraid people would find out that despite his talent to light rooms and use camera filters, the film he wanted to pass off as "artsy" wasn't really much more than Tom Cruise acting constipated and walking across the same 50 feet of street repeatedly while anti-erotic sexual acts are performed in the background. If "Eyes Wide Shut" accurately portrays the whole "sex party world", I guess I should be thankful I haven't been invited to one yet. Plus I just can't afford a pelican mask and cape, so it all works out.

■ The "Guide to College Life" has been updated with another informative and helpful chapter. In case you haven't already been arrested for following the instructions in the first chapter, perhaps you should take a look at chapter two!

> *If you have a question regarding a particular grade on your paper, the only way to get it fixed is if you see your professor outside of class. They are often very receptive and helpful, assuming you can catch them during a free moment.*
>
> ***Hakan:*** *"Dr. Slaughter, I'm glad I found you here this late at night. Are you busy?"*
> ***Dr. Slaughter:*** *"No, I can take a minute off from teaching." (turning away from the chalkboard) "OK class, let's take a five minute break and we'll get right back to neurons."*
> ***Hakan:*** *"Who are you talking to? There's no one in here, and you don't even teach neurology."*
> ***Dr. Slaughter:*** *(weeping) "Please take me home..."*

It's helpful! It's informative! It's Something Awful!

■ Those meglomaniacal evil saviors at State Og have updated once again, providing us with details regarding the "State Og Empowerment Seminar". Oh, 'tis truly a glorious day to live in a world with the magnificent State Og and their helpful, strong, black-gloved hands!

> *One of the chief losses in productivity stems from employee conflict; conflict that can*

> *always (meaning sometimes) be resolved peacefully. There are a few simple reminders to help you deal properly with employee conflict, many of which do not involve rending your foe asunder with your bare hands.*
>
> *Hold your breath and count to five before speaking. This will help you calm down and focus your anger, possibly into a fireball which you can fling from your hands.*
>
> *When arguing with another employee, it helps if you distance yourself and view the situation through your coworker's eyes. Note: This does not mean tearing out their eyeballs and attempting to stuff them into your own empty sockets. Middle-manager Ted Feiber, we're talking to you.*

Stage Og is the answer to whatever ails you. And if you don't have anything that ails you, I'm sure State Og will help find something.

■ Taco the Wonder Dog, who people seem to love or hate, has updated once again, with a kitchen sink full of raw comedy. Today's treats include:

> The Man Who Climbs on Walls Who Shoots Shoes With Lasers to Kill Them to Keep Them From Menacing People, and
> Inspector Urine!

There's some humans out there that have asked why I host Taco, accusing him of being a poor Jeff K. imitator. Despite the horrible typing (hey, wonder dogs have a difficult time smashing the correct keys), I simply love Taco's Flash movies. Before writing the site off and turning away from it, do yourself a favor and check out some of his hilarious Flash flicks. My personal favorites include:

> Crunchy Savior 3: Crunchy Savior vs. Zombies vs. Jack Chick
> Stunt Corpse!
> The Leshik and Taco Christmas Special

Great stuff, in my honest o-pin-ion.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.3 E/N Sites Aren't Good!

Friday, Nov 03, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Everybody have a great Saturday, and remember what George Bush Jr. says:

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

■ Since updating the fantastical E/N Update on the weekends involves me actually having to go to E/N sites (something which is dangerous in itself), I'm just going to provide a couple links which basically sum it up for me.

Payback Productions - Preach on, brothers!

> *Something that's starting to bother me recently is a big trend in the "e/n" scene. There are a lot of people writing sites that actually think you give a shit about them. They write their little updates about their boring fucking lives and they are blind enough to think you give a damn.*
>
> *I don't mean to pick on this poor girl, but on her cam picture she writes, "i still have a bio lab to do. ugh."*
>
> *Do you care what she has to do? Of course not. I don't care.*
>
> *No one cares.*
>
> *All these people are telling the story of their dramatic little life... like the whole universe revolves around them. The majority of sites that I've found like this are run by teeny-bopper girls, but they aren't the only ones. It's gotten to the point that I'm disgusted with that whole area of the Internet. Yes, I realize some of you think I'm doing the exact same thing, but the difference is I know you don't give a shit.*

What's that? The sound of a nail being hit on the head?

Stultus.com - The Guide to Creating an E/N Website!

> *The first thing you need to know is being a webmaster of an E/N site puts you in a new catagory of people, no longer are you that loser that sits in #thestileproject and never speaks, NO!, you are now the op in a channel of your very own!!! But before we get to that point you have to build your site...*
>
> *Now the first thing you are going to have to do is come up with some kind of domain name that will keep your fans coming back... try using words like "stupid", "turd", or "idiots".*

The human race is full of people I hate and want dead! My life is a hollow shell of lies! ***I still have a bio lab to do! Ugh!***

Seriously though, I don't know why E/N site have suddenly become glorified bloggers. The "content" is nothing more than *"I saw my friend at the grocery store"* and *"why is everybody but me so stupid?"* and *"I am watching this show on TV."* They don't even try to disguise it as content. People may consider this site to be E/N material, but I put up at least two pieces of content every weekday, something most E/N sites don't. I try not to go into detail regarding my personal life, except when it can result in a semi-interesting or humorous story, either real or fictional. For example, have I ever mentioned on this site that my girlfriend and I broke up? Nope, because it's not very funny or interesting. Of course these are their own personal websites, so they should feel free to do whatever they like, but I just don't understand the growing trend of updating your webpage every ninety seconds with the name of your favorite cereal or your current grade in algebra class. Maybe it's just me.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.4 XFL Fever!

Sunday, Nov 05, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Folks, I'm excited. I'm really, really, really excited. I haven't been this pumped up since I found a six pack of slightly used Crystal Pepsi in the abandoned meat packing plant down the street. What on Earth could cause me to become so energetic and positive, short of a sequel to *Mr. Do's Wild Ride*? Let me clue you in:

LESS THAN NINETY DAYS UNTIL THE START OF THE XFL SEASON!

Now many of you out there are probably wondering what the XFL is and why I'm getting so remarkably orgasmic over it. Well to answer the second part, I get remarkably orgasmic for about any reason, from the christening of a Jiffy Lube to the announcement of a new chicken sandwich at Arby's, so that isn't really a feat in itself. However, many people haven't heard of the glorious XFL and the equally glorious legacy behind it. Let me cut and scrape a few sentences describing a bit about the XFL (remarkably enough, XFL.com doesn't have any information regarding this; I had to go to another site to find it):

> *The XFL is a new professional football league operated by Vince McMahon, the owner of the World Wrestling Federation. It is a separate entity entirely from the WWF, though the XFL will be promoted on WWF events shown on television.*

Did you get that? It's **FOOTBALL** (American Football, not the wussy football that involves kicking a white sphere and rioting) combined with **PRO WRESTLING**. These are two events which were just made for each other. Just look at the similarities:

- Both feature fat people who's goal is to ultimately lay on top of other fat people.
- Both have referees who couldn't call an honest game if their childrens' lives depended on it.
- Both require massive amounts of alcohol to be entertaining.
- Both have fans who think the appropriate attire for attending a formal event can be summed up as "wearing pants."

They belong together like peanut butter and chocolate! Windows and fatal bugs! Gamespy and unpaid employees! Cousin Larry and Balki Bartokomus! It was just meant to be! If you had any doubts, just think about this startling and revealing fact: *Vince McMahon was given the WWF by his father.* With such a strong background, it's highly unlikely there's anybody else more qualified

to run a professional football league. Plus McMahon's got a dent in his chin the size of a golf divot, so you know he really means business.

Every single aspect of the XFL screams "high class." Upon immediately visiting the site, the viewer is treated to a random display of "Crowd Noise" on the right. This shows a few sentences supposedly quoted from an excited XFL "fan" whom I assume was given 100 bucks, a bag of cocaine, a piece of paper listing all the team names and some adjectives, and a tape recorder to save their comments. If you weren't pumped up before, reading some of these gems will surely put you in the mood!

> *"I predict the Maniax will be the league champs. With the best coaches and players, it is a sure thing." - Shuan N. "I have only one thing to say about Birmingham - THEY SUCK! Maniax will dominate!" - Chris J. "It doesn't matter who coaches the Enforcers, we're still gonna be the best team in the league." - Kevin F.*

Wow, the XFL fans are sure pumped up and excited, especially considering they haven't even seen a single team practice yet! That's how **RAW AND IN YOUR FACE THE XFL IS GONNA BE!** They talk shit without even knowing for sure who's even on their team! It's this kind of mindless dedication that leads a team to victory. It's also this kind of mindless dedication which powered the Nazi War Machine, but I think I can safely say that the Nazi reign of terror was nothing like the XFL. For example, Hitler's uniforms looked exponentially less stupid than the XFL's.

I guess the uniforms are supposed to match the teams' names and attitude, but some of these are just downright laughable. The "San Francisco Demons"? The only thing demonic about San Francisco is the cost of apartment rent there. The "Orlando Rage"? How about the rage people express when somebody from Orlando cuts in front of them on the highway and slows down to approximately nine miles an hour? "Los Angeles Xtreme"? Nothing says "failed marketing campaign" quite like the word "extreme", much less it's forcibly-hip brother "xtreme." I can just imagine the EXCITEMENT and RAW ENERGY that was flowing around when their creative team was brainstorming names:

> **CREATIVE GUY #1:** "We need to capture the youth market with the XFL! What's some stuff that kids are 'hip' to these days?"
> **CREATIVE GUY #2:** "Clog dancing? Lightning storms? Steak dinners? Hula hoops? Fax machines?"
> **CREATIVE GUY #1:** "No! We need a hip and trendy team names that screams 'Welcome to the new millennium'!"
> **CREATIVE GUY #2:** "How about the word 'extreme'? It was popular in the 90's!"
> **CREATIVE GUY #1:** *(looking at watch)* "Sure, whatever, I've got to get out of here and pick my kids up from soccer practice in 10 minutes, so let's just hurry this the hell up."

The XFL.com page also lists the results of the XFL P.A.S.S., which was the draft for people untalented enough to end up in working for the NFL or popular theme parks. The headline just teases you to read it by promising answers to the question, "what ever happened to Scott Milanovich, Pat Barnes, Casey Weldon, and Marcus Nash?" Unfortunately, it doesn't answer who the hell Scott Milanovich, Pat Barnes, Casey Weldon, and Marcus Nash are to begin with, but I can only assume they're some of the most talented individuals to ever earn a management position at Sears. You know how when you were a kid and had to choose teams for kickball, there would always be a couple

scrubs that nobody wanted? I imagine that's what the entire XFL P.A.S.S. was like. The challenge wasn't finding somebody that was GOOD, the real trick was drafting somebody who was LESS AWFUL than everybody else. Kind of like somebody walking up to you and offering to give you either Malaria or Legionnaires Disease.

Regardless, I'm really looking forward to the XFL. In tomorrow's news update I'll explain more reasons why, unless I manage to forget them or lose interest in the subject altogether.

■ Oh, the joy I feel in my bones when I receive a letter from Cliff Yablonski. It's no XFL invite, but it sure is a wonderful experience nonetheless.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: your site*
>
> *hey cretin, I updated my site with three new pages of people I hate. in case you're too stupid to see the pattern, Im updating every monday. count on it, schmuck.*
>
> *cliff*

Wow, you know what that means! Cliff Yablonski hates three more pages of us!

■ Bezzy has stepped up and provided another *Quake 3: Arena* mod review for Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse. Today's review tackles the team-based mod, *Elite Squad Arena*. Ugh.

> *Muster up your courage and dig into the seven or so classes, if you can manage to work through a couple of class and team selection menus (which, because of some rather lazily implementation, must be taken in the correct order OR YOU DIE). The general class-based bullshit awaits: a scout Arctic Marine, spy Assassin, heavy weapons guy Heavy Marine are all in store, as well as many other highly original classes! There is even a class that has a high powered rifle that can telescopically zoom! The incessant pounding of wacky new ideas is making me feel very dizzy!*

Incredible! Read it and weep!

■ I have changed the left nav bar to Flash, mainly because it looks a hell of a lot nicer and it's also a smaller file size. If the bar isn't showing up for you, then you obviously don't have Flash installed and should probably get it. The general population does have the Flash plugin, so I think it's a safe bet that too many people won't be left out in the dark. Before you write into me, saying you're running L33T WEB BROWSER 5.21938 on your BLACKHEAD LUNIX v4.231289237 BETA ALPHA OMEGA OS, let me express that this site is made for IE and Netscape users. I don't have the time, manpower, or knowledge to code it to be compatible with every obscure browser and OS in existence. Flash is a pretty standard plugin, so there shouldn't be any major issues with it. If you do find any, drop me a line.

■ Thanks to everybody who emailed me, offering their condolences to me regarding my breakup with my girlfriend. Sometimes things in life just don't work out the way you thought they would. It ain't no thang though; when life throws me a curveball, I... uh... um... make lemonade. I forgot how that saying goes, but I think you get my point. I heard a rumor that there are plenty of women in California, so it shouldn't be a critical problem.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.5 XFL Fever: Day 2

Monday, Nov 06, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Before I launch into Day 2 of my tribute to the XFL, I'd like to take a moment to apologize to the approximately 15 million people who wrote in, explaining that Vince McMahon wasn't ***given*** the WWF from his father, but instead ***bought*** the WWF from his father. I know this makes all the difference in the world, like being ***given*** a free night with a hooker who has genital warts is completely different than ***paying*** for a night with a hooker who has genital warts. Yes, I am indeed a horrible monster and I pray for death.

Blah blah blah HOOTERS blah blah blah

Anyway, back to the XFL! In yesterday's update, which I'd link to if it wasn't on the same damn page as this update, I made a rather convincing argument explaining how the XFL is just about the most wonderful thing in the history of mankind since "Critters 2." My argument, like many of the articles and content featured on this website, consisted solely of sweeping generalizations and poorly researched material that was the result of drinking too much Mexican beer. I see no problem in continuing that tradition with today's update.

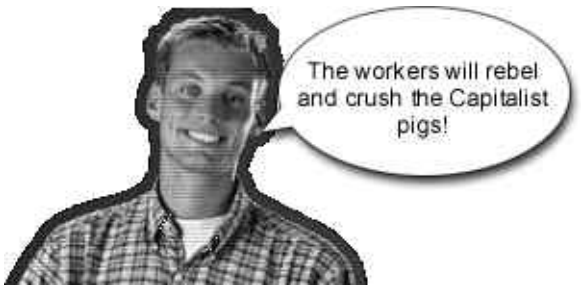
Upon a deeper examination of the XFL's website, one cannot help but stumble upon the section labeled "The X-Zone", because it's a well-known fact that the letter "X" is just terribly hip and draws more attention than a plane crash full of clowns and nuns. Well, at least that's the effect it had back in the mid-90's, and there's no logical reasoning that would force me to think that the public has changed at all since the 1990's. Hell, we haven't really changed since the 1980's, have we? I've noticed that parachute pants and Hawaiian shirts are back in fashion, so for all I know the phrase "gag me with a spoon" could be flowing across grade schools faster than an Ipecac Slurpee through Calista Flockhart's digestive tract.

The "X-Zone" features award winning commentary from an award winning commentator, Lucas Swineford. Please note that when I write "award winning", I don't mean to imply he has actually won any awards. Instead, I feel this man has the strong potential to eventually win awards, such as "Cleanest Cellblock" or "Most Reformed Inmate." Swineford, who has obviously accepted large contributions from the XFL to write such horribly inane columns, has provided six wonderfully informative pieces of content to keep us hardcore fans happy until the XFL players have earned enough vacation days to leave Denny's and practice for a full weekend. Lucas seems very intent on spreading the good word of the XFL, and his column helps point out all the reasons we should be foaming at the mouth for the start of a new season of professional minor-league professional football.

> *But on a more important level, the XFL going to Memphis is great for the city because it deserves another chance at football. It's a city that some feel has been given the shaft by the NFL. As evidenced by the fact that they consistently drew 25,000 - 30,000 to the Liberty Bowl for USFL and World Football League games ... there's a loyal football fan base in Memphis.*
>
> *Aside from giving the XFL a much-needed presence in one of the country's most important football markets, placing a team in Chicago also offers the league a solid blueprint for the future.*
>
> *Vegas is a great city for two immediate reasons. First off, no one ever really provided a tremendous effort to establishing a major league football presence in Las Vegas. Sure, the city had teams in the Arena League and the Canadian Football League, but they were*

never given much of chance, seeing as they played for a combined three seasons between them.

Do you see a pattern here? According to Lucas Swineford, nearly EVERY CITY IN THE ENTIRE WORLD is a "perfect" choice for the XFL! If East Saint Louis were to suddenly pop up with a team of their own, Swineford would undoubtedly herald the overwhelming positives of having a team there, ranging from "great exercise potential when running from the stadium to your car, praying not to be raped" to "easy access to crack cocaine insures every game to be a visually exciting event!" Now while I have nothing but the highest respect for media whores, who have the uncanny ability to spew whatever idiotic tripe their parent company forces them to say day in and day out, I think Swineford pushes it a BIT too far. I can only assume that poor ol' Lucas has been the victim of a complete brainwashing session courtesy of Vince McMahon and goons. Take a look at the guy's face and tell me I'm wrong, I dare you:



Those vacant, soulless eyes. That wide, heartless grin. The Godawful 1960's shirt and matching hairstyle. I think it's fairly obvious that the XFL is incorporating the same technology which allowed Josef Stalin to create the army of socialist zombies that various "historic" comic books portrayed so well. Come on, try to convince me that somebody could write the following paragraph without the aid of gigantic metal machines shooting evil psychic beams into their head:

ÒOh they've been doing that for a while now. But they only talk to them before or after the half. You know, I can't wait until they start interrupting the coaches in the middle of the game to ask things like, Why didn't you go for that fourth down coachÉdon't you have confidence in your running game?Ó

Did you see that? If you look over that quote again and pay attention to the fine details, you will discover a disturbing pattern that may shock and terrify you: **HE'S TALKING IN SECRET RUSSIAN SOCIALIST ZOMBIE CODE!** What else could the seemingly random sprinkling of symbols "Ò", "'", and "É" mean? Sure, some people could write it off as a poor text conversion from a Macintosh word processing program, but that's just ludicrous. To believe that theory, one would have to first accept the notion that the XFL isn't just the most professional company to exist since since Philip Morris or Firestone Tires. Tell me, could a nonprofessional company come up with a logo as wonderful as this?

You might claim that any grade school dropout could create a drawing like this for the "Orlando Rage" XFL team. After all, how hard is it to scribble down a picture of a red-faced Frankenstein chewing glass shards and having bolts of electricity flying into / away from his neck? Well, not that difficult, but here's the clincher: *the artist knows how to use the paint bucket tool to fill areas with colors of their choice.* I DARE you to try and convince me that this isn't the mark of a grizzled industry veteran.

RARRR! ORLANDO RAGE RULES!

So, in summary, I have completely forgotten why I got so initially worked up over the XFL a couple days ago. I assume it has something to do with the medication I'm currently taking, the medication I decided to suddenly stop taking, or the fact that I'm scared shitless at the prospect of Vince McMahon beating a metal chair over my head. Regardless, I now know that I can turn to Lucas Swineford to give me reasons to look forward to the start of the XFL. Undeniable, irrefutable, concrete reasons that could win over even the most non-comatose of failed experimental surgery patients.

> *"If the NFL is the Ôno fun league' then we're the ÔX-tra fun league.' We're gonna have a blast!" said Vince McMahon.*

MUST... DESTROY... CAPITALISM... AND DO THE ICKEY SHUFFLE.

■ You've asked for it, and you've got it: the glorious return of "Ask Jeff K.", which includes such touching moments as the following ICQ transcript:

> **JEFF K!!!!** - HELO HI
> **Carol** - Hello
> **JEFF K!!!!** - HOW ARE TUO DOING TOODAY, MISS??
> **Carol** - Fine, thanks. A/S/L?
> **JEFF K!!!!** - CUT THAT OUT DONT TRY TOO HAXOR ME WITH DSL THATS LUNIX I KNOW IT AND IM CALLIONG NETCOPS TOO ARREST YUO SO CUT IT OUT FACEHEAD/
> **Carol** - What?
> **JEFF K!!!!** - VISIT MY HOEMPAEG IS TI IT QUALIETY INFORMATION WWW>SOMETHINGEWAW
> **Carol** - Sorry, that link doesn't work.
> **JEFF K!!!!** - YUOR COMPUTAR MACHENE SI BROKAN JUST CLICK THES WWW>SOEMTHTINGAWULFUL.COM/JEFFK!!!!!
> **Carol** - That's a dead link.
> **JEFF K!!!!** - WWW>SOEMTHIGNEAWAWUFL.COM/EJEFFK!!!!
> **Carol** - Is your keyboard broke or something?
> **JEFF K!!!!** - IS YUOR FAT UGLEY MOUTH BROAKE YUO TOAD? HAHHAHA-HAHHAHA MAYBE YUOR USEING AOL FOOTBALL JAW

Carol - Goodbye.
JEFF K!!!! - HELO?!?!
JEFF K!!!! - HEy FLEA CIRCUS VISITS ME SITE YUO MUTT
JEFF K!!!! - HELLO?
JEFF K!!!! - WHEr ARE YUO?
JEFF K!!!! - HOW DO I SHUTS DOWN IRQ?

The amount of email asking me - er Jeff K. - to bring back the column combined with the fact that he got hundreds of flame messages for his review of *Command and Conquer: Red Alert 2*, warranted an update to this column. Check it out!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse, which is updated more frequently than mentions of "lubing up the mansteak" on Voodoo Extreme, has dug up and thoroughly reamed another horrible *Quake 2* map. Get ready for "Gloom 1":

> *This is also one of the most horrendously lit maps I can remember. No thought to designing lighting effects was given; the author merely plugged them into the map editor here and there to seemingly show off how lousy he was at aligning brushes (or his complete absence of taste when selecting textures to adorn his crooked brushes). To top all of this off, I could not how to figure out how to exit the two additional maps and get back to the first to "finish" the unit (assuming that would be the point). I tried three times and the result was the same: one runs out of things to kill and then you sort of wander around until the power to your computer is unexpectedly interrupted. What fun!*

If you're looking for a quality *Quake 2* single player experience, you've come to the wrong site. However, if you're interested in something awful, dig right in, Jethro!

■ More hosted site wackiness:

> ▪Wow That's Amazing! has a poll you can vote on. Well, you can't vote on the poll itself, but you can vote on the choices presented in the poll. Either way, it doesn't make much sense and both scares and confuses me.
>
> ▪Taco the Wonder Dog, in addition to making his website 100% unreadable and eye-scorchingly painful, has updated with a Halloween Special Flash movie and something else which I can't read. I would tell you to go over there and see for yourself, but after witnessing the new color scheme, I wouldn't wish that fate upon anybody.

■ I have changed the left nav back to HTML, because I got sick of being lectured to by smarmy people from the "pure HTML" school of design.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.6 ALOD: Semi Automatic Turban

Tuesday, Nov 07, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ No big update today, as I've been working all day on a top secret project that will change all your lives and touch you in a very special way. No, I can't reveal what way that is, but let me assure you that it will be magnificent and illegal in 27 states.

■ **EXCITING NEW CONTEST!** IBM Developer Works has been gracious enough to donate a Deskstar 31 gig harddrive for Something Awful to give away! Yes, we're giving away a brand new 31 gig hard drive, perfect for storing all that horrible porn and virus-infested warez I'm sure you're just waiting to download from l33T HQ H0uS3 of k3WL! What's the rules of the contest? Here ya go, Slappy:

> 1) Go to the IBM Developer Works Contest Page, where you can also to register to win various other free crap, and find the answer to the following question:

HOW MANY HORIZONTAL BLUE LINES MAKE UP THE "IBM" LOGO IN THE UPPER RIGHT?

Send your contest entry right here! I'll pick a lucky winner at the end of tomorrow, and you'll get a 31 gig piece of Heaven! Don't thank me though, thank IBM Developer Works! And the Pope!

■ Awww yeah, another day, another Cranky Steve map review. Squonkamatic takes a dangerous look at the latest horrible Quake 3: Arena map, "Supacaca":

> *This is probably the most ridiculous looking map that I can remember playing in since the glory days of the Simpsons TC for DOOM; it is profoundly silly. The author went out of his / her / its way to meticulously design a series of custom textures that recall the worst of meaningless abstract pop painting (though the floor is a missing texture black and white grid: whatever). I mean, I can sort of see what the author is getting at when he urges people to remember that Quake doesn't have to be dingy brown and gray... but happy neon blue and glowing pastel lavender and grinning happy yellow smiley faces? Are we supposed to be playing inside of Timothy Leary's Lego set?*

Folks, I can vouch for Squonkamatic here: this map is a colorful mess of RGB villainy. You gotta see it to believe it.

■ Taco the Wonder Dog has two amazing comics up for all of us to gaze upon and guess the brand name of the cough syrup he overdosed on before drawing them. First up is "THE ADVENTURES OF OIL MAN", which also features a guest appearance by everybody's favorite, Inspector Urine. Next we have "A CARTOON TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE IN GOD", which will supposedly... well...

I'm sure you get the picture.

■ Wow, That's Amazing! has a pretty damn funny guide entitled, "How to Get Mugged." I'm sure all of you out there were wondering how you too could get robbed and threatened with bodily harm, and this article comes through swimmingly.

> *What if I get mugged Sar!? What should I do! Well my son, daughter, or sex toy, here is what you should do: Take all your money out of your wallet and hand it to the mugger. AND THAT'S HOW MUGGING WORKS! (Oh! And if you have any left send it to me. Unlike being mugged or shot, I like money.)*

Makes sense to me. Here's the link, Percy.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.7 Transmeta's Crusoe Announcement

Wednesday, Nov 08, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Good news for all you clueless entrepreneurs and cash vortexes out there! Once again, the world of business is rewarding tech firms for losing money!

Just when you thought the tech IPO frenzy was over and idiotic sites like pets.com and mothernature.com finally met their timely demise, another unbelievable IPO comes up and boggles our collective minds. Transmeta, producers of the intensely fabulous new CPU which almost every computer company refuses to use, launched into the glitzy world of IPOs this week and shares of their stock jumped to an impressive $45 per share.

"But Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka," you might be thinking. "Transmeta actually produces something! They're famous for their award-winning Crusoe chip, the CPU which is more power-efficient than a similarly-rated Intel processor, yet is 15 million times as slow! I can understand why you would make fun of idiotic sites like Pets.com, which was obviously the result of a fraternity bet gone out of control,but not Transmeta! They actually do something! Also, I think my house is being robbed!"

Well, you're right and you're wrong. Transmeta does do something; as mentioned before, they produce chips that practically no company wants to use. Their Crusoe chip has been snubbed by IBM, Toshiba, and Compaq. Why? Perhaps the benefit of having their computer's battery life prolonged by 10 minutes doesn't outweigh the fact that the Crusoe CPU has the raw processing power of a Wal-Mart cordless phone. Of course there's always a need for slow computers, so there's probably sufficient market demand for the chip. For example, people who produce sci-fi movies seem to have an infatuation with computers that run really slow and display the realtime results of whatever bogus scientific calculations they're running. You know what I'm talking about; like when people get a picture of somebody and then try to match that person's face through a database full of other people. The computer will start producing vulgar beeping noises, almost as if it's got a huge gob of snot caught in its sound chip, and then it will begin to sluggishly cycle through the faces of all the people in the database. The computer usually goes slow enough that any mildly retarded human being could manually flip through the records themselves and make a visual match, so I would imagine the CPU running inside the system has to be remarkably underpowered. Well, either that or they've got a lot of crap running in the system tray, like Norton Antivirus or Norton Disk Doctor or Norton Utilities or Norton Virtual Cereal or Norton Does Dallas or whatever. Or even better yet, AOL! Since science fiction movies take place in the future, it'd probably be something ultra-cyber hip like AOL v183! Virtual coolness on the Information Superhighway!

However, Transmeta doesn't only give support for AOL v183, they also do something that many companies can't, at least without help from employees of Gamefan's sales staff: ***they lose over $43 million a year***. Yup, 43 big ones. Actually, I think "big ones" refers to thousands of dollars, not millions, so I can only assume that the term used to describe the word "millions" is even more impressive than "big ones." It's probably something like "gigantic wheelbarrows full of fatties," only less lame.

It continues to amaze me how badly investors want to throw their cash into anything that looks even remotely high-tech, especially considering how all the tech stocks have fallen faster than a Singa-

pore Airlines jet full of overweight Americans. Let's look at AMD for a second. People may not remember back this far, especially if they've been mixing their Tang drink powder with the clear liquid labeled "SOLVENT" under their sink, but AMD at one point in time was a terrible, terrible, terrible chip. The original K-series, even up to the K-3, didn't have enough processing power to display both a flashing cursor AND a mouse pointer icon on the screen at once. Attempting to do so would often result in a comical array of exotic error messages, effectively ending all hopes of using Microsoft Notepad. An easy way to estimate the equivalent Intel Pentium speed of an AMD K-series chip would be to use the following equation:

Equivalent Pentium Speed = ((AMD K-Series Chip Speed) - (AMD K-Series Chip Speed)) + 75

Regardless of what speed chip you bought, it invariably ended up running like a Pentium 75. On the positive side, the K-series chips cost about as much as a supersizing an extra value meal at McDonalds, so it wasn't that huge of a loss. The point I'm trying to make here is that it took AMD years and years to catch up (and eventually overtake) Intel... and this was back when there were only two chipmakers in the market! Oh, and please don't try to claim there were three chipmakers back then, because the only reason anybody used a Cyrix chip was solely to weigh down their motherboard so it wouldn't fly away on a windy day. If it took AMD years to get where they are now, and they only had one competitor, what does that say about Transmeta? They have to go up against two gigantic, hulking heavyweights of computing power, two infinitely large companies that are just waiting for Transmeta to get in the shower of competition and drop the soap of success. How's that for an analogy?

Maybe I just don't understand the way of the industry. Perhaps I'm too stupid to comprehend the mad rush to invest in something that has consistently lost money, is inferior in performance to all competitors, and is in a market dominated by two humongous companies. Do investors simply like underdogs? Do they hate owning money, and is investing in companies like Transmeta easier than going out of their way to find a cliff that they can throw laundry bags full of cash off of? I can't provide an answer to those questions, but I can tell you this: *your house probably isn't being robbed.*

■ Well, I'd like to unveil version .001 delta of the "Big Thing I've Been Working On." Let me first explain the legacy behind this idea.

A few days ago (yes, it's a very short legacy), I was going through my normal daily news rounds. Every morning I hit about 10 different news sites, ranging from CNN.com to Shugashack, to get enough information and stories so I can say to myself, "I'm going to write an article about this" and then forget to do it later. However, I suddenly realized that I really don't like having to go to so many different news sources and sites simply to find stuff that is interesting to me, all the while having to wade through boring crap like "GERMANY TO HOLD REFERENDUM ON TUBESOCK IMPORTS" and "BUCKETFULL GAMES RELEASES 16 SCREENSHOTS OF UPCOMING TITLE, 'MAD ABOUT CELERY'." I wanted a site that had all interesting news, presented in a semi-entertaining fashion... one that would keep my interest and wouldn't force me to hunt and pick among uninteresting crap stories. Instead of simply complaining about not having a site that matched these needs, or complaining to webmasters of sites and demanding they change to fit what I want, I decided to make a site of my own (just like the inspiration behind this site).

Please welcome version .001 delta of "Real Awful News." It's going to carry a wide array of news articles, ranging from computer technology to politics. This is a twin sister site of Something Awful, which will offer the familiar "awful slant" on all current events and topics. We're going to combine the most interesting news bits with a humorous angle, and hopefully won't end up failing miserably. So far I've got two extremely talented writers poised to join the staff. In case they fail to do their jobs, I've also been talking to Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen and Andrew "Linguica" Stine to write as

well. It's going to be good folks.

In any case, do me a favor and stop by the version .001 delta design of "Real Awful News" and give me some feedback regarding the design. Although I didn't use any of the layout code from this site's design, I did model the site almost exactly like it. I want the two pages to be as closely integrated as possible, and if it ain't broke, don't claim you're going to fix it.

DISCLAIMERS:

- Most of the graphics on there are placeholders.
- Left navbar is goofy in Netscape thanks to my crappy placeholder form sheets.
- No links work.
- In fact, nothing works.
- I'm not even sure why I put the link up to begin with.
- I am a horrible monster and I pray for death.

With all that out of the way, feel free to send me any comments or suggestions you'd like to see implemented on the site.

■ To celebrate the launch of *Counter-Strike* version 1.0 (actually, this was just a coincidence, but I won't admit it), Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse is proud to present another *Half Life* map that's just drenched in misery and self hatred. We present you with "DMCross."

> *"DMcross" is a fun-filled fiesta of small identical rooms, sexy purple hallways, and ramps that take you to new and exciting places like "empty room #3" and "a few feet above the floor of empty room #3". So basically, it's like every other Team Fortress map out there except for the notable inclusion of what has to be the most god-awful display of seizure-inducing colored lighting I've seen since... well, since this guy's last shitty map. This isn't just your everyday, garden variety awful lighting here, folks. It's the kind that can permanently fuse your sunglasses to your skull if you're not careful. The incredible talent for destroying human retinas that SilverPhoenix displays here isn't something one simply acquires over a period of time, it's something that certain people are just born with, much like dyslexia or cerebral palsy, both of which SilverPhoenix also appears to have in spades.*

Screw *Counter-Strike*, I want "DMcross!"

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.8 The Florida Presidential Voting Controversy

Friday, Nov 10, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If you're like me, and I know I am, you're undoubtedly worried about the future of America. With the rise in popularity of "The Jerry Springer Show", the terrible decline in quality of "The Simpsons", and the fact that our biggest export is Britney Spears CDs, I was starting to lose hope for this big mess of dirt and warehouses we call "The United States of America."

That outlook has recently gotten even worse with the announcement of the voting mayhem in Florida. According to many news sources which are infinitely more reliable than this site, the combined intelligence in the entire state of Florida seems to rival popular brands of toilet brushes. Now before any native Floridians get angry and start composing flame messages to me, let me add this disclaimer: I'm not talking about you. I'm talking about the following groups:

The complaining members of Volusia, Broward, Dade, and Palm Beach county, who claim the ballot design was "confusing." Folks, if you can't figure out a voting ballot, you shouldn't be allowed to vote. You should be taken into custody by the US government so they can test out dangerous new experimental drugs on you. Especially fascinating is Lillian Gaines, who had the nerve to say the following:

"I went to the polls for one specific reason, to vote for Gore. I hit the second hole. I am sure I did. What was going on in my mind was somehow my right to vote had been taken away from me."

What is going through my mind is that I'm astonished she was able to drive all the way to the voting booth without getting lost and falling into a swamp or a black hole. The voting process is not that complicated, Mrs. Gaines. In fact, it's a remarkably easy process:

1) Decide who you want to vote for,
2) Punch the hole next to their name.

That's it! If you want, ask one of your more "computer savvy" friends to print out these instructions and then read them aloud to you next time you go to vote. Just for kicks, let me hold a quick quiz to see if you were able to absorb this knowledge.

QUESTION: You want to vote for Al Gore. Which name should you punch the hole next to?

A) Al Gore
B) Pat Buchanon
C) Ed McMahon
D) Shoot the hostage

The answer, by the way, was "A) Al Gore". Next time I'll be quizzing you on the correct process to boil water (***HINT:*** water is involved!).

Democrats making a huge stink out of the event. It's obvious that this is a close call, and they sure as hell don't want Bush Jr. to win. For all intents and purposes, I don't blame them. If I had invested as much time, energy, and cash into the elections as they have, I would do the same thing.

However, it's just obnoxious to see people wanting to stretch this process out as long as possible. Among other reasons, Democrats are complaining Florida needs a revote because:

- The ballot was "faulty", not unlike Firestone Tires or those Pokemon balls from Burger King that idiot kids were choking on a while back.
- Not enough votes were counted.
- Too many votes were counted.
- Black people were detained and prohibited from voting by marauding, rampaging white conservative Policemen who took a break from their busy schedule of burning crosses.
- Dead liberals weren't allowed to vote.
- Ralph Nader is a stupid little man who ruined their clever scheme, and they would've gotten away with it too, if it wasn't for those pesky kids.
- People with multiple personalities weren't allowed to vote extra times.

If they don't schedule a revote, Jesse Jackson will never, ever, ever shut up. If they do a revote, Jesse Jackson still won't shut up, but maybe people will stop recording him talking.

- Republicans threatening to demand a recount in Iowa and Wisconsin. Yeah, fight fire with fire, boys! In fact, let's hold the entire damn election over again! Even better, let's hold the PAST FORTY elections over again! Let's get Chester A. Arthur out of his rotting grave and into the Oval Office where he belongs!

So, in conclusion, I really don't give a crud who becomes the president at this point. Each candidate has their own pros and cons:

Al Gore PROS: Will address environmental concerns and hopefully keep the planet from turning into a giant corporate greasepit.
Al Gore CONS: I'll end up paying zillions of dollars in special bonus taxes to allow homeless people to keep using heroin and for doctors to prescribe liquid coathangers for last second abortions.

George Bush PROS: I might get a tax break, people will start being executed and bombed left and right, he'll undoubtedly provide pages of unintentional entertainment for this site.
George Bush CONS: Smog will get so bad that I'll have to use special Crusoe-powered goggles to see my computer, Jesse Jackson will be on CNN all day whining about God knows what, the US will probably end up going to war with various 10th rate countries that have names ending with "-guria".

Before anybody starts composing me email criticizing my assessment of the potential presidents, let me remind you that I make sweeping generalizations and untrue statements not because I'm ignorant, but because I simply don't care. Hooray!

■ Wow, a game review? On Something Awful? I didn't think it was possible either, ladies and gents, but here it is: a review of BattlePets, one of the most stupid games I have ever had the displeasure of playing. This game is supposed to be "like Pokemon", only it succeeds in failing on so many awful levels. I really don't like this game at all, and if it wasn't for the laughably terrible monsters you're supposed to capture, it would have no redeeming qualities whatsoever.

> *Yes. It's that bad. BattlePets proudly features deadly attacking sperm, mutant grey rabbits that sit on pin cushions, fighting condoms, floating Jolly Ranchers, and Oriental attack kites. Nintendo foolishly opted to go with fictional creatures that look cute, cuddly, and easily advertisable, but not Aggressive Game Design! Oh no, they chose to display only the most vile and horrific of creatures in their star-studded tribute to dementia, BattlePets.*

Yes, it's that bad. If you don't believe me, choke on this:

WOOF WOOF YOUR SOUL IS MINE

Yeah... sure. Read the review and be shocked and amazed. Well, just shocked.

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has updated again, marking the 6034029th consecutive day it's been updated. Today's treat is a Quake 2 nightmare entitled "Wolf3DQII", which doesn't look like Wolf 3D at all... or Quake 2 for that matter.

> *It certainly doesn't resemble any Wolf or DOOM2 / Wolf level I have ever seen except in the most superficial of manners, the most notable being the areas saturated with the deep musky "fuck-me-Smurf" blue. It sort of makes the walls resemble the good old Wolfie blue brick textures, but how does that explain the areas saturated with the pizza grease vomit neon red or the bad acid trip glowing urine-yellow sections? The majority of the file size of the map is simply gobs and gobs of colored light entities; one room is so entirely bathed in neon red that it gives the impression of being stuck in a toaster oven set on "broil." Something tells me that if the author had simply lit the map with plain stupid, boring, old "real-world" white light, I might actually dismiss its elementary school simplistic design, stultifying claustrophobic atmosphere, and random item placement as just another dumb little fast-frag deathmatch level. But nooooo!*

More mapping goodness than you can shake a mapmaking stick at!

- Great offsite reading: X-Entertainment's latest review of "The Masters of the Universe Chronicles: Episode VI" is simply hilarious. If you're old enough to remember He-Man, don't miss this one.

- The winner of the IBM Developer Works Harddrive Giveaway Contest is **DAVE VEDDER**, who correctly guessed... well, I forgot what he guessed. I just picked a name at random from all the contest entries, and he won. To everybody else who lost: *you are a failure and your family hates you.* If you're interested in winning more free stuff, make sure to check out the Developer Works page! They give away tons of free crap all the time!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.9 Haunted Apartment?

Sunday, Nov 12, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

A lot of strange things have been happening to me lately. Odd, unnatural, bizarre, curious, idiosyncratic, outlandish, peculiar, creepy, disturbing things (***NOTE TO MY MOTHER:*** *I received the thesaurus you sent. Thanks*). Frightening events and occurrences that can't be sufficiently explained by modern science, such as:

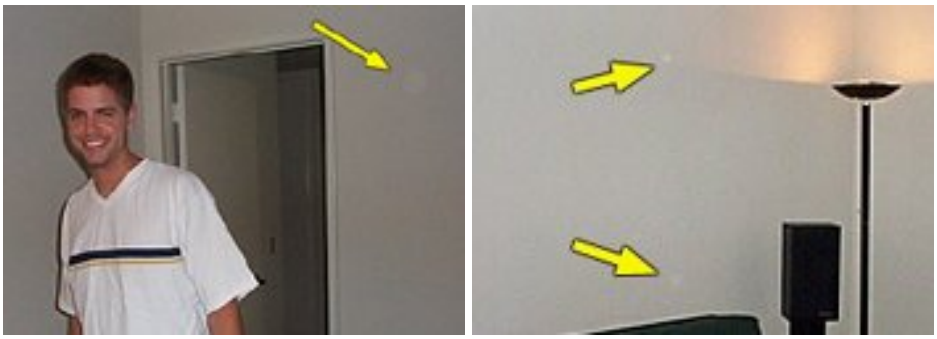
- Never having exact change.
- Frowning a lot, especially at traffic lights and in the grocery store.
- Noticing the fact that it takes the gas in my car six days to go from 100% full to 75% full, and then six minutes for it to drop from 75% full to completely empty.
- 12 year olds asking me if I'd like to "eat their chicken", and then chasing me to my car when I decline their generous offer. This actually happened today, and I wish I had a functioning video camera at the time of the attack. I would've beat the kid with it until he passed out.
- The picture frame that hangs above my couch which is ALWAYS CROOKED. I straighten it at least 30 times each hour, yet it's always crooked at the end of the day. I'm incredibly anal about this picture frame, because having a crooked frame hanging on your wall just screams, "THIS APARTMENT WAS FEATURED ON THAT ONE EPISODE OF 'COPS' WHERE THE TWO SHIRTLESS GUYS WERE OPERATING A METH LAB AND THE POLICE BUSTED IN AND USED THEIR HEADS AS PUNCHING BAGS FOR A GOOD TWO HOURS."

I originally thought all those events were unrelated and independent. Yes, I was living a lie. Well, one of many lies, but it's much too late for me to start going into detail regarding the REAL reason I got a fishing license. However, all was revealed this weekend when Jim Bagleaducia came over to aid me in purchasing a new digital camera.

After wading through the various groups of Marilyn Manson groupies hanging around the Westminster mall, we picked up a Kodak DC 215 camera and brought it back to my apartment. We started taking random photos around my place, just to make sure it was working correctly and wouldn't spontaneously burst into flames like the various other defective products I've purchased in my lifetime (VCRs, toasters, wallets, toilet brushes, male hookers, etc.). After uploading the pics to my computer, Jim and I noticed something horribly frightening and spooky, something that will forever haunt me until the day I die (or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first). Take a look at these shocking photos and witness the unadulterated horror for yourself:

Now you're probably not scared to the point of "falling out of your seat and uncontrollably letting go of all your bowel functions while screaming like a crippled schoolgirl", and neither was I when originally looking at these photos. However, I recently came upon some remarkable information that has changed my entire outlook (and life).

While hunting through possible career options, I stumbled upon the high paying and lucrative position of "ghost hunting." Like many members of the general public and various psychiatric wards, I assumed the job of being a ghost hunter was one of wine and roses, a never-ending journey of fame



Click for a larger picture... if you DARE!!!

and fortune. The homepage of "Shadowlands Ghosts and Hauntings" sure seemed to support this theory. I mean, the webpage had a template-generated logo with LENS FLARES! Do you know how much money it costs to generate computer simulated lens flares? I'm not sure, but I think probably well over $50! At least that's how much Jim Bagleaducia charged me to add some to the last Paintbrush drawing I made, so I can only imagine it costs significantly more than that. Also there's a comet cursor plugin on the site, and if that isn't a symbol of quality, I don't know what is.

Anyway, while poking through the site and examining past hauntings and ghost activity, I stumbled upon a photo gallery of those vile ghosts in action. I wasn't initially scared when I saw the link, because the mere thought of some fat Italian guy moaning under a bedsheet doesn't really frighten me. Actually, the thought of a fat Italian guy moaning under a bedsheet DOES scare me, but not when he's supposed to be a ghost. Yes, I was an ignorant fool and fell for the media-created lies of how a ghost is "supposed" to look. Forget everything you learned from "Ghostbusters", here's what real ghosts look like, folks:

Yes, that's right. According to a website run by somebody who has been *"researching ghosts for about 15 years"* and is the *"client counselor for another paranormal investigation group"*, those white film defects are **GHOSTS**. Do you understand what this means? My apartment is haunted! Yes, as I write this, there are countless numbers of ghosts hanging around me, doing God knows what! They could be eating my food, going through my laundry, or looking at my secret stash of ultraviolent Japanese hentai tentacle rape porn! All the weird, inexplicable pieces of my life are starting to come together now. The reason women don't randomly show up on the front porch of my apartment demanding sex is because MY PLACE IS HAUNTED! The reason my electricity bill is so high can be attributed to PARANORMAL ACTIVITY! The explanation of why I can't fit into size 31 jeans anymore is due to the DAMN GHOSTS MAKING ME FATTER!

Although this sufficiently explained all the odd apartment-related mysteries, I couldn't help but wonder about the non-apartment related events. Like the time I was at the video store and the girl

in front of me tried to rent 10 videos without having a driver's license, video card, or account at the store. After combing through my photos from Quakecon, I was shocked to learn the horrifying truth: the ghosts aren't haunting my apartment... **THE GHOSTS ARE HAUNTING ME**. Observe the chilling proof:

Look at that! Ghosts all over the damn place! I mean, I knew Quakecon was just crawling with the undead (because they were all trading Britney Spears porn in the competition room), but *ghosts*? Who would've expected it? Not me, that's for sure. Probably not Todd Hollenshed either, because I talked to Todd at Quakecon and he didn't mention ghosts at all.

So now I'm stuck with the knowledge that I'm being haunted by spirits of the damned wherever I go. EVEN IN THE BATHROOM. If anybody out there has similar ghost pictures or ingenious ways to dispel these foul spirits (that don't involve me taking my own life), please send me an email. I seriously haven't been this scared since I saw "Troll 2" and was convinced my next door neighbors were related to the goblin farm family. In the meantime, I'll continue to visit The Shadowlands Ghosts and Hauntings page so I can find out more valuable information like the following gem of "scientifically" proven research:

> *Solar Flare activity and Geomagnetic Field activity seems to affect the amount of ghost activity. Research has shown us that during periods of heightened solar flare activity and geomagnetic activity in space, the amount of spirit activity increases.*

Research has shown me that excessive amounts of drinking leads to less worries about ghosts and solar flares. Let me partake in such research now.

■ Cliff Yablonski, the man, the miracle, the legend. The following is an email I just received from good ol' Cliff. I'm posting it to hopefully appease him and prevent a thorough thrashing (like the one he gave me last time):

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: cliff yablonski*
>
> *dear failed webmaster,*
>
> *Ive got 4 new pages of Appleton idiots I hate and want to see thrown into traffic. Especially those idiot "ravers" that wear pacifiers and candy and hippie shit. Im eventually going to make a necklace out of busted raver teeth.*
>
> *cliff*
> *PS: post my shit you bastard*

Well, like he said, there's four new pages of people Cliff Yablonski hates. Be sure to check it out, or Cliff might find me and... well, I don't want to think of what might happen next.

- Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has been updated for your pleasure. Another *Quake 3: Arena* map (Pindm2) goes through the ringer, and as always, everybody involved loses.

> *Another entry on the list of levels for players who don't like their Quake games encumbered by such petty concerns as terrain changes, architectural variation, doors, walls, hallways, rooms, open-air "outdoor" sections with bodies of liquids, imaginative item placement, creative use of lighting effects, traps or triggered items / effects, sensitivity to textures and appearance, concerns like "mood" and "atmosphere", the idea of setting or place, and insight into what a game engine is possible of. It may well be a minor masterpiece under those regards.*

Enjoy the pain, gents. Oh yeah, if anybody has a nice server with some good bandwidth (no cable modems / DSL), I'd love it if you could contact me so we can set up a Cranky Steve map server. I'll promote / advertise your business in exchange, so it could be a win-win scenario. Well, for me at least. I just want to know that there's a server out there, provide refuge for the absolute most horrid maps ever created. Drop me a line.

- Hosted site mayhem:

  - Wow That's Amazing! has a pretty damn funny article entitled "Good Party, Bad Party". This informative piece of literature describes how you can tell the difference between a... well... good party and bad party. Read all about it!
  - Taco the Wonder Dog has produced another wonderful comic entitled "The Soy Sauce Ninja." To top it off, he changed the color scheme / layout of his site, and I can actually RETAIN MY EYESIGHT WHILE VIEWING IT! That's an incredible feat in itself, so be sure to check it out.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.10 A Practical Guide to Building a Complete Game AI

Monday, Nov 13, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I've been through and seen a lot of terrible, terrible things thanks to running this site, ranging from unbelievably stupid racist jokes and Golden Girls fan club sites to the worst marketing products in the entire universe, but I've always managed to retain my faith in God. I don't subscribe to any particular faith or religion because the thought of suddenly being told what to think by some rich guy in a bathrobe squirting water on people doesn't really appeal to me. However, I have to keep my belief in some kind of God, or else I'll just go nuts thinking about the hundreds of jerks in college I could've beaten to death without suffering any consequences. Things like that will haunt you for the rest of your life, folks.

So it really shocked me when juicy and plump reader Jimmy sent in a truly horrifying and brain-melting link that immediately made me question my faith in not only God, but the entire existence of good and evil as we know it. No, I'm not referring to the revelation that Jesus will protect us from marine life, but the following article:

A Practical Guide to Building a Complete Game AI: Volume II

Doesn't sound too scary at first, does it? I didn't think so either, at least until I looked down and realized who wrote the article: Geoff Howland. Geoff Howland from Lupine Games. Jeff Howland from Lupine Games who created one of the most shitty and buggy games to ever reach a public location other than a men's public restroom, *Hatfields and McCoys* (click here for the SA review). Posting an article from Mr. Howland regarding a game's AI is the equivalent of allowing Hitler to record his qualifications for "Humanitarian of the Year." It's the same as asking Wal-Mart to voice their opinions on their hottest clothing aimed at the Hollywood movie star clientele. This is no better than attending a joint Cyrix / 3DFX round table discussion entitled, "How to Capture the Stock Market and Dominate the Competition." This simply should not be. According to the laws of the physics, the universe should implode before anybody at either Lupine Games or ValuSoft (the "e" in "value" was dropped for budgetary reasons) writes a book about artificial intelligence. Hell, I'd be surprised if any of them could READ a book on AI, much less write one. Let's take a quick look at the "Practical Guide to Building a Complete Game AI" by convicted war criminal Geoff Howland and dig a little deeper into this unholy masterpiece, shall we? (HINT: We shall)

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is based on making intelligent looking decisions, for the units in our games to look intelligent they have to perform actions that seem reasonable for the situations they are in. In a Real-Time Strategy (RTS) type game these actions would consist of moving, patrolling, avoiding obstacles, targeting enemies and pursuing them. Lets take a look at what it would take to implement each of these actions.

I assume all three of these sentences are written in pure hypotheticals, because there's no way any creature featured in *Hatfields and McCoys* experienced any of that. The most complicated example of AI that the enemies showed consisted of them running back and forth in a straight line until they were either shot or the player kicked the CPU off his motherboard and proceeded to break the CD into a million pieces.

> *Moving, in its most basic form, consists of simply advancing from one set of coordinates to another set over a period of time. This can be performed easily by finding a distance vector and multiplying it by the speed the unit is moving and the time since we last calculated the position.*

Yes, that's a fantastic assessment of the situation, Geoff. I'm sure all the time you spent coding the advanced movement engine for *Hatfields and McCoys* taught you a lot. For example, it probably taught you that despite what anybody else claims, you still possess the ability to spend two hours inhaling the glue fumes from your child's airplane model and then code a routine that allows digital white trash to advance in a straight line from Point A to Point B.

> *Because we are working from a mouse based input system, we don't expect the user to have to make all the movements around obstacles like they would in a joystick or first-person shooter. The way to keep the user from having to click their way around obstacles is to create an action queue so that we can have more than one action in a row completed. This way if a path has to avoid an obstacle we can add the additional paths in front of the final destination to walk the unit around the obstacle without player intervention.*

What a positively fantastic idea. Perhaps you could actually implement that in your 99-cent bargain bin games from now on, instead of simply writing about it like any amateur Art Bell nutball. I can't count the number of times my player in *Hatfields and McCoys* decided to stop moving because there was an object in front of him... or anywhere within a 50-mile radius. Hell, I would've been happy with the plain old "Point A to Point B" routine you mentioned before, but I'm sure your dev cycle of 19 minutes just didn't allow enough time.

Patrolling consists of moving to a series of specified positions in order. At the time when a unit has moved to a destination and has nowhere else to go, we can compare his current position to his list of patrol points and set a new destination to the one after where he is closest to. There isn't a lot to this, but having units moving on the screen, as opposed to standing still and waiting, makes the world look a lot more alive and gives them a lot less chance of being snuck up on and catching intruders.

If you're in a Lupine Games title, there is nowhere else for you to go, period. Your only option is succumbing to the vile will of Geoff

Howland or putting a shotgun to your head and decorating your digital brains all over the pixellated walls. As for addressing *"the world look a lot more alive"*, perhaps the trick isn't just making your idiotic characters run back and forth from a tree to an outhouse every six seconds. Maybe you'd have better luck, oh, I don't know, giving them more than nine total frames of animation, or including artwork that wasn't produced by children in a hospital burn ward, or generally refusing to produce a game that has the raw realism factor of "The Naked Lunch." No wait, screw it, having a guy in overalls walk in a line for an infinite amount of time is easier and requires less skill, let's go with that.

> *Avoidance algorithms require the understanding of how your maps are going to work and how you want your units to interact with them while moving around. In our case we are going to assume an outdoor environment with relatively small and simple obstacles such as small buildings and objects. We will also assume that you cannot go inside an obstacle and that obstacles are convex polygons with 4 vertices.... When you want to get into some more advanced path finding algorithms, you should look into A*, which is a popular algorithm for finding the shortest path through very maze-like areas. Beyond A* there are various steering algorithms for gradually moving around obstacles and other more hard-coded situations such as creating funneling intersections that can be used to get to different areas of the map.*

I don't understand how Geoff can possibly be lecturing on avoidance algorithms. For Christ's sake, the enemies on *Hatfields and McCoys* would run on ground level and suddenly appear on top of a house where they would become stuck and remain motionless for the remainder of the game! There were a few times where the bad guys would run towards me, head face first into an outhouse or tree, and just sit there, running in place all eternity! Maybe Geoff's "avoidance algorithms" are limited to his procedure of staying away from his boss who is unaware that all of Geoff's coding experience stems from the 16 days he took a Visual Basic course in college before he was kicked out for "lewd and offensive acts" with his workstation.

> *Targeting for other units will greatly depend on what you want your player to be doing in your game. You may want your player's units to automatically fire on enemies they see, so that player can devote themselves to the big picture. You may want your units to only attack if specifically told to keep your player's attention on the units and their surroundings.*

"The big picture"? The big picture in *Hatfields and McCoys* was to last five minutes without tearing your pubic hair out by the handful. You could click on enemies, but it was simply blind luck if your character would actually fire upon them (or do anything for that matter). It was about as strategical as a salad bar.

> *Once your enemies have found a target, you won't want them to just wander around aimlessly if they lose sight of their prey. At this point you need to make a choice about how you wish to handle your searching though. Up until now we have only talked about spotting units based on actually being able to see them. In some cases this may get a little tricky when pursuing an enemy, so you may opt to cheat and just set the destination of the unit being tracked as the tracker's destination.*

Yes, and if you're too lazy / incompetent / drunk to even "cheat", then just have the enemies move seven inches in your direction and stop. That will apparently work too.

> *The secret to implementing all game AI is the understanding the cases you are trying to deal with and the results of what you want it to look like. If you can picture what you want the actions to look like and formulate an algorithm to make them turn out that way you are 90% of the way done. However the last 10%, getting it to work, can easily take 10 times as long as figuring out how to do it...*

As far as I can tell, this is Geoff explaining that doing 90% of the work is a lot, and a pretty good number when you think about it, so don't get really bent out of shape when his game is shipped missing a critical 10%. I don't blame the guy; who the hell would actually buy *Hatfields and McCoys* anyway? Surely not people with a large enough collection of brain cells to drive themselves home without careening into the side of Goodwill store, so what does he have to worry about? It's not like ValuSoft will lose its reputation as one of the most high quality game distributors out there, since they're pretty much the White Castle of gaming. It just boggles my mind how Geoff could write an article about AI and a website would PUBLISH it. They couldn't have done it for the hits or traffic, because mentioning the phrase "Lupine Games" evokes the same response in most people as casually mentioning you just caught their grandmother inserting various Christmas ornaments into her anal cavity. If there is in fact a God, He would not allow such an article to exist. And, even if He did, He would find enough pity in his heart to strike me dead before my web browser has a chance to open it.

For more information on the millions of reasons *Hatfields and McCoys* is just about the worst product ever created, check out our review of the game.

■ Since all the other "reputable" sites out there have been writing about Microsoft's newest DirectX 8.0 release, I asked Jeff K. if he would be up to reviewing it. Oh boy, was he ever up to it! Presenting Jeff K.'s latest informative article, "WHY YUO SHOULD NEVAR INSTALL DIRECT X 8.0 OR AND MICROSOFT IS SUCKS!!! ANYWAYS!!!"

> *this shows that Direct X maeks yuor computar slowar too load becuase it isant coded vary good at all! THEY TAKE CODEING LESSONS FROM LITHTECH I THINK!! because teh codars at Lithtech just keep addeing in new code and more and more new code and more code because theyre afraid to deletes any old code because JASON HALL WILL CRUSH THEM IF HE SENSES INCOMPOTENSE!!! RAARRRRRRRRR!!! Jason Hall si SUPAR MUSCALES and evary time he blinks it creates a HURRICANE OF DESTRUCTIAN! so dont displease Jason Hall by deleteing code from Lithtech v.12.50 or hell smashes yuor head liek SOUP/*

If you read it on a webpage, it must be true! So go read it!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.11 Marriage in MMORPG's, Raising Dead

Tuesday, Nov 14, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Bwahaha... either I'm particularly out of touch with reality, or a certain segment of online gamers are. Prepare to weep your eyes out once you've read "Marriage in MMORPG's", the brainchild article of somebody who apparently got on the bad side of the editor at CG Online.

> *Nestled comfortably within the warmth of their home and fuzzy slippers, individuals can meet, talk intimately, and unofficially marry other cybersouls without ever having to change their clothes. But marriage is not just limited to textual environments or romantic chat worlds; binding relationships can also be found in on-line role-playing games.*

Yes, NOTHING SETS THE MOOD FOR "ROMANCE" QUITE LIKE HITTING POLYGONAL BATS WITH CLUBS!

> *Falling in love in a role-playing environment is not inconceivable. You are playing a character that is engaged in high-risk combat situations, often in the company of your guild or a group of friends. You have an adrenaline rush with each success and the chivalric assistance of others in times of failure.*

Oh yeah, sure, I can just picture it now:

> **MALE WARRIOR:** "I am sure glad I was able to save you from that train of vicious fire beetles, Albamarra'argarita."
> **ALBAMARRA'ARGARITA:** *(digitally wiping the sweat off her pixellated brow)* "Yes, just in the nick of time. Your chivalry has made my loins wet with desire. Let us engage in sexual intercourse by running into each other repeatedly."
> **MALE WARRIOR:** *(roleplaying)* "Thine forsooth hath doth hailed yon mighty Volvo!!!"

Cure porno music, bam, five seconds later it's back to hunting snakes.

> *When people log into their server, they find themselves engaged in their fantasy world for three or four hours at a time.*

Many never leave this fantasy world, even after logging out of the game!

> *Considering that some dates in the real world do not last that long, it is no wonder that individuals bond and fall in love with the pixelated persona who just saved them from an horde of goblins.*

Real world relationships don't last that long for the same reasons as well: **hordes of goblins.**

> *As one man stated, he married his partner in the game because he felt that she was always there for him.*

Oh yeah, baby!

> **MALE WARRIOR:** "Do you have the 400 platinum I gave you?"
> **ALBAMARRA'ARGARITA:** "Yes I do."
> **MALE WARRIOR:** *(reflective and emotional)* "You are truly always here for me."

Romance is in the air!

> *A woman stated that she thought that her role-playing husband was more attentive to things of interest to her than most of her real world friends.*

She must hang out with some real winners. Being hit for 83 points of damage isn't really hard to miss.

> *In both cases, the parties felt that their on-line partners fulfilled their needs better than a potential real world companion.*

Oh yeah, I bet:

> **MALE WARRIOR:** "I NEED SOMEBODY TO JOIN MY PARTY SO I CAN GO GET LOST IN LOWER GUK!"
> **ALBAMARRA'ARGARITA:** "I'll join you, dear!"
> **MALE WARRIOR:** "You fulfill my needs much better than the drunk lady outside my apartment door, who is currently banging a glass bottle against her head and urinating on my welcome mat. My mother always gets so unruly when she's been drinking."

On second thought, the welcome mat is fairly unnecessary... who would visit?

> *At least this partner understood why one would stay up until 4:00AM trying to finish a quest while a non-gamer might consider it ludicrous to endure such sleep deprivation.*

Hooray! Finally a place for SCREWED UP PSYCHOPATHS to meet and lose all sense of reality together! I'm a strong, muscular Barbarian looking for hot sex with Wood Elves!

> *Given this, it can become an epic quest for any male seeking female companionship since there are approximately 1500 individuals on a server during peak hours.*

Haha, GOOD LUCK, GENTS! I sure hope you can find love behind a magic shield! No really, I wish you the best in finding love inside a VIDEO GAME. Maybe Verant could make finding true love a quest! Yeah, and then you could be rewarded by being given a **MAGIC BELT OF +5 INCHES TO MANHOOD**.

> *Through informal surveys done on official and non-official boards, while most women said they played female characters, there were also many men who admitted playing females as well . This suggests that when a intrepid traveler waiting outside of Heartbreak Hotel spies an adorable Elf in extremely interesting leather armor, there is no guarantee that on the other end of the keyboard, said female character in question is governed by an equally romantically interested female.*

That's okay, I'm sure any person looking to get laid through a video game isn't really the picky type. Hot, sexy, supermodel Wood Elf or Cliff Yablonski target, it doesn't matter.

> *Others admitted that they enjoyed the attention, and found that when playing female characters, they received more gifts of armor, weapons, and interesting items than when they played male personas.*

Gee, how unlikely and odd! Male characters twinking supposedly female characters? That's so far out of the realm of possibility!

> *Have some individuals lost their spouses to other members of their guild or to an über-level warrior? According to the forums, yes. McDaniel verified that EverQuest has received complaints from spouses not only regarding the addictive qualities of the game, but also the damage to real world relationships the game is allegedly responsible for.*

Both parties are probably better off. If you're married to somebody who is addicted to an online RPG, you need to get OUT of that relationship as soon as possible. It could end up being more damaging than them coming home and beating you with a waffle iron every day.

> *And as more and more women become computer savvy, men can look forward to increased chances of finding their own true love while engaging in their favorite pastime. Even the most isolated computer gamer may soon be enjoying the fruits of another's affections.*

Oh goodie! I can hardly wait for the day when I can log into Verant's "SEX0RQUEST" and get a virtual handjob from a 50-year old Norwegian handicapped man addicted to paint thinner fumes and living in his parents' attic! Then we will marry and have half-elf, half-mentally retarded children who will spend all day running into each other and falling out windows. And hey, If it doesn't work, I can always join a guild... **the guild of ROMANCE**! Roooowwwwwr!

■ Game Review! Feast your bloodshot eyes on *Raising Dead*, one of the worst first-person shooters I've since *Thundra*.

ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO US!

> *Since the engine this game runs on was manufactured during the Truman administration, controlling your character is about as easy as shoving a convenience store through Kate Moss' vulva. When playing through Raising Dead, be sure to never let any enemies get*

> *behind you, because it takes a good half an hour to turn all the way around so you may kill them. Of course, if you're being molested by a barking skull, you'll also have to back up a few hundred yards so you can hit it as well. When enemies get within a certain radius of you, they become impossible to hit... just like real life!*

It's real bad, folks... and you can download the shareware version of the game as well! Check out da review.

■ ROM Pit Review! Are you ready for blatant racism? If so, Square's *Tom Sawyer* for the NES will undoubtedly make you feel like you're walking a Klan episode of Jerry Springer!

> *There's a black kid running around sweeping the dirt with a straw broom. Yes, he's actually trying to sweep dirt off of the dirt road. If you can catch him (as soon as you get close, he rockets off the side of the screen, so you have to corner him somehow), you get to talk to him and he'll join your party. Here is where the bulk of the racism comes in. This is the most obscene caricature of a black person I have ever seen (see above screenshot). He has pitch black skin, a bright orange afro, tiny beady white dots for eyes, and GIANT RED AND ORANGE STRIPED LIPS THAT FILL UP 2/3 OF HIS FACE. Apparently there are no black people in all of Japan and they don't get the UPN Network over there, so they have to get their information from old editorial cartoons in one of the newspapers Commodore Perry brought back with him in the 1860's.*

Amazing how a game like this could exist... see it and believe it for yourself!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.12 Evil Avatar Simulation Device

Wednesday, Nov 15, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Today's news update brought to you courtesy of the Evil Avatar Simulation Device

I just finally figured out the news updating system for this site. It's a big piece of crap and is about the most difficult pile of junk to use. I spent two hours typing in my news post, and then watched it all get wiped out because I hit the "DELETE" button instead of "SUBMIT". You think after having news systems around for twenty years, the idiots who programmed this stupid thing could figure out how to make it more user friendly and easy to understand. Now I have to type the whole thing over again and I'm really pissed off. Just to make sure I don't accidentally hit the "DELETE" button for a second time, I had to take a piece of masking tape and put it on my screen where the "DELETE" button was so I wouldn't press it again. I can't believe that it's come down to this. Well, I guess that's what we get when these money-grubbing bastards who code news systems are too busy counting their cash than actually making QUALITY PRODUCTS.

I just installed *No One Lives Forever*, and although I haven't played it yet, I can tell the game is a terrible waste of disk space. The lighting looks so stupid and crappy in those screenshots I almost looked at a few months ago. I hope Jason Hall gets testicular cancer and dies and then his body is thrown off a cliff into a vat of acid. Then I hope he goes to Hell and the Devil rapes him every minute of every day, because Jason Hall is an absolute idiot and can't do anything right and he lies and cheats and would kill your grandmother if he had the opportunity and I hate the jerk. I looked at some of the *NOLF* screenshots when waiting for *Tribes* to load on my other computer, and it just looks terrible. I saw this one screenshot, and a light was in the shape of a CIRCLE! Can you believe that? A light fixture that looks like a big circle? That's the dumbest thing ever! I hope everybody who plays *NOLF* gets shot in the face with a rifle, because if you buy this game you're stupid and deserve death. Just like Jason Hall. Screw you Jason Hall, your company is a sham and I'm still waiting for that patch for *Shogo* you asshole. I hope you go bankrupt and have to work the streets like the slut dog you are.

I just got *Rand McNally's Great Globe Chase 2000* and I'm really enjoying this title. It took me a while to get it working, because the people who coded it obviously rushed the product out the door. I was on their tech support line for six hours because their tech support people are so dumb and incompetent. They kept asking me over and over what operating system I was using and I kept telling them "Compaq" over and over, but those idiots just didn't get it. Morons. I suppose that's what we, as the consumers who actually buy their crappy products, deserve. It's not like we're spending our hard-earned cash on their shovelware products or anything! Idiots.

Once I got the game working (tech support said I needed to install "drivers" for my "video card"), it was a total blast. You get to choose one of three planes and race across the world. It's an innovative and remarkable game, and if anybody at Rand McNally wants to send me free promotional gear in exchange for biased reviews, be sure to email me.

I'd like to see Jason Hall make a game like that. Oh no wait, he probably can't, because he's too busy selling crack cocaine to inner city children. It's obvious that *NOLF* is just the worst pile of crap ever, and every game Monolith makes will be a piece of crap so I'm not going to ever bother playing them. I'll just post my review as soon as the title is announced, and my review will always be:

FESTERING PILE OF DOGSHIT

I just installed SETI@home but I haven't found any aliens yet. How long does it take? 30 minutes? Longer? I need to free up my CPU usage so I can try to play *Unreal Tournament: Game of the*

Year Edition and I'm not sure my Dell 33 SX can run both that AND SETI@home at once.

■ This site has a new guide up called "The Something Awful Guide to Posting on Forums". The article supposedly contains a large amount of humor, although I wasn't able to find it.

> *So you've found a forum or newsgroup that seems to be very interesting to you, yet you've got no clue how to "break yourself in" and introduce yourself to the forums regulars that inhabit the place? Don't worry, just like in real life, when you've got to introduce yourself to an alcohol support group or the gang of thugs who are smashing your car to pieces, the first step is often the most difficult. Something Awful, realizing that some people need an online "icebreaker", has decided to list and describe all the popular "personalities" people use to fit in to the online world. We sincerely hope this helps in your quest for online acceptance.*

I don't get what's so funny about this article. Something Awful isn't side-splittingly hilarious like Fargo's "Daily Victim", or the hundreds of other columns Fargo writes as fictional characters from highly popular video games. If you're looking for real humor, read that one column where Fargo writes as Tanya from Red Alert. That's about the funniest thing I've read since Jason Hall's last plan update! By the way, Jason Hall is a shithead and I hope he has a heart attack. Here is another link to the stupid "humorous" article on SA.

(0 Comments - Used to be 1, but I had to ban the guy for disagreeing with me)

■ A couple of the hosted sites on Something Awful have updated as well. Here's a copy / paste from what they sent me:

> Wow, That's Amazing! - We have a new survey up on our site, with the subject of "Amazing Fashion Style Survey (Part 1)"
> Taco the Wonder Dog - New song entitled "Oh Baby Baby Hit Me One More Time"

Sure. Oh yeah, Jason Hall molests children and I'll prove it one of these days.

(0 Comments)

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.13 Jesus vs. The Homosexuals

Thursday, Nov 16, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

1:1For lo, a black night did descend upon the world, as the ICQ pranks on Something Awful did trickle to a halt.1:2The villagers did sendeth emails aplenty to Lowtax, but Lowtax did disregard them for he was too busyeth Photoshopping Cliffy B.'s head onto various woodland creatures' bodies.1:3But then the mighty Greenmarine did sendeth Lowtax a victim who was a subject perfect to be pranked, a Christian Fundamentalist who did spammeth people on ICQ and promote his church of ill-gotten gains and intolerance.1:4Lowtax did pranketh the rabid Fundamentalist, and the fruits of his loins are as follows:

Jesus vs. The Homosexuals

ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO US!

1:5And lo, it was good, unlike the personal hygiene and social skills of Lowtax.

Hooray! To top off the wonderful fact that I finally got off my lazy ass and pranked somebody, we've also got a brand new ROM Pit Review of *Barbie Supermodel*. Ugh.

> *Once that is completed you have to leave to a new exotic location, I think mainly because Barbie is trying to escape loan sharks. Once you've pissed off the local organized crime boss, the terrible cycle of vengeance begins anew and you find yourself fleeing from one side of the screen to the other again, pimping your good looks for a brand new plane ticket to freedom! On your journeys from one side of the screen to the other you may*

> *encounter bags or cameras which force you to test your memory skills and recreate the latest Barbie magazine cover by either painting up Barbie's face to look like a reject from the Degrassi Junior High series or choosing the outfit which makes Barbie look less like a desperate crackwhore down to her last rock.*

Go Barbie, go!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.14 HBO Comedy Series'

Sunday, Nov 19, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I recently made a grave mistake and turned on my television. Normally I'd avoid such grave errors, but I occasionally have to justify paying $25 a month for the privilege of viewing such cable classics as "WCW Monday Nitro" and the many, many news broadcasts which feature helicopters following cars fleeing Police by driving down the 405 at 30 miles and hour. According to regional news stations, the only thing Californians are interested in watching are low-speed car chases and various courtroom drama shows like "Judge Judy" and that one guy who used to be a criminal until he realized that he'd make more money by being a belligerent judge who yells at stupid women and awards judgment of (up to) 38 dollars to white trash.

Anyway, I had the raw luck of switching on the television during HBO's block of original programming tonight. I had the sheer pleasure of watching two shows witch apparently are "cutting edge" and "have critics raving." I can't imagine what the critics are raving about, but I can only assume the PR guy meant to say the critics are "ranting and raving." In case you're not fortunate enough to get cable or you've fallen into a deep pit that only has Internet access, let me explain to you the joys of viewing "Sex and the City" and "Curb Your Enthusiasm."

"Sex and the City" - Sarah Jessica Parker stars as "Carrie Bradshaw", a woman who acts a whole lot like Sarah Jessica Parker. This is another one of those wacky "relationship" shows, a cutting and biting look at modern day romance and the pursuit of love at all costs. At least that was the line the PR guy was repeatedly mumbling into my ear while dropping liquid into my taped-open eyes and checking my head restraints. After watching three episodes of this series, I can safely state the following facts with the utmost of confidence:

- 99% of the men in New York have a hilariously pathetic quirk that manifests itself on the third date.
- The other 1% are complete jerks.
- Nothing in New York is really expensive, because four women who hardly ever work can somehow afford majestic apartments made out of pure platinum.
- There are many trendy restaurants in New York, all of which prohibit smoking but encourage gossiping about the size of men's penises and their various sexual dysfunctions (which range from shouting the wrong woman's name in bed to ejaculating some mysterious substance which can eat the plaster off walls).
- Sarah Jessica Parker is perfect. Her friends are slightly less perfect.
- All women are interested in sex. If you don't have sex with a woman on the first date, you must have some kind of mental problem (or not live in New York).
- Available women searching for sex are all over the place. They're in bars, trendy restaurants, your workplace, street corner, gyms, the elevator, the subway, the sewer system, on the tops of high rise buildings, your bathroom... everywhere. There's no good reason for you to not be having sex with somebody right now, even if you're at work. ESPECIALLY if you're at work.
- The only risk of engaging in casual sex with somebody you met at a coffeehouse 15 minutes ago is the chance that you may end up in a wacky scenario for which the only solution is running around their apartment complex in a bedsheet.

I really don't understand why people are so crazy over this show. It seems like the run-of-the-mill relationship sitcom, except now the main characters can say cutting edge things like "cock" and

"shithead." This artistic freedom lends splendidly to the hilarious conversations that ensue when the four main characters get together at their local upscale and trendy New York restaurant to bitch about their latest failed relationships:

> **Sarah Jessica Parker:** "I just started dating this guy named Brad. He's so handsome."
> **Annoying Friend #1:** "I have a problem with men named Brad. The name... it's so bland. BRAAAAD. BRAAAAAAAD." *(makes frowny face)*
> **Annoying Friend #2:** "I hope he's nothing like the last guy I dated named Brad. He did this thing with his tongue that freaked me out."
> **Annoying Friend #3:** "Oh, where he rammed it up your butt and then tried to deep kiss you with it?"
> **Annoying Friend #2:** "No, that was Chad. Brad rammed his tongue up his own butt and then tried to kiss me."
> **Annoying Friend #1:** "I wish somebody would kiss me. I haven't had sex in... 49 minutes."
> **Sarah Jessica Parker:** "Why must all men be so weird? Why can't we just find Mr. Perfect?"
> **HANDSOME WAITER:** "Here's your check, ladies. I hope one of you will come back again and ask for my phone number so we'll be able to have sex and you can discover some interesting personality quirk I have, such as my tendency to shout my mother's name while achieving orgasm. Also, I enjoy fucking cats."
> **Annoying Friend #2:** *(introspectively)* "Cock!!!"

"Curb Your Enthusiasm" - Larry David stars as "Larry David." Playing a character who has your same name and is essentially the same person as you must be every Hollywood star's dream. I mean, you take one look at the script and you instantly know what your character is supposed to be saying because, hey, that's YOUR NAME on that there piece of paper!

Speaking of scripts, "Curb Your Enthusiasm" prides itself on lacking any. Larry David and his goon squad decided that improvising the entire show would somehow make it "funnier" or possibly "easier to produce." This would all be fine and dandy if it was a good show, but "Curb Your Enthusiasm" simply isn't. I've had unscripted bowel movements that had more content and humor.

In this show, Larry David is grouchy. Really grouchy. Really really grouchy. I don't blame the guy, because everybody around him, including his wife, is a real jerk. Just like in "Sex and the City", every single person occupying the surrounding 100-mile radius has the attitude of a pit bull who spends all day licking his inflamed private parts. Each episode appears to concentrate on why everybody is a jerk and how that helps advance the central theme of being a jerk and its hilarious consequences.

Maybe it's just me, but "Curb Your Enthusiasm" seems to be "Seinfeld" minus all the comedy and... well... everything that made it great. The reason "Seinfeld" was such a hit was due to the two critical elements that "Curb Your Enthusiasm" lacks: writing and interesting characters. Jerry Seinfeld was able to carry a show based on essentially nothing by having a somewhat likable and amusing character. All the supporting cast chipped in as well, because they were people who were fun and interesting to watch. Larry David is just a jackass. He's not funny. He's not amusing. He's not a decent guy. He's not somebody you would want to watch fix your plumbing, much less follow their life for 30 straight minutes. On one hand, I wanted to see horrible things happen to his character because I really despised him and his show. On the other hand, I knew that the more horrible things that happened to him, the more time he would spend onscreen, bitching about the aforementioned horrible things. Unfortunately, it's not just that easy. If nothing catastrophic happens to Larry, he finds minuscule things to bend out of proportion and distort into horrible

events which begin to shape his horrible life. This can be anything from having wrinkles in his pants to not taking his shoes off at a guest's house.

I think that "Seinfeld" was just an exception to the rule. Every single "nuance / idiosyncrasy"-based show since has paled in comparison because the exceptionally clever writing just isn't there. A show that has no point, no plot, and no writing, ends up with no humor. And it's certainly no "Seinfeld."

■ Speaking of grumpy old guys, I recently received a letter from the king of all grumpy old guys. Yes, I got an email from Cliff Yablonski.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: no subject, stupid email program*
>
> *hey freakshow*
>
> *Ive got 6 new pages of mutant pissant bastards in Appleton City that I despise. tell people to visit the site or Ill kick your ass. again.*
>
> *cliff*

You know what that means, ladies and gents! Six new pages of hot and spicy Yablonski action! Ooh la la!

■ Since I have sold my soul to the eFront Network, I've been working on a new site design / layout for days. The new Something Awful will look more or less like the current one, only be more functional, easy to use, and cleaned up. It will be closely integrated to Real Awful News, which should be launching (along with the new SA design) by the end of the month. If you want to check out a sneak peek at the new design, point your "webbrowsers" (I heard that term on ZD TV once) to http://www.somethingawful.com/newsa/. This will be the new layout, with a few exceptions:

- The top title graphic will be professionally done. The one up there currently is just a placeholder.
- The eFront "parade of advertising" bar on the right will have a color scheme that matches the site. The content windows below it will match the site color as well.
- All the links and the webmail will actually work. We'll have a Something Awful / Real Awful News webmail service built into the site.

Other than that, there shouldn't be too many major changes in the design. I've tested it on both IE / Netscape for Windows and Mac, and it appears fine down to 800 x 600 resolution. If you're using Lunix / Linux, I'd appreciate it if you could let me know if it looks horrible in whatever elite browser you people use. Netscape 6 seems to ship with the tendency to at least display tables correctly, so it appears to be a major improvement over all versions from 4 and higher. Regardless, drop me a line and give me your thoughts. This is the page you're going to be viewing (hopefully), so speak now or forever hold your pieces.

■ Taco the Wonder Dog has updated with a very special Flash movie, "Crunchy Savior: Episode 0". Or something. With Taco, I can't always tell what he's trying to say. Anyway, this movie takes a special look at some of the more nefarious enemies behind everybody's favorite series about a floating Jesus head lodged in a peanut butter can, "Crunchy Savior." Like almost all of Taco's films, it's quite funny and I recommend giving it a watch.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.15 Read the Menu!

Monday, Nov 20, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Hooray for email!

> *From: S.C. Short*
> *Subject: Is there someone else writing the site?*
>
> *Hi Lowtax (if that's who this is),*
>
> *I normally wouldn't bug you, I know you get a ton of email and until now I've had nothing interesting to say. I have been enjoying your site (and of course all the hosted sites) for months, recommending it to all my friends. Your site is my homepage.*
>
> *The last few updates, though, have been puzzling me. While they've been moderately funny, they seem to lack the special spice that has been the Something Awful trademark. The jokes and sarcasm seem to forced and non-spontaneous. In fact, it feels like someone else is writing some of your content. This concerns me, as there's no indication that anyone else is contributing to things like the main page, and this last Cliff Yablonski for example. If the site has changed hands, I think your readers have a right to know.*

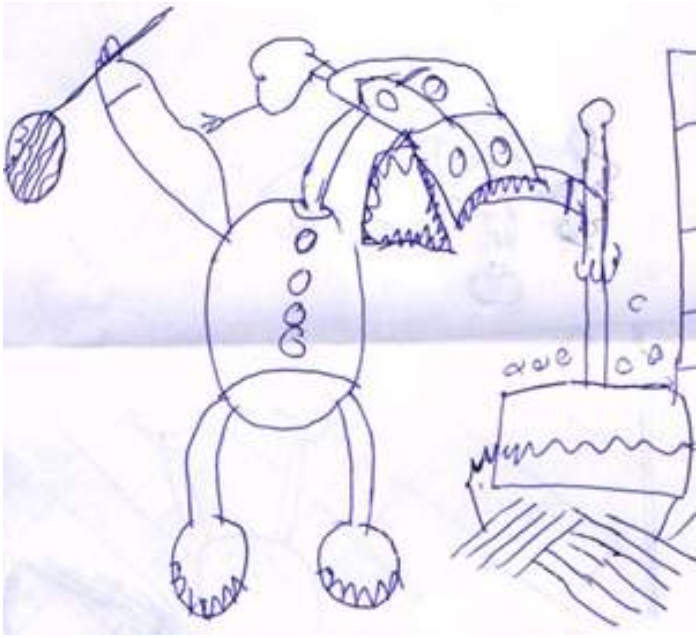
Okay, let me explain to everybody thinking of sending me these types of messages why my latest updates have been "lacking":

- I'm trying to redesign and recode two entire websites, this one and Real Awful News.
- I'm converting (by hand, since it's impossible to copy / paste it) over **1500** documents to the new design, and trying to get this done by the end of this week.
- I'm in the process of moving the entire site over to a new network and server.
- I'm trying to help get the news backend and scripting done (special thanks to radium who's coding it).
- I'm trying to get new forums installed and configured (since I basically found out that the $200 I spent on UBB has been wasted because UBB is a horrible piece of crap).

I'm literally in front of a computer, working on this site over 16 hours a day. If my updates are "lacking" lately, as they will undoubtedly be for the next week or so, it's because I've spent all day working on this site's future, and I don't have the time to dedicate an additional four hours to writing content. There just aren't enough hours in the day. I really apologize if it doesn't meet everybody's standards, but there's only so much one person can do daily... and since I'm currently having dreams about SA's server and HTML (I'm not exaggerating), I think I've pretty much hit that limit. Until this site has moved to eFront and is under the new design, I'm going to spend over 16 hours a day, every day, dedicated to working on it and converting documents over. For all of you concerned about the "quality" of the site during this period, cut me a little slack. I'm only one person, and this is all I can do.

■ A hilarious user-submitted ICQ prank? You'd better believe it! After the onslaught of user-submitted pranks that consist of cutting barbs and unbridled hilarity limited to calling the other person a "STUPED IDIOT" repeatedly, somebody's finally hit paydirt and sent in one that genuinely made me laugh... a lot. Take some time to read Artfag's "Read The Menu!" prank, where a vile spammer has precious moments of their day wasted by an insane chef.

■ Now I don't want everybody out there to get terribly excited and fall over in pain, but... well, scratch that. Seeing somebody fall over in pain is one of life's more treasured moments, second only to watching tires inflate at the Goodyear service station. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that Something Awful has scored a gigantic win by nabbing one of the art community's most famous and talented artists. Yes, I was able to bring over a man with so much promise, so much skill, and so much potential that museums are literally lining up to bid on his masterpieces as I write this. Who else could I be talking about but... yes... Bjørnar B.?



My name is Bjørnar B. I love to draw and my biggest dream is to draw for Disney. (specially Donald Duck). My interest for drawing started in the late 90's I'm now going in drawing scool and my Teacher gives me exellent grades! I was once in america I saw a lot of big mamas and a few big papas. I low to run and draw. Early this year I went on a good 36 place in a drawing competion for swedish aged 12-17 my mum was real proud.

Bjørnar B. is ready and willing to draw whatever you, the readers, would like to see him draw (as long as it pertains to Donald Duck). As you can tell by the masterpiece above, Bjørnar B. has completely mastered the style and artwork that truly defines the essence of Donald Duck. Do yourself a favor and head over to Bjørnar B.'s site to gaze in awe at his artwork. Then, after you've wiped the drool from your chin, send him an email and give him some of your ideas for new Donald Duck scenarios. You owe it to the children, oh, the precious children.

■ Wow That's Amazing! has something pretty damn hilarious at your disposal, a look at the upcoming smash mega-hit movie, "Goach: The Movie." Yes, "Goach: The Movie." He's a goat, he's a coach, he's... Goach! I can't wait until it tours California...

The air is filled with excitement, creative minds, and wet paint fumes. There are so many familiar faces here I can hardly even get them all down. I just talked to an excited and somewhat light headed Patrick Stewart who told me he was happy to be here, just sad they weren't serving martinis and expensive hookers. "FUCKING LYING BASTARDS!"

he complained while kicking a trash can. Other stars include Steven Spielberg, Nicole Kidman. Bill Clinton, Abraham Lincoln, and Big Bird. But the ones getting the most attention are the Goach cast members and flaming kamikaze Smurfs, sacrificing their lives in the name of Papa Smurf, may their great utopia of little blue things live on forever. But nothing says "kick ass premier" quite like a random passerby put it, "OH GOD! JUST LET ME GO! PLEASE!" My, what a funny practical joke that was, he was so relieved when we finally let him go... into the Manhattan river inside a nice leather bag.

The original Goach was actually used for this movie, proudly shouting at our reporters, "FUCK OFF!" when he sensed us approaching him. I suppose Goach just got a little hostile because of the earlier occurrences when he was in his pen. Our Camera Operator, Cameron Operate, began throwing M&Ms at him while repeatedly saying, "Heyyyy there goaty-goat, bet you want some of this," and then grabbing his crotch through his tight jeans. Now all poor Cameron can eat is melted fruit roll ups, but I wouldn't recommend feeding a corpse.

...and a good time was had by... er... most. Read all about Goach and see what you're missing!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.16 Sony's Robot People

Tuesday, Nov 21, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Well folks, the day I've been predicting for years is here. No, not the day when high energy prop comic Carrot Top regains his title as the "World's Most Gifted Comedian," I'm talking about the day when the entire human race should begin cowering under their collective beds. Yes, the moment when the robots have begun to take over the world.

> Sony, Honda prep people-like robots - *Sony has developed a 19 inch high robot, codenamed SDR-3X, capable of walking on two legs, kicking a ball and a few other nifty tricks. Meanwhile, Honda has unveiled a four foot tall bipedal robot that can even shake hands with people.*

PAK CHOOIE

GRAB YOUR PISTOLS AND VARIOUS FIREARMS GENTS, this is gonna be a rough one. Yes, modern science and technology, which wasn't content by merely creating scented crayons and pills that reduce the effects of asthma *(WARNING: side effects may include dizziness, vomiting, persistent cough, minor blindness, hallucinations, temporary insanity, loss of feeling in pelvic region, lightheadedness, weakness in metacarpals, inability to convert military time to standard time, feelings of inadequacy, the tendency to ask for paper when you really wanted plastic bagging at the grocery store, minor life loss, or attraction to cacti)* has moved on to building human-like robots which have a wide range of invaluable abilities including:

- Kicking,
- Shaking hands.

As I predicted long ago (or possibly never), the first victims of this impending robot revolution will be the soccer players and politicians. Think about it; a gigantic, handshaking machine that never fatigues or tires of shaking its constituates' hands. It can go all day without wearing out or taking a break to have sexual intercourse with various campaign workers. Sharpshooters will have a field day; they can unload clip after clip of sniper shells into the robot's metallic skull without the fear of being arrested because SHOOTING A ROBOT ISN'T ILLEGAL (except in predominantly liberal states). Plus, if Congressman ZX-109 breaks, all Honda has to do is make another one... one that will hopefully pass stricter laws on hunting rifles.

I do fear for the UK though, because their biggest industry there is football ("soccer") and history ("dirty old buildings that college teachers take photos of"), so the robots won't have any difficulty taking over their professional football leagues. Once Sony has created enough members to form the Swindon SDR-3Xs, the entire league will fall apart because UK football consists of three things:

> 1 - Pregame drinking,
> 2 - Kicking anything that's near you (ie: the ball, enemy players, referees, confused teammates, coaches, hostile fans, unseen entities, etc) until the clock goes down to 0:00,
> 3 - Postgame show which includes tearing down the stadium, lighting fires, and breaking things.

UNF

Since Sony built the robot strictly for kicking, I'm sure it will succeed in category two. The SDR-3Xs won't have any trouble holding their liquor, because robots can't get drunk! It's technically impossible! Sure, maybe Johnny-5 could get loaded, but I think he's the exception to the rule. Johnny-5 could do anything. And do I even need to bother addressing category three, the postgame show? Robots are notorious for destroying things. Ask Tom Selleck, star of the 1984 blockbuster sci-fi film, "Runaway," which pitted him against a marauding army of evil robot grasshopper things that chased him to the top of buildings so he could remind the entire audience that he was afraid of being on top of buildings. "Runaway" was an excellent movie, not only because it's one of the first films to be directed by Michael Crichton **and** star all the members of KISS (without their makeup); this was a blockbuster megahit because it proved to the world how truly dangerous robots could be. Take a quick look at some of the dialogue I was able to recall from the time I last saw this film in 1985:

> **POLICE CHIEF WHATSHISNAME:** "Tom Selleck, we're putting you on the Runaway squad where you will be in charge of capturing renegade robots. I'm doing this because you're afraid of heights, and as everybody knows, robots rarely hang out on the top of mountains or in airplanes." **TOM SELLECK:** "I sure hope none of those robots cause me to ride to the top of a tall building that's under construction." *(87 MINUTES LATER)* **TOM SELLECK:** *(riding towards the top of a tall building that's under construction)* "Goddamn robots."
> **OTIS NIXON:** *(cheering)* "You can do it, Tom!"

> *(**UPDATE:** I have been told that Otis Nixon was not featured in "Runaway", but I have my doubts in the source who revealed this)*

This, of course, might not be the best example, mainly because I have difficulty recalling what I had for breakfast this morning, much less dialogue from movies I viewed over 15 years ago. However, it does reinforce the notion that robots may appear to be innocent and trustworthy when they're shaking hands with you or inciting football riots, but sometimes there's a darker side to the robot coin. A side that doesn't contain the face of a dead American president or a Bald Eagle or some old building, but instead a side that has the face of DEATH. The face of the SDR-3X, laughing in simulated joy as it crushes the head of a newborn kitten. First it's the football players and the politicians, but next it could be the pastry chefs and guys that bundle the asparagus at the store. Then, before you know it, all of humanity is cowering in fear on the top of a building that's under construction. The building of REGRET.

■ It's Tuesday (or Wednesday or Saturday or whatever the hell it is), so you know what that means: another exciting episode of everybody's favorite weekly column that is anything but weekly, "Ask Jeff K."!

> *From: Joe O' Brien*
> *Subject: Quake 3*
>
> *Do you have any demos of yourself playing Quake 3? I'd really like to watch them and try to pick up some tips. Plus, it would be cool to see you kick some guys ass. I bet you could beat Thresh.*
>
> ***I haev beatan Thrash maney tiems but I dont record demos becuase Jerry says if yuo records demos and teh person yuore playing against has a computar***

> ***virus, yuo gets teh virus when yuo play teh demo! AND IVE read Firing Squid before and thoes guys arant too computar smarats liek me so God only knows what horiabal crap viruses they haev on there computars machenes!!! Probably a lot becuase they dont know how to install Norton Antivirus on MS Telnet liek ME!!!***
>
> ***anyway THrash si not vary good at all!!! When he gots teh big moneys from running GAMMERS.COM he losts his touch and now is not teh ASIAN SENSATIAN he once was! now he is fat and his fingars are too big too beat teh keys. I palayed him in QUaek 2 a few days ago and he played undar teh name "=>CAPTAIN BEEF(WKA)***

Check it out and bathe in the noxious fumes that define Jeff K.

■ America's favorite artist (which is odd because he's not an American) Bjørnar B. has updated his site with two new drawings. Take a look and don't forget to email him with possible ideas for his next artistic masterpiece!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.17 Computers Hate Girls, Deus Goat Secx

Wednesday, Nov 22, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

From the "Yes, We Are Horrible Monsters and We Pray For Death" category, CNN.com has revealed a shocking and frightening story that may possibly SHOCK AND FRIGHTEN YOU:

> *Computer education culture discourages girls, survey says - The methods used to teach computer programming classes are turning off girls at both the high school and college level, a new report says. As a result, it says, women make up just 20 per cent of the high-tech workforce.*

HAX0R ME ONE MORE TIME, BABY!!!

Of course a more appropriate title for this article would probably be "Computer education culture discourages people not interested in computer education", but I doubt anybody would click on that link, unless the promise of fabulous cash prizes and free Hawaiian vacations were mentioned somewhere in the title. You know, like the banner ads that run all over this site. The ones that I can only imagine are wildly successful beyond anybody's dreams because, come on, YOU COULD WIN CASH PRIZES FOR CLICKING ON AN AD BANNER! It's like money in the bank! I'm going to go and spend the twelve dollars I have in the "Old Man Lowtax Retirement Fund" right now, because those ad banners virtually ensure financial success. I'll be like the next Donald Trump or Ted Turner or Donald Pleasance. With a little bit of Abraham Lincoln and Rico Suave mixed in for good measure. And a dash of that hippie guy from "WKRP in Cincinnati" too. Bake at 450 for 30 minutes and stir. Serves 12 fully grown men.

All this discussion of cooking, however, leads perfectly back to the point I was trying to make before I was sidetracked by discussing cooking. Let me see if I understand this article correctly: women only make up 20% of the "high-tech workplace" (you know, the thing DeVry always babbles on and on about in their commercials while showing some nimrod holding a soldering iron and chunk of circuitboard) because they find it "tedious and dull"? Is there a problem here that I'm not aware of? I've been under the impression that programming classes, like English classes or history classes, have been developed to prepare people in that field of study. If you like English and enjoy works of literature written in that particular language, you will naturally find English courses interesting and want to continue studies in them. Same goes for computer programming: if you like programming computers, you will enjoy taking the courses. This doesn't have anything to do with gender, it has everything to do with the amount of people interested in computer programming. I haven't seen too many articles complaining that enough men aren't studying to become flight attendants or nurses. Why? Because men don't care enough to.

Pamela Haag, who headed the research and ironically has a last name which looks an awful lot like "Hag", is complaining that classes need to have their core curriculum changed so more women will suddenly realize that they do in fact love computer science. I don't know how she plans on doing this, maybe by asking teachers to explain how C++ ties in with the Tampon industry or whatever the hell women are interested in.

> *The report suggests girls could step in and fill the information technology job shortage if the educational establishment makes computer programming courses more interesting to girls.*

So the Haag is now suggesting that teachers stop focusing on curriculum that will actually prepare students for a job in their field of study, and instead concentrate on crap that will make it "more interesting" to women? Does this make sense? Even more importantly, do we really NEED to be recruiting women into the software industry? I would guess that the field needs **qualified** people... not men or women, just people who are qualified. If you are able to sit through four plus years of foreign teachers from mythological ninth-world countries rambling about pointers and God only knows what, you are qualified. The courses and tests don't give a damn if you're a man, woman, or Gamefan employee, they just care about your scores and intelligence.

Let's continue Miss Haag's logic even further. I've noticed a distinct lack of women in the National Football League. This greatly bothers me, because... well, I'm not really sure why. It just bothers me in general, like that one episode of "Family Ties" where Alex came back from the big band concert and he had some white goo around his mouth *(NOTE: This may or may not have ever happened)*. I demand the NFL change its recruiting practice to focus more on people who run slower, are generally less muscular, and fail to have penises between their legs. After all, we MUST have an equal split between sexes in every possible work environment or else something bad will happen, probably like when the Ghostbusters crossed the streams and all hell broke loose. Except instead of ghosts, we'll have rabid feminists running around. And instead of the Stay Puft Marshmellow man, we'll have... no, let's stick with the Stay Puft Marshmellow Man. That guy was the best.

I just don't understand what the problem is here. It's not like women are being denied the right to study computer science. The chance is right in front of them, and any woman who wants to take it has the freedom to take it, just like men. The people who are being discriminated against are the people who have no interest in computer science, whether it be a male or female. Why are we still at an age where we have to continue to make gender problems from things that are clearly non-issues? Why do we have to keep polarizing everything and view it as purely black and white? More importantly, why the hell do I care? Like always, I don't have an answer for any of these questions, but I do have an answer to last week's "Stump the Retard" quiz: "BeO, tungsten, aluminum nitride, pyrolytic graphite and molybdenum."

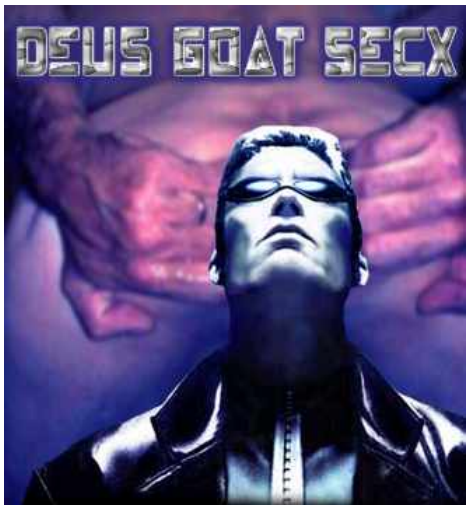
■ Shocking and thrilling news item! Yes, Something Awful once again proves that this site is your one-stop need for all forms of news and items which have been doctored up to resemble news articles but are actually subliminal messages to help spread my right-wing fundamentalist propaganda! We've got exclusive news about ION Storm's upcoming sequel to the smash-hit *Deus Ex*. Yes, the game EVERYBODY'S been waiting for...

> *"Throughout his search, he kept getting a whole bunch of mixed feedback; people want games that use clichéd 'real life' weapons, yet demand something original. People want games that reflect 'real life' scenarios, yet also ask for something fun and new. We couldn't figure out what was popular in gaming, but we did find out what was popular to gamers; Goatse.cx."*

If you read it on a website, it must be true! Go read!

■ Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse has a brand new turkey for your Thanksgiving celebration. Come feast on "Ninja3", chumps!

> *Imagine a huuuuuuge box with an innocuous mossy stone textured wall and an immense sea of nuclear slime stretched over the floor. Now imagine a batch of brownie-sized blocks of matter hovering over the slime in such a way that one can carefully leap from block*



to block for no good reason. Now imagine that in the middle of the sea of slime there is a perfectly rectangular patch of dry ground, in the middle of which is a teleporter that leads to a glaringly bright room with crushing walls. Now picture a patch on the wall that if shot by a player before they are crushed to pulp opens a door that leads to a room that is a deep, narrow shaft which pitches one down for about a mile if they miss the ledge. On the other side of the pit is a strangely constructed "room" with a lone Railgun and lava at its edges that slopes downward to an empty gutter, again glaringly fullbright and textured with the same innocuous graphic. A sniper nest with one machine gun and no ammo looms in one end of the room. In the middle is plunked a mega-health, and there is no way to get back up to the top. If you can envision those few things you have essentially reconstructed the level in your mind's eye, and actually looking at the map would be superfluous. This player kindly demonstrates the usual fate of anyone brave/stupid enough to try "Ninja3".

Fat for the whole family. Dig in, punks!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.18 Not-So-Happy Thanksgiving

Friday, Nov 24, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

You've gotta love Thanksgiving. No really, you *have* to or else Federal authorities come beating at your door, demanding you visit one of their certified Thanksgiving Appreciation Clinics. The easiest way for them to break your spirit is through nonstop exposure to Hallmark holiday cards, the ones that feature bug-eyed children with heads the size of major state landmarks, playing in a field with a turkey and saying "GWANDMA, YOU'RE THE BESTEST GRANDMA EVER!" Stage two involves watching every "Peanuts" cartoon ever created, including the one where Snoopy hallucinates that the Red Baron is chasing him, causing him to shoot up a convenience store.

Like every Thanksgiving, I had to fulfill my contractual obligation to visit my parents in beautiful Hawaii. Now replace the word "Hawaii" with "Lee's Summit, Missouri" and "beautiful" with "godawful," and the previous sentence will be true. Yes, Lee's Summit, Missouri. One of the few cities that has a yearly celebration dedicated to Cole Younger, a notorious murderer and bank robber that was part of Jesse James' gang. Yup, that's how hardup for celebrities Lee's Summit is. However, the positive side is that the "Cole Younger Days" celebration attracts the same caliber of people that would've felt at home in the James gang, so it all works out.

Not that I'm bitter about having to return to Lee's Summit or anything. I think the whole Thanksgiving weekend got off on the wrong foot when I entered my parents house and noticed every television was tuned to the Florida recount on CNN. Yup, they were sitting around the table, watching other people sit around a table and frown at punchcards. I can't imagine how in the hell anybody can put up with the "Democracy in Action" coverage that CNN has been proudly trumpeting for the past few days. Folks, if staring at 60-year old men as they pick up a white punchcard and mumble something to the half-asleep grandmother of six next to them is considered "democracy", I bet Castro is laughing his ass off right now.

So now, while I'm trapped in the land of warehouses and mud, I get the added bonus of being forced to overhear the exciting CNN "play by play" coverage of the Florida voting recount idiocy.

> **CNN Announcer:** *(Said in the same tone of voice as somebody who's been drinking Jolt Cola by the gallon)* "The Broward county officials are counting fast and furious now, and you can just sense the tension and excitement in this room!"
> **Some Old Woman Hunched Over a Table and About to Die:** "Mmmmmmpppp-prrarargghable."
> **CNN Announcer:** "As they debate the dimpled, ruffled, pockmarked, dog-eared, and empty ballots, we are approaching closer and closer to the election of a new President. This is truly an exciting day in history!"
> **Another Old Woman Hunched Over a Table and About to Die:** *(Mumbles something that sounds like "beta keratin")*
> **Dangerously Old Man Seated Next to Her:** *(Makes a facial expression that suggests he might be attempting to pass a dinette set through his colon)* "balhmmmah graablam BALLOT mmrpphragrl."
> **CNN Announcer:** "DEMOCRACY IN ACTION!!!" *(Injecting herself with a quart of heroin)*

To counteract this assault of democracy I've been under, I have been leaving the house a lot and seeing how many White Russians I can drink without forgetting how to get back to my parents' house. I haven't discovered the magical number of drinks yet, which leads me to believe it's a number greater than ten. Since I don't have my work computer here and don't even have email access, I'll

continue to keep everybody updated with these wonderful, e/n style updates until I get back home on Tuesday. What a magical post-Thanksgiving treat!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.19 Killer Microbes From Outer Space!

Sunday, Nov 26, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

As much as I truly enjoy frightening and alarming the general public (remember when I claimed every day, for three straight weeks, that drinking tap water had the same health effects as having sexual intercourse with a Tiajuana bus' tailpipe?), I have both frightening and alarming news that I feel you, the viewer, need to be aware of. If the American media has taught me anything, it's that the American public needs to be continuously informed that they could die at any moment. If it's Sweeps Week, they should also be told their kids could die too.

> Scientists discover possible microbe from space - *An international team of scientists has recovered microorganisms in the upper reaches of the atmosphere that could have originated from outer space, a participant in the study said Friday. The microorganisms are unlike any known on Earth, but the astrobiologists "want to keep the details under wraps until they are absolutely convinced that these are extraterrestrial," said study participant Chandra Wickramasinghe, a noted scientist at Cardiff University in Wales.*

This is not only a historic discovery because it's the first microorganism discovered from space, but also for the fact that it's the only microorganism which Robert Downey Jr. hasn't been arrested for inhaling. As terribly exciting as this is, however, there are horrible scientific ramifications we all must consider, as a whole, to prepare us for such a discovery. I am of course referring to the fact that these alien microbes will either cause us to be killed by evil plants or turn us into bloodthirsty space zombies.

Please pull out your history books and turn to the chapter devoted to "The Day of the Triffids", which should be somewhere between the section about World War II and the chapter detailing whatever the hell the Teapot Dome Scandal was. One of the earliest and most terrifying incidents of evil alien microorganisms would have to be the time the Earth was attacked by the Triffids, a marauding army of killer plants bent on... well... killing. And being plants. Of course, many scientists don't believe the Triffids were legit "microorganisms", based off the fact that a Triffid was roughly the size of an outhouse (and most microorganisms are significantly smaller). Many microorganisms are in fact so small you've got to use a microscope to see them! I guess you could use a microscope to view an outhouse, but it's not really necessary. Plus, the results would likely scar you for life.

As far as I know, the Triffids were one of Earth's first battles with nefarious alien spores. In this movie based off real events which the director obviously saw during his LSD flashbacks, the citizens of Earth are all blinded by a wondrous meteor shower. I don't really remember how people were blinded by looking at falling rocks, but I can only assume the meteors were laced with magnesium or had their brights on or something. Anyway, everybody goes blind, which naturally leaves Earth an easy victim for the nefarious Triffids, a race of giant deadly plants. Well, *in theory.* In reality, the Triffids were a race of clumsy, awkward, moronic plants that made duck noises and were somehow able to psychically convince Americans visiting England to run into them and be killed. Eventually all of humanity solves the Triffids problem by collectively joining together, overlooking their differences, and being as completely boring as possible This caused me to fall asleep and miss the last 94 minutes of the film, which made their solution incredibly effective, but unfortunately also results in my inability to help anybody out if / when man-eating plants start falling from the sky.

Another fine example of cinematic science can be found in Thom Eberhardt's 1984 thriller, "Night of the Comet", a film which asks many "what if" questions, such as "what if Thom Eberhardt was to direct a movie?" and "what if the year was 1984 and a movie about a comet was to be released?" When a comet (which was undoubtedly just crammed full of outer space microorganisms) passes by the Earth, many people appear surprised when they realize they have either turned into bloodthirsty zombies bent on killing all remaining humans, or piles of red dust. Well, I can only assume the people who suffered "spontaneous dust pile-azation" were surprised, because it was difficult to tell by just looking at a pile of red particles, especially when they exhibited the same acting talent as the rest of the movie's cast.

In both of these high quality, scientifically-endorsed films, conclusive proof is presented that microorganisms = "bad." Have you ever seen a movie about alien spores that save failing marriages, cure the sick, or help native Floridians figure out how to vote? Nope, because almost anything that comes from space, especially anything that can't be seen by the naked eye, is inherently evil and bent on the destruction of the human race! I see no proof that would lead me to believe these microorganisms would be any different, and can only conclude we must do the only logical thing left: PANIC AND RIOT UNTIL THE AMERICAN NEWS MEDIA TELLS US WE CAN STOP!

■ Even though I'm still at my parents' house, I am still lucky enough to receive messages from everybody's favorite retired war hero, Cliff Yablonski. Boy, am I ever fortunate!

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: subject*
>
> *hey jackass. 3 new pages of people I hate over on my site. I wouldve made more, but Im too busy to screw around with the stupid internet crap and IM not a computer geek like all you freakshows because I have better things to do and I dont have a computer cord that goes all the way out to my back porch. shut up. and no, I havent been drinking all night despite whatever the idiot neighbors and their retarded kid tells you. And the police dont know jack shit either, I hit one of them in the face with a bookend because I thought they were just some punk kids dressed up as cops so they could bust into my house and get into my liquor cabinent. punk kids. every one of you.*
>
> *IM pressing the send button right n*

Oh, that Cliff Yablonski! Please check out the three new pages of people he hates, or I'm afraid he's going to try and hunt me down with his weedwacker again.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.20 Medical Advice

Monday, Nov 27, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I have figured out a way to drive in millions and millions of people to this site, thus ensuring my financial success and securing this site a place amongst the top 100 most popular websites in the world (which now include such revolutionary businesses as "Candi's Breast Village" and "The Great American Snatch Exchange"). Take a look at yet another gem of pearly wisdom I was able to gleam from CNN.com:

> U.S. Internet surfers want medical information, survey says - *More Americans surfing the Internet look for medical information than for sport scores, stock quotes or online shopping bargains, a group studying how the Internet affects people's lives said Sunday. An estimated 52 million Americans have used the Internet to gain knowledge about diseases and treatment, investigate how to participate in clinical trials and find low-fat recipes, the group said in a report released Sunday.*

See? Now **THAT'S** where I went wrong, folks. You can look all over this godawful website, and I guarantee you won't find a single section dedicated to medical information. In fact, I never even knew how to properly spell the word "medical" until I read this article, and even now I still experience moderate difficulty. To make the situation even worse, most people end up NEEDING medical information to treat the various mental illnesses they contract from reading the crap on this site.

As a result, I am taking it upon myself to begin addressing readers' medical needs and concerns. I can honestly say that I'm not doing this for the extra income and money it will generate for me, but instead am doing it for the extra income and money it will generate for me. Sorry, I meant to say that I'm really doing it out of the goodness of my extra income and money it will generate for me. Dammit, I can't even successfully lie about my motives anymore. There goes my future prospects for a management position with Gamespy.

Through the miracle of the Internet or Virtual Reality or DDR-RAM or whatever the hell the key tech word for today is, I was able to collect a series of medical questions which you, the viewer, either sent me or thought of sending to me before coming to your senses and realizing I would just use it to mock and laugh at your expense. I am actually surprisingly qualified for this job, as I have a long history of watching reruns of "Doogie Howser, MD" when I should've been attending electrical engineering courses in college. Onto the questions, and hopefully, riches beyond my wildest dreams!

From: John M. Monroe

Dear "Dr." Lowtax:

I regularly experience a burning sensation when I pee. I used to think that this was because of the twelve-inch metal spike I had pierced my manhood with, but the burning has persisted ever since I had it removed by the carnival worker who originally inserted it. I have tried everything to get over this intense pain; I've eaten lots of bran, worked out in a "male only" gym, and even given up watching that show about the crazy black family on UPN. "Doctor" Lowtax, how do I get rid of this terrible problem?

Dear John,

Stop peeing.

From: Spanky Clemmons

"Doctor" Lowtax:

We live in the Lower Earl Valley Country Trailer Park and Upscale Retirement Villa, and my wife Sparkles got this problim where she dun drink Sunny Delight and then spits it up all over the place when her momma comes over and turns on "Matlock" on the tellevision screen. It aint used to be that bad, but she dun ruin that good rug we got from the flea show in West Albarnaback last month from the guy with the eyepatch and trampoline. Now Im plum sick and tired of askin the younguns to clean up after maw spits her orange beverage all over the place, and I think enough is enough. Can you help me with this here problem, doctor?

Dear Spanky,

No.

From: Clarabelle Kingston

Why do "computer hackers" in popular movies always have dyed blue hair? In addition, why do cyborgs never believe in taking cover while in combat? Sure, they're bulletproof and all, but they just stand there like dumbasses, shooting their guns in full view and never bothering to duck behind cover. Is it because they're designed by idiots with blue hair?

Dear Clarabelle,

A/S/L?

From: Ronnie Bledsoe

Hey "Doctor" Lowtax:

I regularly engage in a series of high risk activities, from having unprotected sex with various animal hookers, to regularly failing to check the "born on" date on my beer. Now my insurance company is trying to charge me unbelievable amounts of money, and I think it's because I'm 1/8th American Indian. My question is... well, I forgot my original question. I think it had something to do with Firewalls. Oh yeah, is Ambien a safe drug to regularly abuse?

Dear Ronnie,

Ambien, which is medically known as "Zolpidem Tartrate" or "that drug that wacks you out real good-like", is used to help insomniacs fall asleep. According to the FDA, Ambien also has the following bonus side effects:

> *A variety of abnormal thinking and behavior changes have been reported to occur in association with the use of sedative/hypnotics. Some of these changes may be characterized by decreased inhibition (eg, aggressiveness and extroversion that seemed out of character), similar to effects produced by alcohol and other CNS depressants. Other reported behavioral changes have included bizarre behavior, agitation, hallucinations, and depersonalization. Amnesia and other neuropsychiatric symptoms may occur unpredictably. In primarily depressed patients, worsening of depression, including suicidal thinking, has been reported in association with the use of sedative/hypnotics.*

Now all this complicated medical talk may be too complex for your addled brain to comprehend, so let me point you in the direction of this sleep disorder discussion forum, which contains many interesting comments by actual Ambien users themselves:

> *Your body is powered by a mass of electrical charge that breaks down into small electrical currents to carry and relay messages through the brain to determine and carry instruction signals for how the body moves and opperates. I believe that this mass of electrical current is what actually makes up the human soul.."live energy powering an organic host". Science teaches us that energy can neither be created nor destroyed. I believe that when the organic body fails your energy mass or "soul" leaves the organic body.*

So, as you can plainly see, I have no clue, but all signs point to the fact that using Ambien will make you nuttier than a box full of quadrapalegic Josepf Stalin clones. All I know is that if you want to exorcise the ghosts in your house, apparently all you need to do is take a firehose to them and cause the suckers to short circuit. I'm sure that's got to answer somebody's question out there.

If you have any more medical questions, you can either write in or keep them to yourselves. Either way, you've got around the same probability of getting a legitimate answer.

■ Yes, I am aware there are obnoxious, annoying popup ads appearing randomly on SA. Yes, I despise them as much as you do. Unfortunately, there's nothing I can do about it, and the ad stuff is out of my hands. Let's just hope and pray the popups eventually disappear before my audience does.

■ No new articles today, as I'm on my way back home to Costa Mesa this morning. Hopefully everything will get back on track, and the launch of the new SA redesign will be next week, along with the brand stinkin' new arrival of Real Awful News. Can you feel the excitement?

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.21 Joining the AARP

Tuesday, Nov 28, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Want to see and experience just how terrible the maps featured on Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse are? Well thanks to the ever generous "Master of Pain", you now can! To play against your friends and / or enemies on the absolute most horrible *Quake 3: Arena* maps ever produced, follow these simple instructions:

> 1) Download the Cranky Steve's Haunted Whorehouse *Quake 3: Arena* maps,
> 2) Connect to 206.109.32.1 (default port)
> 3) Sue id Software for making a product that caused you to go blind and murder your significant other.

Yes, it's that simple! So what are you waiting for? Grab those maps and get ready to experience a little interactive awfulness! Thanks, Master of Pain, for bringing on the pain!

■ I've noticed an unsettling change coming over me the past few weeks. Something frightening. Something disturbing. Something... well, awful. As a practicing amateur professional doctor-based substitute equivalent, I was smart enough to take note of the symptoms I had been experiencing and write them down to highlight my decent into sickness. As you will soon see, ladies and gentlemen, I am suffering from a severe and unrecoverable case of premature aging. The proof is all there:

> ▪Right leg acting up before thunderstorms. And after thunderstorms. And during thunderstorms.
>
> ▪Excessive amounts of sitting around, waiting for the mail to be delivered so I can browse through the 50 coupons for "Lenny's Ice Cream Shack."
>
> ▪Constantly flipping through the television channels, only to end up watching "The 700 Club."
>
> ▪Not being able to hear what amount the cashier claims is my total bill for the bathmat and three foam hats I purchased at Target.
>
> ▪Hair falling off various areas of my body, forcing extra hair to compensate and grow from my ears and nose canal.
>
> ▪Developing a bodily odor which smells like a combination of wet railroad tracks, plaster, and mothballs that have been sitting in a flooded basement since the Battle of Gettysburg.
>
> ▪Referring to any group of people under 30 years old as "those kids."

I thought at first that perhaps this was all due to the fact that I started buying that new crazy fiber cereal with the flakes that look like Rhea Perlman's kidney stones, but then the final piece of the puzzle arrived in the mail the other day. Folks, you can't imagine how surprised I was to get this

(which has not been faked or doctored in any way, except to mosaic out my address and darken the rest of the letter):

Yup, I have been formally invited to join the AARP -- the American Association of Retired Persons. I can't answer how or why this happened, but I swear to God that I got an actual, legit letter from the AARP, welcoming me aboard their ranks. I would claim this was the happiest day of my life, but I found a gas station in Santa Ana last week that sells unleaded for about four cents cheaper than the average here, and that narrowly edges out this fantastic event. Regardless, being told that I am now a member of the AARP is just terribly exciting, and I can't wait to begin reaping my benefits. Hell, I'm 24 for God's sake -- I deserve the rest, relaxation, and respect that comes with my old age! I spent my entire life working my ass off and now it's time for me to kick back and live it up! After doing a brief, cursory search on what you kids call "The Inter-net", I was able to dig up these fantastic deals aimed at "my people", rewarding me for all I've given to the community and you ungrateful brats during my lifetime:

> Bay City Windows - *In appreciation for the many contributions that AARP members have made to the community Bay City Windows™ is offering a 10% discount off the regular installed price of complete home packages to any AARP member.*
>
> Get an AARP Discount on AOL With My Pal "Papa Whiskey 250" - *Born 1941 Des Moines Iowa, Attended Wallace, Amos Hiatt and East High Schools, Charter member orginal "Crusaders" Rod Club, Enjoyed Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Boating, Fast Cars/ Motorcycles, Greater Des Moines Drag Strip, and especially "B.A.R."*
>
> Atlanta & National Custom Foot Supports - *CUSTOM FOOT ORTHOTICS NORMALLY COST AS MUCH AS $650.00!! Save 50% HERE! AARP 10% discount.*
>
> I Can Stay at the Luxurious Greater Beloit Comfort Inn - *53511 Indoor Pool & Jacuzzi (6 am - 12 midnight). 10% discount, AARP discount, Corporate rates.*
>
> Free Introduction to Family Tree Maker Software Video - *In this free 60-minute "Intro" video, a Family Tree Maker expert user walks you through the many features of this best selling genealogy software including tools and tips for entering data, creating documents (including reports, web pages, and family books), and searching for additional resources.*

Now maybe some of you insolent ruffians out there are getting a good chortle from my fantastic discounts and savings, but it will be short-lived. Tell me this, you cretinous dregs: when I'm sitting in my plush single room in Greater Beloit, wearing a comfortable pair of shoes and looking out my brand new windows while "Papa Whiskey 250" turns on the "Introduction to Family Tree Maker Software" VHS tape, who do you think will be getting the last laugh? No seriously, who do you think will be getting the last laugh? I forgot what I was talking about and really hope you can clue me in. I'm cold, lonely, and nobody calls me anymore. My ungrateful kids dumped me off in my wheelchair at the dog-racing track last week, and I don't know how to get home. I hope the Family Tree Maker Software video has a section on "how to dial for the Police," because those two kids

with blue shirts that read "Pokemon" look like they're up to no good at all.

- The launch of Real Awful News is getting close, and will probably be around the end of this week. The relaunch of Something Awful will probably be next week. Whee!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 5

December

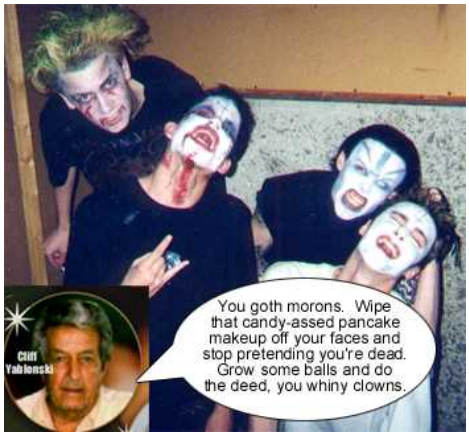
5.1 eFront Farce Begins

Sunday, Dec 03, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Something Awful is currently in a major transitional mode. It will be moved over to eFront's server by this Wednesday, and will be fully converted to the brand new design by then as well. As an unpleasant result, I haven't had any mail service for over three days now, because my MX entry hasn't been updated yet (thanks to my provider). Hopefully my mail will be operational today or somewhat soon.

■ Real Awful News is almost done, and should be operational by Wednesday as well. It appears that both the re-launch of Something Awful and the birth of Real Awful News looks good for this Wednesday. Once all this crap has been done, look for Something Awful to swing back into its normal pace of crappy content.

■ In the meantime, while I'm recoding all the pages to the new design and working out the 14 million kinks, feel free to enjoy another update from everybody's favorite bitter old asshole, Cliff Yablonski.


Cliff Yablonski
You goth morons. Wipe that candy-assed pancake makeup off your faces and stop pretending you're dead. Grow some balls and do the deed, you whiny clowns.

FOUR BRAND NEW PAGES OF PEOPLE CLIFF YABLONSKI DESPISES

I would print the email Cliff sent me, but since my mail server is in limbo and I haven't been able to get any mail since Thursday, I really can't do this. As a result, feel free to enjoy four fabulous pages of people who are remarkably more disgusting looking than yourself. Today's update also introduces a new member to the "Cliff Yablonski Hates You family": the one, the only, **Uglycat**. Read it and weep, gents!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.2 SA's First Birthday

Tuesday, Dec 05, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This site is now being pointed to the new server / design. Unfortunately, the new server doesn't seem to like the forums, so those will be down until the tech guys can figure out how to make it work right. I still don't seem to have access to my email (even though I asked for the MX entry to be updated last Friday), so I can't get any email to my SA send. If you really need to reach me, you can get me at this email address.

If you have any problems, technical or design-wise with the new layout or any of the pages (besides Cranky Steve's, which is still being converted, and Taco / WTA), you may contact me here. Make sure to drop me an email if you're having any technical problems loading the site (ie, it loads up very slowly, the ad banners never show up and end up slowing down the loading time, etc etc). Hopefully all these problems and issues will be addressed by tomorrow.

Oh yes, today is SA's birthday. It's one year old. Hooray. Nothing says "wild birthday celebration" quite like HTMLing for five days straight! ROCK AND / OR ROLL!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.3 Outdated Redesign Update

Wednesday, Dec 06, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Okay, everything but the news archives appears to be recoded and moved over successfully. If anybody is still experiencing any dead links or problems with the site, technical or otherwise, be sure to email me.

Oh yes, note that the forums are working once again (post a ton of worthless messages here, we're trying to see if the forum will crash from a large strain on the CPU) and we've got a new web-based IRC chat client. Knock yourselves out.

I'm going to go sleep for a few hundred hours. This site move / redesign has sapped my will to live! Look for all the content to return tomorrow, I'm too drained to write at this point.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.4 Guide to Pets

Thursday, Dec 07, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ Before I get to today's news, let me address a couple of important issues, which may or may not be important to you. They're important to me, and near my heart, and that's all that matters.

> ▪If you have a Something Awful email account through the Evil Email service, it should be working within a day or two. I screwed up the mail server's MX address when SA was in transitional mode to the new server, and I accept full responsibility for it. Don't email Chet asking about the service, because he had nothing to do with the situation and has no control over it. I botched the entry, and yes, I am a horrible monster and I pray for death. Feel free to send all your colorful words and insults to my email address, whereupon I shall react by hanging myself from a crude noose I fashioned from my small intestines.
>
> ▪If you're having any problems viewing the site (or experiencing any technical difficulties), email me as well. SA appears to be having some weird background graphic bug on the right column (for IE 5.5), and I can't seem to figure out why. If your browser shows the right column to be misaligned and has a black line running down the middle of it, drop me a line and hopefully I can figure out why it's doing this. Oh, if only I was smarter...
>
> ▪The forums are up and in magnificent working order. Once again, I'd like to thank radium for fixing the server and allowing them to function properly. He's like the smartest man in the world or something. Anyway, head on over to the forums sometime and check them out.

■ Look at all the Earth-shattering news we missed when I was busy contemplating suicide over SA's redesign!

> Monolith releases one of the most horrid screenshots in the history of mankind - Dear God, if this is any indication of the final product, I'm going to go and break every single graphics card I own that can handle colored lighting. Who ever knew that space could be so **FLAMINGLY HOMOSEXUAL**?
>
> Lawyers for Nintendo threaten to sue everybody - The crack Nintendo legal team, who took time off from robbing schoolchildren and beating the elderly, have decided to start using their free time to sue "pornographic" websites which seem to lack any pornography. Of course the webmasters don't have the time or money to get a lawyer and fight for them, so Nintendo wins by default. Just another day in America, the land of big lawyers.
>
> 3DFX will make your penis grow - Keeping with their public message of "buying an inferior video card will result in hot sluts wanting to have oral sex with you", 3DFX is now offering a contest which will allow one lucky bastard to party at Mardi Gras with the Playboy models. The promotion is sponsored by GOD Games and Daily Radar, so I can't really express my utter surprise and amazement there. I feel especially sorry for the Playboy girls that have to hang out with the winner.
>
> > **PLAYBOY MODEL:**"So, are you having a good time at Mardi Gras, {TMX} sHrEdD4R?"
> >
> > **{TMX} sHrEdD4R:** "Gah wo-woman in life, no porn woman, real life woman, gahhhh."

PLAYBOY MODEL: "What's that?"
{TMX} sHrEdD4R: "TITS"

100,000 scooters recalled by manufacturer - The "Kent Kickin' Mini Scooter", which is popular for both its intensely stupid name and intensely stupid look, is recalling around 100,000 of its scooters. Apparently the handlebars have a nasty tendency to fly off, causing the moronic kids riding them to fall down and realize exactly how dumb they must've looked on a scooter to begin with. This scooter craze is almost as embarrassing a fad as the "Pogoball" phase was back in the late 80's. The side benefit is that more children are being injured, so you've got to take the good with the bad.

Everquest guide snaps and kills characters - Hey, if you're going to go, go all out.

■ Since it's Christmas, which is traditionally the season of giving, or the witching season, or the season of the wolf or whatever, I thought it would be appropriate if I posted up a guide to pets. Many people out there are looking for an animal companion to provide company when the going gets rough and lonely, and, like always, Something Awful is here to help you out. Check out the guide for information like the following:

Kids like dogs because they're friendly, playful, and energetic; just like children. Many kids find it fun and ticklish to allow their dog to lick them on the face with the same tongue that the pet uses to sample the various obscene liquids floating around in your toilet bowl. Think about it this way: if you own a dog, every time you take a crap, you're taking a crap on your children's faces. Keep this in mind next time you think about purchasing a dog. Or a kid.

Hey -- we're here to help, and we derive mass amounts of joy from this help. So please, go and wallow in our love.

■ Internationally renowned artist Bjørnar B. has done it once again, providing us with the most high quality artistic masterpieces to ever grace mankind. I mean, just look at this!

D. duck scared to death when he noticed that it is not Santa Claus that comes down the chimney but dangerus snakes and electricity eals.

He's got so many new drawings up, I don't even know where to begin. Trust me, neither will you. Head on over and figure it out for yourself.

■ Wow That's Amazing! has a new informative article up entitled, "The Pope - The Evilest Pope In the World!!! 666!!!" As the name would imply, it has something to do with the Pope. As usual, I'm not exactly sure what it has to do with the Pope, but I'm sure it's something infinitely wonderful. Maybe you can figure out what.

■ Taco the Wonder Dog has a cartoon entitled "Paper Cut!" Either I'm going insane or my hosted sites are, because I'm at yet another loss to explain this. Maybe I just need some sleep... a long, long sleep. Read it and weep, ladies.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.5 Horrible Television, Brice Taylor: Sex Slave

Sunday, Dec 10, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

If you're actually able to read this news update, you should consider yourself one lucky son of a bitch. You, much like the surviving cast members from "Silver Spoons", have beaten the odds. Ever since moving my site from Backbeat Media to eFront's servers, I've run into constant struggles to merely reach and view this site. At first the mysql server was hosed and the forums would die after a whopping uptime of three minutes. Then came the attack of the popup ads, where random people would face the eternal struggle of closing a new popup ad for EVERY page they loaded. After that we experienced (and still are experiencing) the assault of the never-loading ad server, which prohibits some people using IE to view this site. The ad server will never dish out the banner ad, and as a result, the page will just sit on a blank screen forever. I have no clue when this problem will be fixed.

If you're lucky enough to bypass all those problems, there's still the case of the mysterious crashing server, as the server SA is hosted on seems to crash faster than Delta Burke running across a Slip N' Slide. See, that last analogy I made was just utterly hilarious because Delta Burke is quite fat, and the mere idea of her jogging over a Slip N' Slide conjures up the most hilarious image of her falling down... and CRASHING! Not unlike the server, which slows down and / or crashes constantly! So you see, it's such utter hilarity that one can't help but chuckle at the grave misfortune I'm going through, causing me to yank out multiple clumps of hair from my own skull and rearrange them in a decorative fashion throughout my kitchen. Just stick with me, folks, it will all be over soon. I hope.

How bad is local television in southern California? Turn on your TV any time throughout the day, and you'll invariably get one of the following three things:

- A "reality" show based around a cranky minority judge who hates every human being on Earth and wants to give the electric chair to the next 500 people who incessantly squabble about property lines or if the ring they gave their girlfriend was a gift or a loan.

- Police chases. Apparently some drug-crazed fiends must love to watch this crap because they're on all the time. The solution to any problem in the Los Angeles area seems to revolve around evading the Police. Not that it matters if you get caught anyway, the officer busting you is probably under FBI surveillance for smuggling crack cocaine inside the rectal cavity of illegal Mexican immigrants.

- "Sweeps week" material like the following:

"Sex, Spies, and Videotape"

Yeah... the CIA wants THIS to be their sex slave. SURRRRE.

I have to thank Alex for pointing out this gem to me, because if I would've been unfortunate enough to actually turn on the television and stumble upon the show myself, my webcam would probably be caked with the interior ingredients of my own skull by now.

"Sex, Spies, and Videotape" is an investigative reporting piece courtesy of KCOP, channel 13. If you have any doubts about their media credibility, perhaps I should mention they also have a show named "Relic Hunter," which is basically like "Tomb Raider" only with a different actress to masturbate to. Speaking of masturbation, "Sex. Spies, and Videotape" tries to supply the entire southern California area with enough wackoff material to last an eon...

assuming you can stop laughing for long enough to unzip your pants. Here are some quotes that were actually taken from the "report."

> ***Sanchez:*** *Now to a spy thriller unfolding in the heart of suburban Los Angeles. The CIA allegedly brainwashes a woman and turns her into a sex slave to the rich and famous.*

Yes. You read that correctly. The CIA has brainwashed somebody into becoming a sex slave in suburban Los Angeles. The two questions that immediately sprung to my mind when reading this were:

1) Huh?

2) Why do they need to brainwash somebody when they can just drive into Santa Ana and pick up hundreds of sex slaves for 30 pesos total?

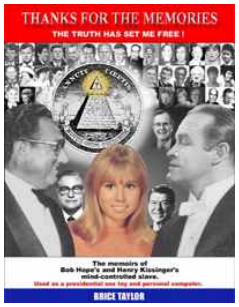
Obviously the CIA is bored off their collective asses, because l can't think of any other good reason for them to be brainwashing honest Los Angeleans for use as sex slaves. If they were a smart organization, they'd brainwash people and force them to work on the I-405 so maybe it'll stop looking like a gigantic freeze-frame video of bumper-to-bumper SUVs driven by tiny Asian women. Regardless, the KCOP "investigative report" chose not to focus on the CIA's motives for wanting sex slaves, and instead concentrated on the average life of a CIA sex slave. And oh, what a life it is.

> ***Baskerville:*** *Brice Taylor used to be your typical soccer mom, with a successful husband, three kids, and a beautiful home in the San Fernando Valley. That is, until she started telling of the secret double life as a mind-controlled sex slave for the CIA. Now, this one-time suburban housewife finds herself the unlikely leading lady in a real-life psychosexual spy thriller costarring a former Los Angeles FBI chief...*
>
> ***The former FBI chief:*** *Brice Taylor is absolutely telling the truth. I would stake my name and reputation of 50 years on it.*

Note that "The former FBI chief" doesn't really have a name to stake upon this. I guess if this story **SOMEHOW** turns out to be a hoax, he would ask his friends to stop calling him "The former FBI chief." I bet he has a bunch of other emergency backup names that he can rely on, like "Sparticus" or "George Washington." Here's another one I just thought of offhand: "Ted." If you decide to use that name, "The former FBI chief", make sure to notify me in advance so I may receive credit.

> *Taylor says Hope loaned her out to such luminaries as Henry Kissinger and every president after Eisenhower except for Carter and the elder Bush, whom Taylor calls a pedophile, accusing him of sleeping with her young daughter. Asked how she could corroborate these claims, she says, "I've identified a lot of penises. And I could also tell about the way that they preferred sex. Some of them are into really violent, kinky sex, and some of them acted like kids. Some of them were real passive, like Reagan."*

It's good to know that Taylor at least brought back something useful from her experiences as a mind-controlled slut. Being able to identify penises is a skill that ranks up there with knowing nuclear missile programming technology or how to convert flax into vegetable oil. Sometime in the near future, when



Thanks for your memories, your penis is five inches long.

we've evolved past DNA and retina-scanning services, the government will employ advanced dick-recognition technology to scan for potential terrorists.

If her long career seems remarkable, the 49-year-old Taylor explains that her mind-control masters were able to place her in a state of suspended growth, so that she did not begin to age at a normal rate again until she started the process of healing.

Well that's just a remarkable combination of mind-control techniques. First off, she's able to recognize penises from what I can only assume are miles away, and now she's aging at a slower rate than normal humans? Do you realize what this means? The CIA-trained dick recognizers will be **ETERNAL**. They will know your penis, your son's penis, and the penis of his son. They'll be a walking encyclopedia of sexual organs. When World War III is over and humanity lies in ruins, the penis people will probably be called on to rebuild humanity somehow. I'm not sure exactly how this would be accomplished, but it will probably be highly erotic.

> ***Baskerville:*** *And Brice says it turned her into a mindless "Stepford" wife, a programmed sex toy who could be triggered into action by the CIA with subliminal messages embedded in her brain.*
>
> ***Taylor:*** *I was a human robot, who had no ability to think or question on my own. I could only follow commands.*
>
> Baskerville doesn't mention that Taylor believes she received her CIA instructions through subliminal messages in Disney films. Taylor claims that many CIA-controlled Americans receive messages through Warner Bros.' The Wizard of Oz.

See, now that makes perfect sense to me. Every time I find myself watching "The Wizard of Oz," strange thoughts and questions begin to float through my mind like "why the hell are you watching 'The Wizard of Oz' when you could be **NOT** watching 'The Wizard of Oz'?" The CIA then apparently commands me to turn off the television and start downloading porn, which I am happy to comply with.

> ***Baskerville:*** *We contacted three Los Angeles psychotherapists who treated Brice, but all of them refused to discuss her case, even with her permission. Pam Monday believes that's because they've already been threatened by the CIA.*

I can't imagine why else they would refuse to talk to the television station, so it must be because of the CIA and their mind control / penis technology. Who in their right mind would refuse to carry on a conversation with somebody demanding to chat about how the CIA can brainwash ordinary people into sex-starved zombies that sleep with US Presidents and Bob Hope?

> ***Baskerville:*** *Brice Taylor wrote about her alleged life as a CIA sex slave in vivid detail in a new book out called* Thanks for the Memories.

Aha. **NOW** the truth of the article finally comes out. Instead of just being a normal raving lunatic nutball, she's actually a normal raving lunatic nutball **TRYING TO SELL HER CRAPPY BOOK**. KCOP TV is, of course, more than happy to provide free advertising for her, since a story about CIA mind control undoubtedly gets better ratings than their usual "Dangerous Household Furniture, Part 9." If you're still not convinced this woman is 127% wacko, you can always read this interview of her on "Leading Edge News", which has conclusive proof of her nuttiness. You see, all

wackos are born without the ability to correctly format HTML articles. They don't believe in page breaks, love making text either microscopic or huge, and enjoy running text together so it looks like one gigantic train wreck of ASCII characters. The proof is in the pudding, folks, and this pudding knows the size of your penis.

■ Cliff Yablonski was more than happy to provide me with the following email, although I'm not sure if I am more than happy to have received it.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: no subject, just an email*
>
> *hey meatface, i've updated my wonderful site with 5 new pages of idiots I hate. link to it or I'll shove a fireplace poker into your fat gut.*
>
> *PS: I'm getting rid of that idiot cat Uglycat.*
>
> *cliff*

You know what that means... five new pages of victims, ripe for the slaughter!

■ Bjørnar B. was kind enough to create two fantastic new drawings and a star-spangled essay for your enjoyment. Head on over and view the newest antics that crazy Donald Duck has gotten himself into, including another appearance of everybody's favorite character, "Fat Uncle Jubalon"!

■ Taco the Wonder Dog has a short animation entitled, "Small Child vs. Crushinator." Like always... I have no clue. No clue at all, but here it is.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.6 Families on Line and Wholesome Family Fun

Monday, Dec 11, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

■ More server problems... the forums will continue to be randomly up and down until the tech people can figure out why the server crashes every 15 minutes or so. Let's hope the mystery is solved before I march over the I-405 and start tossing Molotov cocktails through eFront's windows.

■ And now for a blazin' hot news update, from my desktop to yours. Families On Line forgets to filter out "Con Artists" from their approved web content:

> *In mid October, 2000 our company was approached with an opportunity to purchase and distribute the Sony® PlayStation2™ console. We were given absolute assurances that these units would be delivered by late November and hence we offered these units on our web site and the response was incredible. We received orders for in excess of 9,000 units. To date and despite numerous attempts, promises and stories, we have not received the units as represented. While we are trying every avenue to resolve this problem, as of this time we have been advised by Sony® that they do not have sufficient quantities to fill these orders. In furtherance of this most devastating situation we have already taken steps to involve the Fort Lauderdale Police Department Economic Crimes Unit and will further ask assistance from the Federal Trade Commission in dealing with the parties responsible for placing us and our loyal customers in this position.*

Of course I can't help but wonder why the hell Families On Line was accepting preorders for Sony PlayStation2s in the first place. When I think of the PlayStation2, the following images come to my mind:

- Games which require you to repeatedly punch other people in the face until either you or your opponent has decided their red life bar is too low to stand around and continue to be punched in the face anymore,
- Poorly translated Japanese roleplaying games that promote growing your hair really tall and straight up,
- Something featuring either NBA players or armored tanks.

Notice that the topics of "Jesus" and "wholesome family fun" didn't appear anywhere in that brief list. Let's face it; the majority of console games are based around digitally mauling the schmuck sitting next to you or blowing something up. If, for some odd reason, the goal of the game isn't to destroy something, players often go out of their way to do so. Ever play *Tony Hawk* or its sequel, *Prince of Persia*? Sure they're fun and amusing games for the first 30 minutes or so, but you quickly reach a point where you get sick of legit skating and want to see ol' Tony grind his deformed skull against a steel pole. The only titles that could be even remotely considered as "family oriented" are all those psychotic Japanese puzzle / dancing games which appear to have been designed by somebody with easy access to the evil cube from "Hellraiser."

So why the hell was Families on Line, a site which quotes "Reverend" Billy Graham, letting people buy PS2s in advance anyway? What moral teachings or Christian values are being conveyed by Sony's console? The virtues of patience? The correct procedure to worship a God, as Sony fanatics have demonstrated by generally being raving morons and shelling out their life savings to purchase a game console? If you have any doubts as to the wholesome intentions of FoL, let me show you what topics they filter out from their webservice:

> ***Message / Bulletin Boards:*** *Sites that permit semi-permanent messages to be posted and read by others. (See also Moderated)* ***Tobacco:*** *Advocating or promoting recreational use of tobacco. (See also "Adults Only.")* ***Jokes and Humor:*** *Jokes and humor.* ***Personals:*** *Personal advertisements, including "mail-order brides." (See also "Adults Only.")* ***Swimsuits:*** *Models in swimwear, especially fashion swimwear photos.*

Yup, Families on Line is here to protect your children from the **REAL** danger out there: chain-smoking swimsuit models who post jokes on personal messageboards. However, while they do an excellent job defending our kids from those horrible online monstrosities, they also promote the abuse of far more dangerous things. Take a look at these games they have blatantly smeared across their site:

> *Caesars Palace 2000: Millennium Gold Edition* - Is gambling suddenly a family value? How can the FoL include a link to purchase such an unholy product? What's next, Robert Downey Jr.'s Virtual Crackhouse?
>
> *Crazy Taxi* - A title that rewards players for reckless driving? Since FoL believes children are easily influenced by almost every single negative media source in their life, I can't really imagine how they would justify this one. Maybe when their moron kid turns 16 and starting splattering the brains of preschool children all over his family's Station Wagon wheels, it's simply a kind and beautiful sacrifice he made to let the children get into Heaven quicker.
>
> *Flag to Flag* - I don't know what this game is about but the word "flag" sounds disturbingly close to "fag", which is probably on the no-no list of topics for FoL.

To test out their comprehensive / terribly filtered out search engine (don't those two qualities negate themselves?), I decided to run a quick search on "Jesus" and "Playstation 2." Here are some of the more wholesome results:

> Jesus Friends - "Jesus Friends", also known as "Chris", apparently enjoys his Playstation and "talking on ICQ." In addition, he has an animated gif of a bomb exploding,

> which undoubtedly promotes terrorism and violence. If that wasn't enough, and it most certainly is, his page also includes a guestbook (which is considered a message / bulletin board)! For shame, Families on Line!
>
> South Park Rally N64 Cheat Codes - So now they're promoting both cheating **AND** the vile, anti-Christian cartoon "South Park"? Is nothing sacred?
>
> BBSPot - Yes, number 30 on their search for "Jesus" and "Playstation 2" is none other than the tech parody / humor site, BBSpot. A quick look through their news topics will reveal not only a complete lack of family values, but in face the DIRECT OPPOSITE of family values... something I call "Family NOT Values!" Yes, that is a term I made up, and no, you can't use it.

In addition, searching for "something + awful", "Something Awful", "www.somethingawful.com", or "cock gagging granny" does not reveal a SINGLE entry for my site! After looking at all this concrete evidence and taking the special pills I take when I want all the ghosts to leave my brain and make me happy, I can only leap to the obvious conclusion: ***Jesus hates Families on Line***. Their subpar search engine, in addition to their family NOT values game reviews, has forced the ol' J-man to sever all ties with such an abomination. As a result, some slick-talkin' shyster weaseled his way into the marbled hallways of FoL and swindled a bunch o' honest folk for hundreds of bucks each. It serves them right; sites like FoL are responsible for the Internet being the slum it is today. Good thing there are wholesome, family-oriented sites such as The Stile Project to make up for such decadence.

■ Something Awful would like to welcome its newest hosted site, the internationally famed world / fusion band, "Semi Automatic Turban." You may remember this band as being the link of the day a few weeks ago, and since then I have been negotiating nonstop to pull them over to SA's marvelous network of high-quality entertainment and hosted sites which don't seem able to spell many words correctly. It fills me with joy to finally have a music-based site on our staff since L-Bone is still in the hospital, recovering from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the assbone.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! Not only is Semi Automatic Turban launching their site, but they have also released a BRAND NEW TRACK FOR DOWNLOAD! Yup, they have teamed up with Europe's most popular electronic musician, "DJ Mall DJ", to create the smash-hit dance single, "Barn Raisin' Un-Mercy"! If you like music and you own a computer, there's no good reason for you to not grab this red-hot mp3! Do yourself a favor and download it right now while you take a gander at the webpage of the band which will be taking America by storm, Semi Automatic Turban!

■ Jeff K. has completed the first part of his three-part mystery / adventure / action / romance comic entitled "Levelord Solves a Crime!!!" As you can guess, it's about Levelord. Solving a crime. I don't know what else I could say to make this seem any more appealing, so I'll just post a drawing of Levelord:

Check out the feature for yo'self.

■ eFront has informed me that my readers would probably enjoy purchasing various products which are coincidentally being sold through eFront. It's odd how these things work out! The products that I'm told you guys would love include:

> The Creative Nomad Jukebox - Enjoy over 100 hours of CD-quality music. I assume you can also enjoy under 100 hours of CD-quality music, but I've been wrong before. The $419 price tag balances out all the money you saved from ripping off all those illegal NSYNC mp3s.
>
> The Survivor Board Game - I'm not sure why you guys would like this but hey, I'm not an advertising guy. I just write about stupid crap all day, so I'm sure there's a perfectly

good reason why my audience would like playing a board game based off a bunch of idiots trapped on a filthy island.

A Korn backpack - Hahahahahhahahahahhahahhahahaaaaaaa. ROCK ON, BITCHES!

Stay tuned as I continue to inform you throughout the week of products you unknowingly want to purchase.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.7 Jesse Ventura in the XFL, Alex Rodriguez's Insane Contract

Tuesday, Dec 12, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

eFront Server Problems? You Betcha!

As you've probably guessed, the eFront server woes are continuing. The tech department's solution to the site crashing seems to be "disabling the forums." While this indeed solves the problem of this server crashing, it doesn't really solve the problem of the forums not working. They were going to put up a new server for the forums last night, but apparently decided not to for some reason. As a result, my forums are still not up and I have absolutely no clue when they will be. Everybody at eFront claims they never had technical problems like this before, so I guess my site crashing once every hour more than makes up for that freakish drought in server reliability.

So, in short, nobody can tell me what the problem is, how they're going to solve it, and when it will be solved. Will the forums be up today? Who knows! What about tomorrow? Got me! The day after? Roll some dice, fathead!

Jesse Ventura Given the OK to Be Stupid on National TV

In a political move as stunning and polarized as the recent idiocy in Florida, Jesse "The Governor" Ventura has been granted the right to be a broadcaster for the XFL. This is a relief to many Americans who were afraid that a conflict of interest would arise from announcing XFL games **and** trying to govern Minneapolis. I can imagine why they'd be worried, as Ventura already has a lot of work on his plate, including:

1. Signing papers that have been placed in front of him, requesting his signature,
2. Signing papers that have been placed in front of him, then realizing it's a lunch menu, causing him to scratch out his name,
3. Being bald.

This would seem to be a full-time job to many people. However, to the rest of us who realize there's more than three hours in a day, being governor isn't really a 24-hour-a-day, 7-days-a-week job. The big problem lies not in the time constraints but in the fact that broadcasting for the XFL would make Ventura appear to be an even bigger galloot than he currently is. Sure Ventura looks like a big, strong, cuddly teddy bear who could easily snap your neck like a matchstick, but he doesn't really have a sparkling clean record of broadcasting in his days as a WWF commentator. Here's a couple examples of some of his more "noteworthy" lines from his WWF / governing career:

- *"I betcha Chico wishes he was back selling tacos in Tijuana right now!" Ventura said as Santana got pummeled during WrestleMania IV's tag-team championship.*
- *Then, a few days later, on the "Late Show With David Letterman," Ventura joked that the roads of St. Paul were confusing because they'd been designed by a bunch of drunken Irishmen.*
- *"I don't want to sound hard-core," Ventura responded, "but why did you become a single parent? Is it government's job to make up for someone's mistakes?"*

I think it's pretty clear that people aren't worried about the XFL broadcasting cutting into Mr. Ventura's gubernatorial duties, as half of those tasks are completed by simply "waking up in the morning." The real problem is how well Jessie "The Announcer" Ventura will perform while watching

various professionally-rejected athletes stumble around a field like inebriated pigeons. I can imagine what fearful Minnesotians are thinking the broadcast games will turn out like...

> **PRIMARY ANNOUNCER WHO HAS JUST RECENTLY COMPLETED FOUR MONTHS OF BROADCASTING CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL:** "The Birmingham Bolts, after going 12 downs and gaining only 23 yards, now have to punt on 13th down and 6. Famed punter Verbryn Monslovokia kicks a lofty one, sailing 30 yards to the 196-yard line, which is today's XFL bonus point zone, meaning all fans in row 18-C get a free gallon of premium gas at Ed Parker's Gas N' Go on 140th Street. Duane Parker of the New York / New Jersey Hitmen catches the punt and runs it back for a net gain of 38 pints per millimeter."
> **JESSIE "THE XFL ANNOUNCER" VENTURA:** *(Surprised)* "Did you see that nigger run?!?"
> **PRIMARY ANNOUNCER:** "Er... yeah. Quarterback Joseph Hurley steps back to pass and throws it incomplete to wide out Jacob Merlings, who wasn't aware the play started and is currently in the stands trying to pick up some lady in general admission."
> **JESSIE "THE SHRIEKER" VENTURA:** "Those Canadians always have their dicks on their mind. They make me sick!" *(Gets sick)*
> **PRIMARY ANNOUNCER:** "On second down and 45.2, Hurley hands off to runningback Mark Reynolds who takes it up the middle for ten."
> **JESSIE "THE GOOD OL' BOY" VENTURA:** "Yeah, those damn fags love to take 10 up the middle, don't they?"

At this point the broadcast would abruptly end because the producer would drunkenly wander into the press room, trip over the power cord, and spill Budweiser all over the broadcast controls.

This Just In: Baseball Is For Rich Jerks

Just when you thought it couldn't possibly get any more pathetic, the Rangers have announced they signed free agent Alex Rodriguez for OVER 25 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR. Did you read that correctly? 25 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR. That's literally almost as much as the **entire** Kansas City Royals baseball team! The revenue-sharing program just isn't working for the league, and before you know it, there's only going to be about four teams left in existence. Small markets such as Minneapolis and Kansas City can't compete with teams like New York and (for some reason) Texas, and as a result, they're just going to keep watching their cash burn and burn as they lose to teams with more money than all of China. In other overpaid baseball news:

- Andy Ashby, who has been playing baseball since approximately 1938, has been given a contract for around $8,000,000 a year despite the fact that he has a career record of 84-87 and had an ERA of 4.92 last season.

- The Yankees have signed Mike Mussina for 6 years, $88.5 million. This brings New York's payroll to approximately 673 trillion jillion billion dollars.

For God's sake, this kind of money is ridiculous! Many people hate baseball because the players get paid so much while schoolteachers and carpet salesmen make paltry sums of cash, but I don't give a rat's ass where the cash goes as long as it's not to *somebody who earns a living by throwing a ball*. I would have no problem if the New York Yankees simply bought a wheelbarrow, hauled out a couple million dollars every game, and proceeded to light it on fire while flipping the middle finger to the cameras and crowd. I would love to see that. I would pay money to see that.

However, knowing that such an ungodly amount of cash is going to BASEBALL PLAYERS just makes me sicker than a dog who just found "dinner" in a hospital bedpan. I can't even attend a general admission game anymore because the tickets are over $25. The sheer boredom of baseball gave people reason enough to stop attending games; having to take out a second mortgage just to purchase a single ticket is going to make it even worse. Screw baseball and the cash cow it rode in on.

New SA Guide: "The Guide to Anime"

Something Awful, once again conclusively proving that we're your one-stop source for all entertainment and informational needs (yes, we're assuming you have incurable mental problems), has constructed a handy-dandy guide to producing your own Anime movie. No longer will you have to wait on those Japanese louts to come up with another post-apocalyptic intergalactic warfare film about devil alien robot mutants, for you'll be able to make your very own! Just check out a sample of the infinitely helpful information:

> *As a rule of thumb, all aliens, demons, and robots are evil and enjoy destroying the Earth. Unfortunately for the human race, not even the strongest army can defeat these hideous creatures. Part of the fault in this revolves around the fact that the army's solution always involves firing cannons at the enemies. If that doesn't work, the army moves to phase two, "firing larger cannons." Once they realize that has no effect, the final part of their plan is implemented: "dropping a nuclear warhead on the enemy." By that point either the entire army or human race has been obliterated, so there's no telling what moronic phase comes after that.*

The guide also includes a couple of shocking photographs that will probably shock you, unless of course you're not interested in being shocked. In that case, it won't shock you. I'm sure you can see where I'm going with this; read the guide!

ROM Pit Review: *City Connection*

The ROM Pit, which is updated once every full moon, has added a new review to its ever-growing list of trash: *City Connection*.

> *The enemy that "killed" me the most, however, was a goddamned cat. I haven't mentioned the cat yet, but it is by far the most annoying enemy in any game I have ever played. It's some dumbass mutant cat that stands about five feet tall, "waving" a checkered flag around with a big smile on his face. Actually it doesn't wave, it doesn't have any animation at all; he just stands there like a statue. When you hit it you don't exactly die, but the cat changes into its alternate form of "dead and very sad frisbee cat that flies away at a forty-five degree angle and ends your game and makes you want to end your life" and floats away to cat heaven. This causes your Metro to do a little wheelie and stop instantly while the cat flies away very slowly and they play some happy polka music in the background. Instead of getting a bonus, you lose a life when you hit this feline fiend. I have been trying to purge all memories of this monstrosity from my mind but it just won't go away no matter how many liters of bleach I pour into my ear. This cat must be on the police emergency task force in charge of preventing idiots from painting the street or playing awful games. I know after I hit him about 162 times I stopped playing, so he is doing a bang up job.*

I remember playing this game over at my friend Jerry's house (no, not THAT Jerry) back in grade school. Also, one time we stole some kid's chair and threw it out of a third story window. What an

exciting trip down memory lane that was! By the way, here's another link to the review.

eFront to SA: Forget About Your Server Problems, Tell Your Viewers to Buy Our Stuff

Hey kiddies, that's right, it's TIME FOR MORE EFRONT-SPONSORED ITEMS THAT YOU CAN PURCHASE WITH MONEY THAT BELONGS TO YOU! Today I took the liberty of choosing some items which would interest you guys and feminine guys out there, because what the hell does some jackbooted advertising thug know about my audience? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! As a result, here is some crap that I know you're just itching to buy.

> Swiss Army Cigar Knife - Is it the Swiss Army? Is it a cigar? Is it a knife? NO, YOU'RE ALL WRONG! AND VERY STUPID! This is some gadget which allows you to both cut cigars and your fingernails at the same time. It's a great present for you yahoos out there that want to appear classy to your friends at the paint store.
>
> BROTHER: P-Touch Heavy-Duty PT-8000 Electronic Labeler - Ever wanted to put labels all over everything you own so you'll be positively sure you own them? Me neither. But if you have a spare 550 bucks laying around, I guess you can enter the magical world of labeling. Since the product is named "Heavy-duty", I guess that means you can put the labels on fat people too.
>
> Naked Raygun CD - I don't know who this band is or what they sound like, but their album appeared when I did a search for "FAT THROBBING COCK." If you don't believe me, click on the link and see for yourself. I guess I'm supposed to advise you to buy it, but I haven't heard the band before and they're probably something weird like acid folk trancestep goa-country gabbercore.

If only my forums were up... then I could share more fabulous product ideas with the rest of my viewers! That should get the eFront people cracking on the server.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.8 Claudia Schiffer: The PDA

Wednesday, Dec 13, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Update on Downtime

The forums are going to continually alternate between dead and alive today. They were running for a brief period of time last night, but once again they succumbed to the irresistible force of the eFront server infection. Hopefully they'll be up and running today, although I wouldn't bet my life on it. I'd bet your life on it, but not mine.

Claudia Schiffer: Computer Genius Guru Smartywoman Supreme

When you think of world famous supermodels, what images go through your mind? Voluptuous breasts? Silky legs? Smooth and creamy skin? Epcot Center? A wrecked 1986 Ford Taurus? I personally see an image of an 12-foot tall woman wearing nothing but a bathrobe, high heel shoes, and a bra made out of reinforced dental floss, but then again I often feel the need to break furniture when I orgasm, so perhaps I don't speak for the majority of my audience here.

The point I'm trying to make is that nobody in their right mind associates supermodels with high-tech computer equipment. Supermodels, generally speaking, have an intellect that rivals many elements on the Periodic Table. This isn't a bad thing by any means; all they need to have is enough patience to stand in place for nine hours while a twitchy French director barks commands at a hunched over mutant holding a large camera.

However, despite the fact that supermodels aren't known for their Earth-shattering IQ, Claudia Schiffer has decided to produce a "Palm Vx Claudia Schiffer Edition" PDA for all you tech-savvy seadogs out there. How is this different from the normal Palm Vx? For one, it's more expensive. As a result, you'll have to pay more to purchase it. That's how these things work; if the engineering team spends extra time and effort making their product more expensive, you can almost guarantee it will end up costing more. In addition to the price factor, the PDA is also blue and says "Claudia Schiffer Edition" somewhere on it. Apparently Palm believes these two factors are enough to get people buying their wonderful handheld computer, because I don't really see any other benefits to purchasing one.

This whole Claudia Schiffer thing got me to thinking, which is a rare and unusual event in itself. If somebody totally unrelated to the computer industry can launch their own personal line of PDAs, why can't I? I mean, Something Awful is like knee deep in the computer scene! For example, I often have to use a computer to update my news. I don't think anybody can get more "high tech" than that. Also one time I was screwing around with the back of my computer and got shocked by the motherboard, which means I probably even have computer electrons bouncing around inside my body right now, careening off my stomach lining and destroying everything in their path! I feel that these two qualities make me infinitely more qualified than Mrs. Schiffer to sell electronic crap, so without further ado, I'd like to introduce ***the Palm Vx Something Awful Edition***.

As you can tell from my complex diagram involving numbers printed on top of blue circles, the Palm Vx Something Awful Edition features many remarkable... uh... features that other, more inferior Palms lack. This is because I am a revolutionary genius like that guy who created Linux, Larry or Hank whatever his name is. Let me describe the incredible characteristics of this wonderful device which will take the world by storm (and not one of those wussy storms that just rain for five minutes and quit, I'm talking about a monster storm that uproots telephone poles and throws grandma into her table of ceramic cats):

The Palm Vx Something Awful Edition - Better than that Claudia Schiffer crap

(1) The Palm Vx PLUS - Note the word "PLUS" which I added to the end to make it seem like you're getting a better deal. In reality, the only difference is that it ships with a working version of GW-Basic and Notepad has a spellcheck feature which includes the word "assface." Also note that while the screen appears to be blank, it is actually loading my forums, which are currently down. Ha ha! Zing! eFront: 0, Something Awful: 6!

(2) Extendable Weathervane with Tiny Climbing Man in Black and White - Ever find yourself in the middle of Super Bowl MXCVXCIXXVXCIII (I forgot Roman numerals, sorry) and your team is depending on you to kick the winning field goal with only five seconds left on the clock? You won't need to take a "time out" to figure out which way the wind is blowing any more because the Extendable Weathervane with Tiny Climbing Man in Black and White will instantly do the job for you! To showcase our tech-savvyness here, we have also paid Jeff K. to create a program that displays what direction the wind is blowing. Unfortunately it's shipping with a few minor bugs, like the fact that regardless of which way the wind is blowing, the screen always reads "NORT". Yes, "NORT". In addition, no other programs can be run while using it. And you can't close the application. And it takes up 5 megs of space. But other than that, hell, this is just one of the most useful things ever.

(3) Easy Access to Most Phone Sex Lines - Hey, let's face it, people get lonely on long business trips. By including this feature, you will find it easier than ever to dial a

400-pound male pretending to be a 120 pound teenager! The Palm Vx Something Awful Edition also plays a comical series of musical notes when you climax, ensuring a pleasant experience every time!

(4) Deep Sea Diving Gauges From the 1920's - Ever accidentally drop your PDA into a large body of water and lose all track of it? Well with the Deep Sea Diving Gauges From the 1920's you will accurately know how deep your PDA has sunk! Of course you have to be standing within one foot of the PDA to read the dials, the Palm Vx isn't waterproof, and this doesn't help you at all in recovering it, but that's the price you pay for modern technology.

(5) Police Siren - A PDA is simply an expensive fashion accessory to most people -- just a tool to make them look more intelligent. However, with these devices getting smaller and smaller, it's becoming more difficult for people to notice you own a PDA and are in fact very smart. Our new Police Siren changes all that! Upon booting up your Palm Vx Something Awful Edition, the siren immediately turns on and starts flashing, shrieking, and generally letting everybody within a six-mile radius know you've got a PDA! Optional accessories include a gun which shoots people who don't pay attention to you.

(6) Wheelbarrow - Need more room to hold your lipstick, wallet, cash roll, or condoms? Well instead of taking up space, this PDA brings you EXTRA space! Store up to 80 pounds of material in the Palm Vx Wheelbarrow! Comes with a little fat white child inside, but you can ask him to leave. We just don't recommend manually taking him out, as he's covered with some weird goo and once attempted to bite our engineers.

(7) Device That Measures (Something) From 0 to 100 - We're not sure what exactly this is monitoring, but it's probably something very important. Our tech team just said that if the needle gets above 90, you should instantly drop the PDA and start running away as fast as you can. He also said you should do the same thing if the needle is below 90.

(8) Washing Machine - I've noticed that sometimes I'll put on a clean shirt in the morning, and then by the afternoon it will be covered in dirt and animal remains! Since I'm always mobile and "on the go", I simply don't have the time to saunter to the nearest laundromat and clean my soiled clothing. Well fear no longer, as a fully functioning washing machine ships with every Palm Vx Something Awful Edition! It's like having a fully functioning washing machine... in the PALM PILOT of your hand! Ha ha! The marketing team took nine weeks to think of that line!

(9) LED Basketball Scoreboard - Keep track of your two favorite basketball teams, "Home" and "Guest", with this remarkable new device. It can also record scores from other teams, but we're not sure how.

(10) Holometabolous (Larva) Diagram - Next time one of your smartass friends comes up and starts trying to bust your chops about a Megaloptera's anatomy, you'll be prepared. Our Holometabolous (Larva) Diagram is etched on a marble block which weighs around 20 pounds, making it the perfect weapon to smash him in the face with. Besides, anybody who publicly starts discussions about insect anatomy probably deserves to be hurt.

This concludes the whirlwind tour of the brand new Palm Vx Something Awful Edition PDA. I hope you're as excited as I am (although hopefully you've taken less narcotics). If you're interested in ordering one for you or your loved one, you can click the link below. It won't really do you any good, as there's no ordering information on the page linked, but you can click it anyway. That's your right, man.

Yes, I want to buy the Palm Vx Something Awful Edition! And Yes, I am aware this link will take me to a page which is not like this page and is in fact completely different!

Hot News: "Bitboys and Rambus Merge to Form 'Laughingstock Industries Ltd."

Once again, when news breaks, SA is here to pick up the shattered remains and assemble them into a form that can probably get us sued. In today's "hot off the presses" story, SA has learned that graphics card manufacturer Bitboys and memory chip firm Rambus have joined together to form the ultimate butt of all tech industry jokes: "Laughingstock Industries Ltd.":

> *"The XBRSN1-283SMFZZ-ULTRAX-II is a revolutionary new product which takes our engineering strengths, ludicrous hardware specs, and bald-faced PR lies, and combines them into one product that will revolutionize the graphics industry as you know it. Our XBA2 engine will allow a 64 mega-textel pipeline that can support a memory bandwidth of over 200 GB / sec. Game designers will finally be able to take advantage of 512-bit color and program their titles for not only 3D applications, but one step better. Yes, that's correct, our card will be the first to support 4D programming as well. You can actually finish coding a program before you even start working on it!"*

It's hot! It's news! It's something awful!

Steamy ROM Pit Action: *Gundam Wing: Endless Duel* Review

The ROM Pit has been updated two days in a row? Say it ain't so! Of course all the Anime nuts out there will probably foam at the mouth knowing that somebody thought a Gundam Wing product wasn't exactly the pinnacle of genius, but Anime nuts seem to get bent out of shape when anybody other than them even mentions Anime.

> *The most homoerotic cartoon on television is now a seizure-inducing fighting game for your SNES. Will it make you hit on other boys in gym class? No, but it'll probably make you bump up against them a lot as you're staggering around with blackened pits where your eyes used to be. With all the scantily-clad prettyboys and flashing orange lights, you won't know whether you're shuddering in horror or spastically convulsing. You'll probably want to have an autoinjector full of thorazine handy while you're playing this.*

Read it and get your hate mail ready!

Bjørnar B.: The Man, The Myth, The Legend

Bjørnar B. has updated his site with a couple new drawings and a question asking if anybody would be interesting in buying a shirt that features cultural icon "Fat Uncle Jubalon" sitting on Donald Duck. Anybody who says "no" is a horrible monster and I pray for your death. Witness the genius of Bjørnar B.!

Taco Helps You (Something Something Something)

Taco the Wonder Dog has added a new Flash cartoon called "Raisin Time at the Gas Station" in addition to putting up a tutorial that instructs you how to do, well, something. Like usual, I'm taking my best guesses at figuring out what exactly is supposed to be going on here.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.9 Troll 3 is NOT Good!

Thursday, Dec 14, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I'll Give You a Box of Chocolates If You Kill Me

I've spent the last seven hours watching, capturing, and reviewing the abomination "Troll 3" just for you, the readers. Please excuse me if today's news update isn't up to par. I'm going to throw myself in front of traffic and pray my brain is first to get crushed.

THE INCREDIBLE "TROLL 3" REVIEW!!! INCLUDES ALL THESE FEATURES AND SO MUCH MORE!

DRINKING!

DEATH!

FAT COPS!

GREEN FOAM HATS!

ARMED REDNECKS!

PSYCHOTIC BUSINESSMEN!

You'll notice "trolls" are not mentioned anywhere in there. Yes, that's how good of a movie this is! READ THE "TROLL 3" REVIEW RIGHT NOW... or you might regret it for the rest of your terrible, terrible lives!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.10 StileProject Pimping

Friday, Dec 15, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

WWW.STILEPROJECT.COM

HOT, SPICY, UNCENSOREDjoyful, caring memories of a loved one entering the sacred bond and trust of marriage **FOR ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

YOU WANT TO SEEmembers of your family buckle up, put their nose to the grindstone, and eventually graduate with honors from a prestigious university**? WELL BABY, STILE PROJECT'S GOT SOME HARDCORE**college graduation**ACTION!!! NO ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES!**

NOTHING SAYS"two monkeys cuddling with each other, demonstrating a cute and childlike innocence"**QUITE LIKE THE BURNIN-UP STILE PROJECT, AND WE'VE GOT HUNDREDS OF** two monkeys cuddling with each other, demonstrating a cute and childlike innocence **PICTURES AND FULL-LENGTH MOVIES!**

WENT TO ALL THOSE OTHERloving family photo **SITES AND COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING WORTH YOUR TIME? WELL STILE PROJECT'S GOT ALL THE** loving family photos **YOU COULD EVER WANT!**

VISIT STILE PROJECT NOW AND GET 20 FREE MINUTES OF HOT, SPICY PHONEcalls from your grandmother asking how your health is**! THIS WILL HAVE YOU**cleaning and washing**YOUR PANTS IN NO TIME! ACT TODAY!**

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.11 Everquest Campers, Killer Cell Phones, Pedos in Closets

Sunday, Dec 17, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Everquest Zealots Camp Insanity Pleas

Okay, it's common knowledge that the more "hardcore" fans of epic roleplaying game *Everquest* aren't exactly the ripest peaches on the fruit farm. In fact, they're more like the unidentifiable piles of brown and chunky waste product that festers in rancid lumps under the tree. You know, the clumps of sticky, vile, odorous mystery substance which could be either rotting fruit or something a dog with severe bowel problems left after eating rotten fruit. And then you grab a really long stick to poke it and hopefully scoop some up so you can flick it at a friend, but upon removing the stick from the pile of brownish substance, you notice a long green streamer of goo hanging off and trailing back to the mess? What was I talking about again? Oh yeah, *Everquest*.

Anyway, self-professed "*Everquest* Victims" are apparently planning for a demonstration at the upcoming Baltimore *EQ* Fan Faire in... uh... Baltimore. In case you've never heard of *Everquest* before (or you have wisely chosen to ignore it), *EQ* is a game where people, who have grown tired of sitting around in their room or office all day doing nothing, can pay Sony $10 a month to sit around inside their video game all day and do nothing. It's the ultimate escape for people who are unable to relate to other humans in real life because *EQ* addicts generally have the social skills of rabid, crippled wolverines.

So basically what this all boils down to is a gigantic powder keg of antisocial nutballs who spend 99% of the day playing *EQ* and the other 1% flaming Verant on public forums for making Iskar Necromancers too weak / too strong and how the 64th level Warmonger of Paladinian Freeport Ringbearers United 154th Union doesn't drop loot good enough to justify killing him and how they need more benefits from training in 1H blunt with an emphasis on divining or conjuring or masticating or demolitions whatever the hell they study. To them, *Everquest* is a religion... except with one major difference. In most religions the followers unquestioningly follow every word preached by their leader; in the *EQ* religion, they can't stop bickering over every word. No matter what changes are made, the *EQ* zealots can always point out hundreds of reasons why the changes suck and how their life is ruined and if they had strong enough arms to force their fat ass out of their chair, they'd go and get some titanium-reinforced rope to hang themselves with. **DISCLAIMER:** *Not all EQ zealots are fat. Some are morbidly obese.*

Anyway, a new faction of *EQ* weirdos has recently sprung up like a case of chronic heartburn: the Ex-*EQ* Nutballs. These are the people who used to be *EQ* nutballs until some catastrophic event occurred in their lives, causing them to question the validity of camping pixelated shoes for 40 hours straight. Some of these people once had a wife, kids, and a prosperous job. However, as soon as the *EQ* bug bit them, they gave up reading work memorandums for *"WTB 1HS or 1HB 4 OG WAR PLZ TELL @ 2 HUT PLZ SOW 2 THX :)"* messages all day. They realized that in real life they were just another identical face in a crowd of clones. By logging onto *Everquest* every day, they were given the freedom to be another identical face in a crowd of clones... only they now they had a **FLAMING SWORD**. But alas, the unadulterated bliss of grouping with 30-year old men pretending to be 18-year old women pretending to be 22-year old Wood Elves eventually came to an end, and they realized that the copious amounts of time and money they put into *Everquest* has resulted in essentially nothing. All those hours and hours of trying to level up and get better equipment so they could impress a newbie 14-year old kid with ADD logging in from Sudan were

just a waste of time.

These Ex-*EQ* Nutballs are now going around preaching about the evils of *EQ* and how it can turn man against man and man against rent collector. While I have no problem with people pointing out how utterly insane it is to be addicted to *EQ*, I can't help but think their cause is futile. You see, there's no way to communicate rationally with *Everquest* fanatics. It's impossible. They don't think like we do. Even their timetables are screwed up. If you ask an *EQ* Nutball when they want to go eat, they give you an estimation based off the predicted time of monster respawning they're camping. If you wait it out and eventually convince them to logoff, you always go end up going to McDonalds because it's the cheapest and *EQ* Nutballs are always broke. Then, while there, all they do is whine about changes Brad / Gordon / Alan / whoever the hell is the current devil made. They literally never stop talking about *Everquest*. Ever. You could pull out a hammer and break open their skull and their dying words would be "tell my guild I won't be able to make it to the meeting tonight." These people are lost causes and all the demonstrations in the world won't help them realize this. If you know a friend or loved one who is hopelessly addicted to *EQ*, to be honest, your only option is breaking their skulls open with a hammer and freeing the daemons trapped inside. If you record one of their conversations with you at McDonalds, no jury in the world would convict you.

Oh yeah, and if you're a huge *Everquest* fan getting ready to write me a terribly upsetting letter which refers to my ignorant, misinformed article as an "ignorant, misinformed article," let me assure you that I wasn't writing about yourself or anybody in your guild. I was talking about that one guild who you guys don't like. You know, the one that cheats.

Cellphone Industry Wants Fresh New Ways to Kill People

Not content with merely distracting people trying to drive their mammoth 60-ton SUVs while conversing about Aunt Betty's wacky colon on their mobile phone, the cellphone industry is now looking at streaming movies over cellphones. Yes, movies. Over cellphones. I don't know why anybody needs or would even want movies over their cellphone, as they'd probably end up being 99% ads for the cellphone company, but hey, nobody said technology had to be useful. We can't even successfully stream movies to the majority of the people on desktop computers, yet companies are already thinking about movies on phones. Companies are simply trying to move too fast and be the "industry leader" in areas of technology that are just not needed. Remember the great big Internet Gold Rush of the mid 90's? Where anybody with any idea that included the prefix "e" or "cyber" would instantly be given $50 million by an old white banker? Look where all those ideas have gone. Pseudo.com, the industry leader in proclaiming themselves to be industry leader, put all their money on streaming media and went tits up months ago. Pets.com, which had the ingenious idea of offering a service that nobody in their right mind would ever use, turned into big bowls of dust long a few months back. Just like the company trying to stream movies onto phones, they were both simply going after a technology or service that was untapped... but they never realized that it was untapped for an obvious reason: nobody wants it. I don't think we'll ever get over the "HEY LOOK, IT'S TECHNOLOGY!!!" business outlook, but I hope to God that it doesn't result in my being run over by a soccer mom who's trying to drive her SUV and adjust the tracking for the copy of "Titanic" she's watching on her cellphone.

Free Sex and No Rent

Your typical romance story: pedophile meets girl on Internet, pedophile sneaks over to girl's house and avoids parents, pedophile lives in girl's closet for three weeks before being discovered. I think I saw that movie with Tom Hanks: "You've Got Male" (yes, I am aware I used this joke in the past but I rarely ever come up with witty material so give me a break). Anyway, some Army clown went AWOL and decided to move into his 15-year old lover's closet until he was discovered by her mother. Apparently the guy had a set of dishes, pillows, and blankets inside his love shack, bringing up the obvious question: *how fucking big was this kid's closet?* That's got to be one huge storage space to be able to hold a grown man, his collection of dishes, and sufficient bedding material. If I was the mother, I'd look into suing the home's architects because it's obviously their fault for being so nearsighted and failing to realize that they neglected to pedophile-proof the place. Look for the day in the near future when these stickers are placed in your new home's closets:

Guess What? Cliff Yablonski Hates Us!

Gee, Cliff doing an update on Monday? Like he's been doing for the past four million months? Say it ain't so! In addition to Cliff updating his site with six new pages of people in the Appleton City area he despises, I have also taken the liberty of redesigning his site so it's easier to get around (and it also has the right eFront Carousel of Advertisements bar which I am kind of obliged to put on all pages under threat of being Gamefanned). Anyway, here's the email that wacky old bastard sent to me this morning.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: No subject*
>
> *I would thank you for redesigning my site, but it looks like shit so I wont. I have updated it with six new pages of people I hate. write about that on your program or beat your ugly mug in with a wrench.*
>
> *cliff*

You know what you gotta do... check out Cliff's latest gallery of victims!

Bjørnar B. Gonna Rock Da House

Bjørnar B., who people either seem to love or hate (like every hosted site on SA), has updated with two new drawings and more information regarding his upcoming line of bjørnarwear shirts featuring "Fat Uncle Jubalon." No, I don't know who the hell "Fat Uncle Jubalon" is supposed to be. For that sake, I don't know why the hell Donald Duck is shown turning "a seagull into a small man by only using one spell", but I guess that's just the wonders of Bjørnar B., isn't it? See Donald as you've never seen him before... on crack!

You Don't Know... Cliff!

In celebration of Cliff's new site design and update, guest contributor Al has provided us with a "You Don't Know Cliff" quiz which will test everybody's knowledge regarding their favorite elderly West Appleton resident. For example, did you know this?

> *Cliff Yablonski is the first to admit that he neither understands nor cares about the Internet at all. "I don't know jack shit about computers and all that dumb crap. What the fuck is a 'web-site' anyway? As far as I can tell its like some kind of TV except with typing and shit. Computers are for lazy slobs who don't want to do any real work", he confides. "They just sit on their pasty flabby asses all day and send each other 'electronic mail' and 'microchips' and shit like that. Fucking losers. "And I heard there was porn on the Internet, but when I did one of them 'web-searches' all I got was some fat ugly woman with piles trying to mount her dog or some disgusting shit like that. And then when I tried to record it, the fucking cassette wouldn't fit through the slot in the front of the computer. I mean what the fuck?"*

Okay, so I just gave away one of the answers. Fortunately it's late and I don't care. Head on over and rack your brain with a hefty dose of Yablonski trivia!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.12 Lee's Summit, Missouri

Monday, Dec 18, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I Was Born in a Small Town

My parents have been constantly bugging me about moving back to Lee's Summit, Missouri (where they live, strangely enough) ever since I escaped from the hellhole six years ago. Invariably, almost every single telephone conversation I have with my mother comes back to the topic of me returning to my hometown, where I would apparently revel in the sheer joy of living in a city which prides itself on having an annual celebration promoting a murderer. In the back of her mind she believes that some day I'll receive a critical blow to the skull, strong enough to make me rethink the Lee's Summit living scenario but too weak to make me forget how to dress myself daily. However, no matter what logic or attempts at emotional blackmail she may lay on me ("Do you know how long your birth took? 78 hours! It felt like I was trying to expel an entire Erector set from inside of me! Then, as soon as you came out, you grabbed the doctor's scalpel and began jabbing it into my eye. Are you aware of how difficult you were?"), it just isn't going to work. There are many reasons why I can't stand Missouri, but the more prominent ones are as follows:

- The trees. Dear God, the trees! There are trees everywhere! Miles and miles of trees! I never realized how much I hated trees until I moved to California, where "NO SMOKING" signs outnumber trees 182 to 1. I don't really have anything against trees, and I've seen more than a couple paintings that feature very pretty trees in them, but for God's sake I don't want to be surrounded by trees every step I take. Also, with lots of trees comes lots of nature, and I'm just about completely sick of nature too. Scientists keep on talking about this mystical and legendary "food chain", but I'll be damned if they can sufficiently explain to me how being near hundreds of deer ticks correlates to my daily Slim Jim consumption. I would even go so far as to claim the food chain doesn't even exist, because let's look at the animals at the "top" of this supposed pyramid: lions, sharks, whales, hippos, vultures, and leeches. How many of those animals have you eaten lately? After reading the Slim Jim label, I now realize that I have just consumed parts of them all, so let's forget I even brought up the whole food chain thing.
- The weather. The weather in the Midwest is like a big crapshoot. Nobody can guess what the hell will happen in 10 minutes, much less towards the end of the week. Mathematicians are routinely called in to explain how weather forecasters can predict next Monday will have a "50% chance of sun, 50% chance of rain, and 50% chance of snow." As a result, people are constantly confused and don't know if they should wear the NASCAR sweatshirt or the NASCAR t-shirt to grandma's funeral. It's very easy to predict the weather in Costa Mesa. Just remember this handy saying I made up:

  If it's a day ending with "-y", it'll be sunny and 75 degrees. If it's not a day ending with "-y", you're obviously drunk and it doesn't matter what you wear outside.

  This works out especially well for me because my entire wardrobe consists of free t-shirts given out at computer functions. Yes, nothing reeks of class quite like an infinite number of black shirts with "high-tech" logos splashed across the front like roadkill. Luckily I have the fashion sense of a colorblind street pimp freebasing cocaine through a gunpowder funnel, so it all works out. If I didn't have the black shirts to wear (which go with virtually any outfit), I would probably be murdered by the LAPD in a more severe example of clothing-based Euthanasia.

- The "small town" factor. I don't like small towns or the small town atmosphere, where everybody knows everybody else and there's a high chance of somebody staring through your bedroom window at night when you're masturbating to the live action "Flintstones" movie.

The last reason is probably the one that bothers me the most. Small towns just... creep me out. They're like wandering into some tiny, private club that you have to be born into and you can never escape without having a price tag put on your head by the 90-year old corpse who hangs out at the barber shop throughout day. All your neighbors know your middle name and what you had for dinner last night. They have the last 78 little league game scores memorized. The hot debate topic is either "Republican vs. Democrat" or "Wal-Mart vs. K-Mart." The police force consists of six guys, four of which are related. The most popular nightclub is Dairy Queen, which closes at 9pm every night (7pm on Sundays).

While Lee's Summit isn't really that much of a small town, I've been in more than enough to make sweeping stereotypes and generalizations. For example, when I attended Vanderbilt in Nashville, I had a friend who lived in Cookeville, Tennessee, which is simply one of the goofiest towns I've ever been in. It's like somebody took a chunk of the 1960's, rubbed it around in angsty goth teenagers, and then combined it with the Great Depression. It's about as small townish as you can get without renting a copy of "The Andy Griffith Show." Take a look at an excerpt from the Cookeville Herald-Citizen newspaper:

> ***Here's how neighbors sometimes set clocks***
>
> *In our Greenbrier community, the only way we had to set a run-down clock, barring our own ingenuity, was by looking in the almanac and setting the clock on the hour and minute it said the sun would rise or set.*
>
> *If the clock stopped during the night, you can bet someone was up and ready to set it when the sun could be seen peeping up over the Eastern horizon. On cloudy days, when there was no sunrise and sunset to go by, we still had a fairly accurate way that we and our neighbors could set our timepieces within a minute of each other.*

Okay okay, stop right there. First off, let me remind everybody out there that yes, you are indeed reading a news article about SETTING CLOCKS. Somebody actually sat down, thought to themselves, "what would the Cookeville community enjoy reading about?", and then proceeded to pen their thoughts regarding the process of TELLING THE CORRECT TIME. I guess it isn't nearly as bad as somebody writing about somebody writing about setting their clocks, but if I can't be a hypocrite and a liar, how the hell would I run this site?

> *Well, one morning, when the Qualls clock had stopped and there was no visible sunrise on account of clouds, Mr. Qualls sent the two eldest Qualls daughters, Hessie (Cooper) and Lucille (Clouse), to our house to see what time it was. Rather, she had Lucille wait on the hill.*
>
> *Hessie came on to our gate and said her Mama wanted to know what time it was.*
>
> *When my sister, Lura, looked at our clock and told Hessie, Hessie called out to 'Cille and told her it was 23 minutes past eight.*
>
> *In turn, Lucille called her mother who was waiting outside their door and passed the time on to her. In less than a minute, the clock at the Qualls home was ticking along with only a tock's difference in what our two clocks showed.*

That's it. That's the ENTIRE STORY. THE END. GAME OVER. YOU HAVE NO CONTINUES LEFT. I suppose the moral of the story is "if you don't have a copy of the Famer's Almanac handy, then you can set your clocks by asking your two idiot kids that you named after cows to get the time from your neighbors." How could this story make its way into the author's head, much less a newspaper? How critically bored are these people? The following excerpt may answer that question.

> *I'm counting on my old friend Mayhue Masters (Maxwell's Chapel grocer-storekeeper) for my 2001 almanac and its companion calendar, like I have had nearly every year of my life. I hope he can spare me each of the above.*
>
> *These two items comprise all I want for Christmas. So long ago we were as glad to get a new almanac and wall calendar as we were for the new seed catalogues to be left in our mailbox.*
>
> *Mr. Masters and I have been friends since our boyhood days. I am proud to call him kin.*

The 2001 Farmer's Almanac, a wall calendar, and a seed catalogue. Christmas gifts. These two sentences simply do NOT equate, and it's blowing my mind. You know what I want for Christmas? Something with enough metal and wires to ensure that it won't ever decompose in a million years. Something that will emit enough gamma radiation into my skull that I'll forget how to get home after using it. This is why I could never get into the small town mentality; it's so foreign and alien to me that I would go berserk and start knocking over feed stores in a matter of hours. And who the hell uses the word "kin" anymore, except when they misspell "kind bud"?

There's also a few more choice anecdotes in the feature, including a true story that revolves around cutting weeds, but I'm far too frightened to even think about them. Small town folk may be scared of the big city folk because all we export is crime, pollution, drugs, and horrible TV sitcoms, but I'm much more scared of small towns because of what they send out: sheer, unadulterated, suicidal boredom.

Your One-Stop Tech Sores

The always productive Jeff K. has updated his quality webpage with a sneak preview of the Windows Whistler operating system. Included in the article (among other things) is a lengthy and informative apology to his dad for burning down his kitchen. Yes, the article is entitled, "A SPECIAL SNEAK PREVIEW FOR WINDWOWS WHISTLAR AND WHY IM SORRY FOR BURNING DOWN MY KITCHEN."

> *Microsofts is makeing Whistlar because they ran of out years for Windows. Windows still runs on DOS (DOS Operatian Service) and that means it wasent Y2K compabatible, which means that they had too stop at Windows 2000. If they made a Windows 2001 then teh computar machene would think its 1901 and then it would run on coal or steam powar!!! and coal cant fit into a computar machene becuase of teh motharboard! its simpal math/*

Just click the link and make a blind wino like me happy, okay?

Your Friendly Neighborhood Wonderdog

Taco the Wonder Dog, who seems to have taken the crown away from Jeff K. in the "sheer, utter, painful incoherency" category, has updated with a cartoon entitled, "Detective Grape on Head...

Private Eye!" Or at least that's what I assume it says. I need to start implementing some kind of spelling test before letting any more hosted sites on SA....

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.13 Lowtax's Bad Back and a Brief History of Time

Tuesday, Dec 19, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Jelly-Filled Humility And the History of Mankind

I threw my back out while eating a donut yesterday.

Yes, you read that correctly. I was standing around my kitchen, eating a rasberry-filled glazed donut that I bought from one of the ninety million Vietnamese-owned donut shops in Costa Mesa, when suddenly I got this incredible pain in my lower back. I don't know where the hell it came from or why it decided to manifest itself yesterday morning, but who am I to question the miracle of burning, throbbing pain? The moment it hit, I did the only thing I've been trained to do upon experiencing the slightest discomfort: I dropped to the ground and began whining and shrieking like a schoolgirl at an NSYNC concert.

ME: *(Laying on the kitchen's linoleum floor in a mass of twisted appendages and clothing covered with cat hair)* "Aaaaaaggggh. Aaaaaaaaaah. Aaaaagggh-hhaaaggggh."

At this point Spaz, my ever-faithful cat, decided to come by and survey the scene. Nothing attracts cats faster than the wailings of humans experiencing pain and misery, so Spaz was there in nanoseconds. I realized that since I live alone, he was my only hope. I had to act fast.

> **ME:** *(Attempting to move my right arm so I can at least push the donut off my chest)* "Spaz! Quick boy, dial 911! We've got a man down, I repeat, a man down!"

Spaz just continued to stare at me and give the infamous "my owner is a flaming jackass" look that all cats give before slinking away to hide under the couch for the next eight days. He began to lose interest and walk away, so I came up with an ingenious idea to buy me some more time: I faked even more pain, ensuring that he would stick around just to watch me writhe in agony a bit longer.

> **ME:** "Spaz! For the love of everything good and holy, please inform the neighbors of my tragic accident! I need a team of surgeons up here, ASAP! I don't know how much longer I can hold out!"

He creeped up to my face, looked into my eyes, and immediately began to start pushing my cheeks around with his front paws. This was borderline amusing for the first two seconds, up until the point where his claws came out and he was essentially digging gaping holes in my skull.

> **ME:** "AAAGHH! What the hell are you doing, you idiot cat?!?" *(shouting)* "LOVE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO HURT!!!"

At that point Spaz ran off to lurk in another room because I assume he had his fill of human suffering for the day. I screamed for him to at least update my webpage, letting my readers know that I had died, but he didn't bother. Cats are just about worthless as far as pets go.

Although I accidentally went off on a tangent illustrating how cats long to see the day when the entire human race is crushed beneath a bunch of giant comical alien boots, my main point was supposed to revolve around the magic and wonder of the human body and its ability to adapt to its surroundings

and environment. I don't know how the hell I ended up going on about my cat for roughly thirteen pages. What does mankind adapting and evolving have to do with me suffering a near-fatal injury while eating a donut? Simple: my body has evolved and adapted to my environment, creating new and exciting ways for me to be injured while performing the mundane, everyday events that make up my life. Mankind has a long and glorious history of adapting to their surroundings, which I will attempt to recall from my vague memory of Junior High School science classes.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME AND MANKIND'S EVOLUTION
BY RICH "LOWTAX" KYANKA, AGE 24

- **100,000,000,000 years ago -** Mankind was simply an atom. Back then, everything was an atom. For example, there was the tree atom, the building atom, and the human atom. They were produced from what scientists call "The Big Bang", or what other scientists refer to as "We Don't Know What Happened." This is (of course) ignoring the religious belief that God created human beings and put them on Earth, which is simply ludicrous. I mean, God can't even get those whiny preachers on the 700 Club to shut up for nine minutes, how the hell is he going to just create an ENTIRE human being and put him on the Earth?

- **99,999,999,999 years ago through the Paleolozenge Age -** Mankind existed with dinosaurs, really weird fish, and lots of volcanos. Eventually a huge comet hit the Earth, killing all the dinosaurs and covering the Earth with about as much pollution as downtown Los Angeles. Mankind had to adapt to this environment in order to survive. Some humans tried to live underwater but they didn't adapt fast enough and they ended up drowning. Other humans attempted to adapt back into atoms, but back then they were too stupid to realize that evolving is a one-way street and there's no "take backs." I guess some learned to survive, because I'm fairly sure I'm alive and typing on my computer right now, which is all the proof I need.

- **The Paleolozenge Age through the Trifecta Age -** The Earth became covered with ice, forcing humans to band together and hunt woolly mammoths, which I guess survived too. Once again humans adapt to their environment and display the "can do" attitude which has made America the world's leader in pork exports.

- **Trifecta Age through 1 AD -** Fairly uneventful period of time, except for the few years before 1 AD when Jesus was running around, causing plagues to befall certain minority groups and randomly smiting people. Human beings had to adapt to many stressful things during this period including:

    - Pillars of Flames
    - Seas that would part on command
    - Swarms of locusts, frogs, blood, and frogs riding on large locusts
    - Tax collectors
    - Turning into salt by looking at "the wrong city"

Basically if you were anywhere even NEAR Jesus at that time, you were just itching for trouble. It

was like a new calamity every day with that guy, and it's truly a miracle that anybody was able to survive that period of time.

- **2 AD through 1000 AD -** Mankind evolved into pirates, vikings, and European sissies who wore wigs. Actually, I think the wig-wearing came later. Also, the people in South America invented practically everything useful, like the concept of time and the color green and probably the airplane.

- **1001 AD through 1500 AD -** Mankind evolved into the Japanese and some European sissy religious nutballs. John Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497, which led to the discovery of Canada around 1983.

- **1501 AD through present -** Not much evolution here, just a lot of wars and events like the Cuban Missile Crisis and the Boston Marathon, which took place in Cuba and Boston. Respectively. A few atoms evolved into Radio Shack robots, the electric chair, and the Playstation2. Some rogue portions of mankind evolved into Americans, who then invented the pickup truck, gun rack, and Chia pet.

So, as you can plainly see, mankind has evolved greatly since we were tiny particles floating around the universe with table, ceiling, and toothpaste atoms. It should not surprise anybody that I, like everybody else, am continuing to evolve and adapt to my environment. You see, back when I ran cross country and actually worked out, my body was continuously looking for new ways to be injured. Twisted ankles, pulled muscles, broken foot... it would try anything to inflict pain upon me. However, things have changed a lot since my "fit and trim" highschool days. Once I entered college, I learned that there are more important and meaningful things in life that outweigh running down a busy street for 50 minutes a day. For example, there's beer. And there's frozen pizza. And there's White Russians. My body began to adapt to my new diet and everything was aces for a while. Unfortunately, my body was missing something crucial, something that I couldn't experience by failing to leave my house for weeks on end; *physical injuries*. Soon my body adapted to that, and now I find myself throwing out major muscle systems when I attempt to eat a donut. So I guess the human body isn't really that magical and wonderful after all. In fact, I now despise the human body. Just like my cat.

Movie Review! Movie Review!

I have taken the opportunity to review another festering pile of organic movie waste matter and pass the savings onto you, the consumer!Yes, we've got another star-spangled movie review for you to feast your bloodshot eyes on. Prepare yourself for...

"REAL SOULJA", PROUDLY FEATURING:

DRUG DEALING BLACK GUYS!

BUTT-UGLY WHITE WOMEN!

UNAPPEALING ITALIAN HEROES!

BARRELS! SHITLOADS OF BARRELS! EVERYWHERE! BARRELS!

Note that the title is called "Real Soulja", which could indeed be considered "hip" or "dope." This is because the video rights were picked up by African American-oriented distribution firm "Mack Video", a company which buys just about any shitty action film that was made in the 70's or 80's and featured a black guy who had at least four seconds of camera time, and then resells them claiming it's based around the black guy. Heck, it doesn't even matter if the film reinforces negative stereotypes of black men... in "Real Soulja", the only black guy is evil and sells drugs and guns.

As bad as that sounds, believe me, the movie is even worse. Check out the review and decide for yourself... and prepare to be shocked when you learn a very special character from Something Awful is featured in it!

D. Duck Hates You

Bjørnar B. has updated his high quality website with 4 exciting new drawing which will cause you to combust with joy. With such winners as, *"D. Duck driving a converted sports car while he is asing him self what the heck is a converted sports car"*, I don't know how anybody couldn't help but love the kid and his artistic creations. Have a heart. Love a child.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.14 Don't Fly During The Holidays

Monday, Dec 25, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Your Lousy Christmas Tree Was Sucked Into the Plane Engine

I have been lucky enough to celebrate my most favorite and beloved activity this holiday season, an event which really puts the "Jesus CHRIST I'm going to kill myself" into "Christmas." If I remember my Bible lessons correctly, Jesus died for our sins, so in the spirit of the holidays, we should all be stressed out and frustrated to the point where we want to die as well. This is the "true" spirit of Christmas. The Bible taught me many important things along these lines, such as if I don't learn important things from the Bible, I will probably end up roasting in Hell for all eternity or 40,000 miles, whichever comes first.

Anyway, I voluntarily decided to suffer this Christmas for the massive amount of sins I have racked up. Since I wanted to find the quickest, easiest, and most painful way to rack up the hurting, I did what anybody would do to if they had a deathwish: I chose to board an airplane within 180 days of Christmas day.

Christmas, much like Thanksgiving, the 4th of July, President's Day, Halloween, Easter, and National Postage Stamp Celebration Day, is the busiest flying day of the year. According to many media sources, EVERY day is the busiest flying day of the year, particularly if you're scheduled to depart on that day. Over the eons that I have mistakenly agreed to fly anywhere during the Christmas season, I have repeatedly learned that there is only one rule to flying during these holidays:

> 1) Don't ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever fly during the holidays. Or any date for that matter.

Yet despite this single rule, I continue to engage in air travel around Christmas. Why? It is one of those mysteries nobody will ever know, like how those orange circus peanuts ever got to be popular.

The airport scene during Christmas is just nuts. Thousands and thousands of cranky, irate, short-tempered travelers trying to get from point A to point B despite the airlines' nonstop attempts to send everybody to a mysterious point C which exists in a city hundreds of miles from their destination. Airline officials, who have slowly grown insane from having to work in an airport every day, have decided to implement a "random destination" program which ships off travelers to random points across the globe, many of which are still believed to be mythical. Usually this is either Denver or Atlanta, which are apparently the Meccas of airline civilization and house over 15 billion people in their newsstands alone.

So I arrived at the John Wayne Airport (which was named after popular Hollywood screen legend Charlton Heston) Saturday, ready to board a plane headed to Kansas City, Missouri. My flight itinerary, which was written up by a lady who was mentally unable to successfully spell "creek" after three attempts, claimed my flight was due to depart at 11:45 am. As you can imagine, I was slightly unnerved to arrive at the airport and notice that "11:45 am" apparently now meant "2:50 pm", especially since I had a connecting flight scheduled at 1:30. I brought this up with the ticket agent, who seemed nonplused by my predicament.

> **ME:** "I have a flight at 1:30 I'm supposed to make. This flight has now been delayed to

> leave 2:50, over an hour past when I'm supposed to make my connecting flight. What am I supposed to do now?"
> **TICKET WOMAN:** "Well, you won't be able to make that 1:30 flight."
> **ME:** *(Surprised)* "NO KIDDING?!?"
> **TICKET WOMAN:** "There are 6:40 and 8:35 flights you can connect to."
> **ME:** "Okay, let me get one of those..."
> **TICKET WOMAN:** "...but they are all full."

I almost reached across the counter and began choking the lady with her own laminated keychain card while screaming "THEN WHY THE HELL DID YOU BRING IT UP?!?", but I was suddenly pushed aside by an obese woman carrying 37 screaming children and 38 Christmas packages featuring the WWF's finest wrapping paper. Then I was swept down the hallway by a crowd of 500 people, who despite having plane tickets clearly stating which row and seat belonged to them, felt the need to senselessly rush towards their gate door as if Delta was giving out platinum cellphones.

Needless to say, it's now around midnight, the day after my plane was supposed to depart, and I only recently got into Kansas City. I'm cranky, cold, and tired. I came home to learn my forums were down once again, just like how they go down every six hours, so the eFront technical woes continue. If I had one of those cyanide-tipped molars, I'd be popping hard candy by the ton right about now. I don't think I can get any further into the Christmas spirit than that!

Cliff Yablonski Hates Christmas

In the spirit of the holidays, grizzled seasonal veteran Cliff Yablonski has updated his site with six new pages of people he just really can't stand. At all.

> *From: cliff yablonski*
> *Subject: cliff yablonski (I already wrote that goddammit)*
>
> *merry fucking christmas, you lousy little prick. my gift to you and your idiot readers is six pages of people I will personally kick the shit out of next time I see them at Krogers. choke on that, moron.*
>
> *cliff*

Get in the Christmas mood and check it out!

Merry Christmas, FAGOT

A double-whammy of goodness? Yup, as a special Christmas treat, Jeff K. has interviewed Levelord, America's favorite... well, I'm sure he's somebody's favorite something.

> **JEFF K!!! - DO YUO DO DRUGS AND HALLUCINATE SOEMTIMES AND THINK THAT MAYEBE SOMEBODEY LIEKS YUOR MAPS?**
>
> **Levelord -** They are NOT hallucinations! People love me!
>
> Okay, okay, let's not get unprofessional here, we both have a job to do, so how come you haven't asked THE question yet?
>
> **JEFF K!!! - what si teh BIG QUESTIAN? I keep asking you questians and all I get is GIBBERISH and yuor teh worst intarview evar, even worse then Jake Simpson (START TRACK L33T FARCE guy).**

Levelord - "What's it like working so close to a gaming god like the Levelord?". Everyone always asks me that.

JEFF K!!! - I KNOW WHAT ITS LIEK TO WORK WITH LEVELAORD ITS LIEK WORKING IN A PETTING ZOO

And even more chocolatey goodness where that came from... so enjoy it!

A Very Taco... Something

Taco the Wonderdog is more than ready to celebrate the holiday season, and as proof, has created an "AMAZING FOURTH OF JULY SPECIAL" Flash movie. Hey, I never said WHAT season he was celebrating. Today's entertainment value features exciting music from Semi Automatic Turban, which is even more reason to check it out. And yes, I am assuming you have an incurable brain disease.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.15 Lowtax Still on Vacation

Tuesday, Dec 26, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Please Save Me

Happy Wednesday everyone, this is still not Lowtax.

In the past 24 hours since starting to maintain this website in Lowtax's absence, I have begun to see subtle changes in my physiology and behavior. While so far it's not particularly pronounced, I've been noticing increased acne, loss of memory, heart palpitations, abnormal hair growth, lapses of blindness, and other unsavory conditions. In other words, I am starting to act like Lowtax. I am dreading that this might be some sort of "Lowtax Syndrome" where by assuming Lowtax's job I will slowly begin resembling him both mentally and physically, much like Tim Allen's character in the holiday classic "The Santa Clause." I am starting to think that maybe Lowtax's "Cancun vacation" explanation for leaving me in charge was actually a carefully planned avenue of escape, where he settles on a remote Caribbean island with the bags of money he's secretly received from eFront and Gamefan, and the profits made from subletting his spacious Malibu apartment which is also made of solid gold. Meanwhile I will have morphed into an unwilling Lowtax-doppelganger, muttering and dyspeptic, who continues updating this site in his stead.

Of course, my symptoms are also oddly similar to those of chronic masturbation, so I might be wrong about the whole thing.

The Forums Suck

Between sipping double margaritas and receiving rubdowns from Hitler clones, Lowtax told me to remind all you readers that the Something Awful forums are, once again, broken. While I simply can't fathom what sort of servers are unable to properly operate forum software for longer than four hours at a time, Lowtax assures me that it's because the eFront technicians have the combined intelligence of**eFront is great! Visit eFront.com for all your gaming, music, entertainment, and shopping needs! "Content, community and channels" -- that's the eFront way!**

Lowtax in the Land of the Lost

If you've been chewing your fingernails to the bone wondering if Lowtax made it to Cancun safely and, more importantly, if he is now suffering in hilarious misery, chew no longer! Mr. Kyanka managed to fight off marauding hordes of Aztecs and Cuban refugees long enough to transmit a plea for help cleverly disguised as a humorous article detailing his journey to the Cancun, the Land That Time Forgot.

> *Our flight was scheduled to depart at approximately -0:30 am, from the lovely Kansas City airport. In case you haven't been fortunate enough to be laid over in KCI or never met the Nazi war criminals who designed it, the airport is essentially a hulking mass of frigid concrete, metal, and brick in the middle of approximately 6,000 acres of abandoned farmland. Airport officials' only attempt at "sprucing up" the place can be shown in their decision to park a mobile hotdog stand next to the women's restroom, so this isn't exactly party HQ. We were fortunate enough to arrive at the airport around 4:30 am on Christmas morning, which means that the flight only carried 99% of its capacity, as opposed to the normal 283% which they try to pack onto each trip. This is known as the process of "overbooking", or "making passengers pay for atrocious crimes they committed in a previous life."*

Lowtax has promised to check in with yet more diaries of his Cancun misadventures in the coming days, but for now, feed yourself on Son of Cancun 1: Danger Lurks Near.

Duck Tales

Bjørnar B., famed creator of professional-quality Donald Duck ink drawings (assuming of course that the professionals in question are afflicted with Lou Gehrig's disease and are also blind), has created another masterpiece entitled "The whole of the Disney famely wishes you a merry verry Christmas and a happy new year in 2001." It's the perfect post-Christmas piece of holiday cheer. Go partake.

Taco The Rocker

Genetically engineered super-canine Taco the Wonder Dog, who recently got his paws on two Radiohead albums, has cobbled together a new Radiohead-inspired MP3 entitled "Helo i am tomhom yorke tand this is my backpac!@." Download now or risk an eternity wondering if that was Thom Yorke and if that was indeed his backpack.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.16 FBI 10 Most Wanted

Wednesday, Dec 27, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I Am So Very Sorry

No new content today, boys and girls -- monkeys broke into Lowtax's hotel room while he was out purchasing cases of counterfeit prescription drugs, and unsuccessfully mated with his laptop. While he's getting it cleaned he'll be unable to check in with another Cancun diary, so you'll all have to wait to hear what new and interesting varieties of tropical spiders have been laying pods of eggs under his skin.

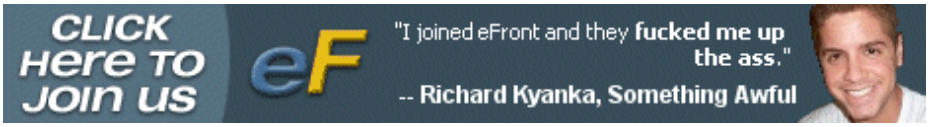
To fill the void, I was in the process of writing this big long piece about the FBI 10 Most Wanted List and how it's really fallen on hard times from its heyday when it had the real bad guys who murdered and pillaged - guys like James Earl Ray, Ted Bundy, or Hannibal Lecter. Now we have a former piano player for John Mellencamp, Eric Franklin Rosser, on the list for allegedly producing and distributing child pornography. The piece I wrote was talking all about how the world is too safe of a place nowadays and why is it we barely have any really good bad guys, but then I realized that even for a site called "Something Awful" it was a bit much. Here's a partial list of what the piece contained in case you're really curious:

- The idea that John Mellencamp's ex-piano player should be taken off the list and John Mellencamp put on in his place
- A really forced gag comparing the album name "Nothin' Matters and What If It Did" to child porn
- Something about J. Edgar Hoover in drag
- 43 "Bangkok" jokes

So actually you should probably be glad that I decided to toss the whole thing.

Forum Fun Continues

In case you missed it, there was more wild and crazy fun today with the forums when they were spontaneously deleted. Luckily eFront neglected to empty their Recycle Bin and after some quick h4x0ring, everything appears to be back to normal... for now. While on the subject, thanks to Snooty Upper Class Toff for an ad banner that eFront should consider putting into rotation. I'm sure Lowtax wouldn't mind too much.



It's true, you know

Ouch.

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.17 Indian Reservations, Touring Mexico

Thursday, Dec 28, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

How, White Man

Given that I had nothing better to do today I decided to go check out one of the local Indian reservations. For those who aren't familiar with the topography of San Diego, the eastern outskirts of my fine city are crawling with Indian reservations given to the assorted local tribes after the white man swept through southern California armed with machineguns and smallpox and decided that after they killed 99% of the local population they might as well leave some disease-ridden marshes for the survivors, as stated under the Missouri Compromise of 1849. These Indian tribes have names like "Barona," "Sycuan," and "Viejas," and they have exactly one source of renewable income available to them: gambling.

Every respectable Indian tribe with at least half an acre of land to their name has built, or is currently building, a $120 billion casino complex chock full of free buffets, Kenny Bakers, and video poker machines. In case you've never seen a video poker machine, it's sort of like a slot machine, only with less skill required. From watching westerns like *Maverick* and *Horny Cowgirls Ride Again Vol. III* you might have the mistaken impression that playing poker involves a certain amount of finesse and intuition; you would be sadly mistaken. Sure, you can attempt to play video poker by actually looking at your cards and trying to make a concious decision on which to keep and which to toss, but doing so would immediately label you as a rank amateur. The proper way to play video poker, as practiced by the rows upon rows of hunched-over drones who frequent Indian casinos, is to press the "deal" button as fast as humanly possible and allow the computer to choose which cards you want to keep. Actually, the professional video poker players prefer the "two handed" approach, where one hand punches the onscreen button at a rate fast enough to render the entire lower arm an indistinct blur, while the other pours quarters into the coin slot with a sandbox shovel.

Being the end of the holiday season, millions of jiggly-armed women with 4 teeth and dresses made out of curtain fabric had descended upon the Indian casinos, ready and willing to convert their holiday bonuses into giant oil drums of quarters. Then they sit limply in front of those glowing video screens for hours, frittering their livelihood away and rationalizing by saying that they're "gaming" and they might actually win some money someday. In retrospect, it's a lot like the CPL.

There originally was a point to this whole story, but I seem to have forgotten what it was. Hell, let's just move on.

Viva La Revolution

Lowtax's misadventures south of the border continue today with a brand new Something Awful Guide to Touring Mexico. Have you always dreamed of venturing to the land of tacos and senoritas? If so, perhaps you should read Lowtax's guide and keep his helpful pointers in mind.

> *If you're touring Mexico and haven't had a chance to learn their language ("Mexican" as many linguistic scholars refer to it), you should speak English with a Mexican accent. Explain to the native Mexicans that you're practicing your English and are secretly one of them (a Mexican). Then they will give you fantastic savings on whatever crap they're selling and will also reveal the fact that the "100% silver" necklace you just bought for 19 pesos will turn into a black lump and give you neck cancer within two days. If they speak Spanish to you and look like they're waiting for a response, just nod your head and say in a very confident tone of voice, "BUENOS COCHES."*

Are you still here, gringo? Vamos!

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

5.18 2000 Awful Awards!

Friday, Dec 29, 2000 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Awful Awards!

No, not the Golden Globes. Disheveled and bleary-eyed after an all-night tequila binge with his parents, Lowtax has sobered up and posted the first (and probably last) installment of the 2000 Awful Awards, where he takes a look at the best and worst games of the year. Here's some things he learned from one of his top picks, No One Lives Forever:

- *Jason Hall used up all of his "suckiness" quota with all previous Lithtech games and was forced to actually create an enjoyable game with this title. Luckily, the upcoming Tex Atomic's Super Nuclear Underwater Cyborg Gyroscope Football Arena Tournament Battle Robot Ultra Hair Salon looks to pick up where the previous crappiness left off.*
- *Enemy organizations spend billions of dollars hiring henchmen but not a single dime towards creating distinctive uniforms for their soldiers.*
- *The key to being the world's greatest spy involves wearing lots of skintight neon clothing which is somehow able to reflect bullets yet blend in to the shadows. Technical skills include both being able to hold a gun and open doors.*

Which games did Lowtax love? Which did he hate? Boxers or briefs? *(Hint: none of the above.)* All this and more can be found in the 2000 Awful Awards.

Wonder Dog Strikes Again

Taco The Wonder Dog has been hard at work banging his genetically altered paws against that synthesizer keyboard lately, and has composed a new MP3 for all to enjoy! *(Enjoyment not guaranteed.)* It's entitled Deus Ex Machina, or maybe Deu Sex Machina, I can't really tell from the filename. In any event, I would assume that it has something to do with Deus Ex, although I have been known to be wrong before. Enjoy!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)